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FREDERICK THE GREAT BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

VOL. II.

HISTORY
OF
FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA,
CALLED
FREDERICK THE GREAT.

BY
THOMAS CARLYLE.

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VOL. II.

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THE HOHENZOLLERNS IN BRANDENBURG.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XII.

OF ALBERT FRIEDRICH, THE SECOND DUKE OF PREUSSEN.

DUKE ALBERT died in 1568, laden with years, and in his latter time greatly broken-down by other troubles. His Prussian *Raths* (Councillors) were disobedient, his Osianders and Lutheran-Calvinist Theologians were all in fire and flame against each other: the poor old man, with the best dispositions, but without power to realise them, had much to do and to suffer. Pious, just and honourable, intending the best, but losing his memory, and incapable of business, as he now complained. In his sixtieth year he had married a second time, a young Brunswick Princess, with whose foolish Brother, Eric, he had much trouble: and who at last herself took so ill with the insolence and violence of these intrusive Councillors and Theologians, that the household-life she led beside her old Husband and them became intolerable to her; and she withdrew to another residence, — a little Hunting-seat at Neuhausen, half a dozen miles from Königsberg; — and there, or at

Labiau, still farther off, lived mostly, in a separate condition, for the rest of her life. Separate for life: — nevertheless they happened to die on the same day; 20th March 1568, they were simultaneously delivered from their troubles in this world.*

Albert left one Son; the second child of this last Wife: his one child by the former Wife, a daughter now of good years, was married to the Duke of Mecklenburg. Son's name was Albert Friedrich; age, at his Father's death, fifteen. A promising young Prince, but of sensitive abstruse temper; — held under heavy tutelage by his Raths and Theologians; and spurning-up against them, in explosive rebellion, from time to time. He now (1568) was to be sovereign Duke of Preussen, and the one representative of the Culmbach Line in that fine Territory; Markgraf George Friedrich of Anspach, the only other Culmbacher, being childless, though wedded.

We need not doubt, the Brandenburg House, — old Kurfürst Joachim II. still alive, and thrifty Johann George the Heir-apparent, — kept a watchful eye on those emergencies. But it was difficult to interfere directly; the native Prussian Raths were very jealous, and Poland itself was a ticklish Sovereignty to deal with. Albert Friedrich being still a Minor, the Polish King, Sigismund, proposed to undertake the guardianship of him, as became a superior lord to a subject vassal on such an occasion. But the Prussian Raths assured his Majesty, "Their young Prince was of such

* Hübner, tab. 181; Stenzel, i. 342.

a lively intellect, he was perfectly fit to conduct the affairs of the Government" (especially with such a Body of expert Councillors to help him), "and might be at once declared of age." Which was accordingly the course followed; Poland caring little for it; Brandenburg digesting the arrangement as it could. And thus it continued for some years, even under new difficulties that arose; the official Clique of Rathes being the real Government of the Country; and poor young Albert Friedrich bursting-out occasionally into tears against them, occasionally into futile humours of a fiery nature. Osiander-Theology, and the battle of the '*dories*' ran very high; nor was Prussian Officiality a beautiful thing.

These Prussian Rathes, and the Prussian *Ritterschaft* generally (Knighthood, Land-Aristocracy), which had its *Stände* (States, or meetings of Parliament after a sort), were all along of a mutinous, contumacious humour. The idea had got into their minds, That they were by birth what the ancient Ritters by election had been; entitled, fit or not fit, to share the Government promotions among them: "The Duke is hereditary in his office; why not we? All Offices, are they not, by nature, ours to share among us?" The Duke's notion, again, was to have the work of his Offices effectually done; small matter by whom: the Ritters looked less to that side of the question; — regarded any "Foreigner" (German-Anspacher, or other Non-Prussian), whatever his merit, as an intruder, usurper, or kind of thief, when seen in office. Their contentions, contumacies

and pretensions were accordingly manifold. They had dreams of an "Aristocratic Republic, with the Sovereign reduced to zero," like what their Polish neighbours grew to. They had various dreams; and individuals among them broke out, from time to time, into high acts of insolence and mutiny. It took a hundred-and-fifty years of Brandenburg horse-breaking, sometimes with sharp manipulation and a potent curb-bit, to dispossess them of that notion, and make them go steadily in harness. Which also, however, was, at last, got done by the Hohenzollerns.

Of Duke Albert Friedrich's Marriage: who his Wife was, and what her possible Dowry.

In a year or two, there came to be question of the marrying of young Duke Friedrich Albert. After due consultation, the Princess fixed upon was Maria Eleonora, eldest Daughter of the then Duke of Cleve: to him a proper Embassy was sent with that object; and came back with Yes for answer. Duke of Cleve, at that time, was Wilhelm, called "the Rich" in History-Books; a Sovereign of some extent in those lower Rhine-countries. Whom I can connect with the English reader's memory in no readier way than by the fact, That he was younger brother, one year younger, of a certain "Anne of Cleves;" — a large fat Lady, who was rather scurvily used in this country; being called, by Henry VIII. and us, a "great Flanders mare," unsuitable for espousal with a King of delicate feelings!

This Anne of Cleves, who took matters quietly and lived on her pension, when rejected by King Henry, was Aunt of the young Lady now in question for Preussen. She was still alive here in England, pleasantly quiet "at Burley on the Hill," till Maria Eleonora was seven years old; — who possibly enough still reads in her memory some fading vestige of new black frocks or trimmings, and brief court-mourning, on the death of poor Aunt Anne over seas. — Another Aunt is more honourably distinguished: Sibylla, Wife of our noble Saxon Elector, Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, who lost his Electorate and almost his Life for religion's sake, as we have seen, by whom, in his perils and distresses, Sibylla stood always, like a very true and noble Wife.

Duke Wilhelm himself was a man of considerable mark in his day. His Duchy of Cleve included not only Cleve-Propre, but Jülich (*Juliers*), Berg, which latter pair of Duchies were a better thing than Cleve-Propre: — Jülich, Berg and various other small Principalities, which, gradually agglomerating by marriage, heritage and the chance of events in successive centuries, had at length come all into Wilhelm's hands; so that he got the name of Wilhelm the Rich among his contemporaries. He seems to have been of a headlong, blustery, uncertain disposition; much tossed-about in the controversies of his day. At one time he was a Protestant declared; not without reasons of various kinds. The Duchy of Geldern (what we call *Guelders*)

had fallen to him, by express bequest of the last Owner, whose Line was out; and Wilhelm took possession. But the Kaiser Karl V. quite refused to let him keep possession. Whereupon Wilhelm had joined with the French (it was in the Moritz-Alcibiades time); had declared war, and taken other high measures: but it came to nothing, or to less. The end was, Wilhelm had to "come upon his knees" before the Kaiser, and beg forgiveness; quite renouncing Geldern, which accordingly has gone its own different road ever since. Wilhelm was zealously Protestant in those days; as his people are, and as he still is, at the period we treat of. But he went into Papistry, not long after; and made other sudden turns and misventures: to all appearance rather an abrupt, blustery, uncertain Herr. It is to him that Albert Friedrich the young Duke of Preussen, guided by his Council now (Year 1572) sends an Embassy, demanding his eldest Daughter, Maria Eleonora, to wife.

Duke Wilhelm answered Yea; "sent a Counter-Embassy," with what else was necessary; and in due time the young Bride, with her father, set out towards Preussen, such being the arrangement, there to complete the matter. They had got as far as Berlin, warmly welcomed by the Kurfürst Johann George; when, from Königsberg, a sad message reached them: namely, That the young Duke had suddenly been seized with an invincible depression and overclouding of mind, not quite to be characterised by the name of madness, but still less by that of perfect sanity. His

eagerness to see his Bride was the same as formerly; but his spiritual health was in the questionable state described. The young Lady paused for a little, in such mood as we may fancy. She had already lost two offers, Bridegrooms snatched away by death, says Pauli;* and thought it might be ominous to refuse the third. So she decided to go on; dashed aside her father's doubts; sent her unhealthy Bridegroom "a flower-garland as love-token," who duly responded; and Father Wilhelm and she proceeded, as if nothing were wrong. The spiritual state of the Prince, she found, had not been exaggerated to her. His humours and ways were strange, questionable; other than one could have wished. Such as he was, however, she wedded him on the appointed terms; — hoping probably for a recovery, which never came.

The case of Albert's malady is to this day dim; and strange tales are current as to the origin of it, which the curious in Physiology may consult; they are not fit for reporting here.** It seems to have consisted in an overclouding, rather than a total ruin of the mind. Incurable depression there was; gloomy torpor alternating with fits of vehement activity or suffering; great discontinuity at all times: — evident unfitness for business. It was long hoped he might recover. And Doctors in Divinity and in Medicine undertook him: Theologians, Exorcists, Physicians, Quacks; but no cure came of it, nothing but mutual condemnations, violences and even execrations, from the said

* Pauli, iv. 512.

** Ib. iv. 476.

Doctors and their respective Official patrons, lay and clerical. Must have been such a scene for a young Wife as has seldom occurred, in romance or reality! Children continued to be born; daughter after daughter; but no son that lived.

Margraf George Friedrich comes to Preussen, to administer.

After five-years space, in 1578,* cure being now hopeless, and the very Council admitting that the Duke was incapable of business, — George Friedrich of Anspach-Baireuth came into the country to take charge of him; having already, he and the other Brandenburgers, negotiated the matter with the King of Poland, in whose power it mostly lay.

George Friedrich was by no means welcome to the Prussian Council, nor to the Wife, nor to the Landed Aristocracy; — other than welcome, for reasons we can guess. But he proved, in the judgment of all fair witnesses, an excellent Governor; and, for six-and-twenty years, administered the country with great and lasting advantage to it. His Portraits represent to us a large ponderous figure of a man, very fat in his latter years; with an air of honest sense, dignity, composed solidity; — very fit for the task now on hand.

He resolutely, though in mild form, smoothed-down the flaming fires of his Clergy; commanding now this controversy and then that other controversy (*"de con-*

* Pauli, iv. 476, 481, 482.

creto et de inconcreto," or whatever they were) to fall strictly silent; to carry themselves on by thought and meditation merely, and without words. He tamed the mutinous Aristocracy, the mutinous Bürgermeisters, Town-council of Königsberg, whatever mutiny there was. He drained bogs, says old Rentsch; he felled woods, made roads, established inns. Prussia was well governed till George's death, which happened in the year 1603.* Anspach, in the mean while, Anspach, Baireuth and Jägerndorf, which were latterly all his, he had governed by deputy; no need of visiting those quiet countries, except for purposes of kindly recreation, or for a swift general supervision, now and then. By all accounts, an excellent, stedfast, wise and just man, this fat George Friedrich; worthy of the Father that produced him ("*Nit Kop ab, löver Först, nit Kop ab!*"), — and that is saying much.

By his death without children, much territory fell home to the Elder House; to be disposed of as was settled in the *Gera Bond* five years before. Anspach and Baireuth went to two Brothers of the now Elector, Kurfürst Joachim Friedrich, sons of Johann George of blessed memory: founders, they, of the "New Line," of whom we know. Jägerndorf the Elector himself got; and he, not long after, settled it on one of his own sons, a new Johann George, who at that time was fallen rather landless and out of a career: "Johann George of Jägerndorf," so called thenceforth; whose history will concern us by and by. Preussen was to

* Rentsch, pp. 666-668.

be incorporated with the Electorate, — were possession of it once had. But that is a ticklish point; still ticklish in spite of rights, and liable to perverse accidents that may arise.

Joachim Friedrich, as we intimated once, was not wanting to himself on this occasion. But the affair was full of intricacies; a very wasps'-nest of angry humours; and required to be handled with delicacy, though with force and decision. Joachim Friedrich's eldest Son, Johann Sigismund, Electoral Prince of Brandenburg, had already, in 1594, married one of Albert Friedrich the hypochondriac Duke of Preussen's daughters; and there was a promising family of children; no lack of children. Nevertheless prudent Joachim Friedrich himself, now a widower, age towards sixty, did farther, in the present emergency, marry another of these Princesses, a younger Sister of his Son's Wife, — seven months after George Friedrich's death, — to make assurance doubly sure. A man not to be balked, if he can help it. By virtue of excellent management, — Duchess, Prussian *Stände* (States), and Polish Crown, needing all to be contented, — Joachim Friedrich, with gentle strong pressure, did furthermore squeeze his way into the actual Guardianship of Preussen and the imbecile Duke, which was his by right. This latter feat he achieved in the course of another year (11th March 1605);* and thereby fairly got hold of Preussen; which he grasped, "knuckles-white," as we

* Stenzel, i. 358.

may say; and which his descendants have never quitted since.

Good management was very necessary. The thing was difficult; — and also was of more importance than we yet altogether see. Not Preussen only, but a still better country, the Duchy of Cleve, Cleve-Jülich, Duke Wilhelm's Heritage down in the Rhineland, — Heritage turning-out now to be of right his eldest Daughter's here, and likely now to drop soon, — is involved in the thing. This first crisis, of getting into the Prussian Administratorship fallen vacant, our vigilant Kurfürst Joachim Friedrich has successfully managed; and he holds his grip, knuckles-white. Before long, a second crisis comes; where also he will have to grasp decisively in, — he, or those that stand for him, and whose knuckles *can* still hold. But that may go to a new Chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

NINTH KURFÜRST JOHANN SIGISMUND.

IN the summer of 1608 (23d May 1608), Johann Sigismund's (and his Father's) Mother-in-law, the poor Wife of the poor imbecile Duke of Preussen, died.* Upon which Johann Sigismund, Heir-Apparent of Brandenburg and its expectancies, was instantly despatched from Berlin, to gather-up the threads cut loose by that event, and see that the matter took no damage. On the road thither news reached him that his own Father, old Joachim Friedrich, was dead (18th July 1608); that he himself was now Kurfürst;** and that numerous threads were loose at both ends of his affairs.

The "young man," — not now so young, being full thirty-five and of fair experience, — was in difficulty, under these overwhelming tidings; and puzzled, for a little, whether to advance or to return. He decided to advance, and settle Prussian matters, where the peril and the risk were; Brandenburg business he could do by rescripts.

His difficulties in Preussen, and at the Polish Court, were in fact immense. But after a space of eight or nine months, he did, by excellent management,

* Maria Eleonora, Duke Wilhelm of Cleve's eldest Daughter: 1550, 1573, 1608 (Hübner, t. 286).

** 1572, 1608-1619.

not sparing money judiciously laid-out on individuals, arrive at some adjustment, better or worse, and got Preussen in hand; * legal Administrator of the imbecile Duke, as his Father had been. After which he had to run for Brandenburg, without loss of time; great matters being there in the wind. Nothing wrong in Brandenburg, indeed; but the great Cleve Heritage is dropping, has dropped; over in Cleve, an immense expectancy is now come to the point of deciding itself.

How the Cleve Heritage dropped, and many sprang to pick it up.

Wilhelm of Cleve, the explosive Duke, whom we saw at Berlin and Königsberg at the wedding of this poor Lady now deceased, had in the marriage-contract, as he did in all subsequent contracts and deeds of like nature, announced a Settlement of his Estates, which was now become of the highest moment for Johann Sigismund. The Country at that time called Duchy of Cleve, consisted, as we said above, not only of Cleve-*Proper*, but of two other still better Duchies, Jülich and Berg; then of the *Grafschaft* (County) of Ravensberg, County of Mark, Lordship of — In fact, it was a multifarious agglomerate of many little countries, gathered by marriage, heritage and luck, in the course of centuries, and now united in the hand of this Duke Wilhelm. It amounted perhaps to two Yorkshires in extent.** A naturally opulent Country, of fertile mead-

* 29th April 1609. Stenzel, i. 370.

** See Büsching: *Erdbeschreibung*, v. 642-734.

ows, shipping capabilities, metalliferous hills; and, at this time, in consequence of the Dutch-Spanish War, and the multitude of Protestant refugees, it was getting filled with ingenious industries; and rising to be, what it still is, the busiest quarter of Germany. A Country lowing with kine; the hum of the flax-spindle heard in its cottages, in those old days, — “much of the linen “called Hollands is made in Jülich, and only bleached, “stamped and sold, by the Dutch,” says Büsching. A Country, in our days, which is shrouded at short intervals with the due canopy of coal-smoke, and loud with sounds of the anvil and the loom.

This Duchy of Cleve, all this fine agglomerate of Duchies, Duke Wilhelm settled, were to be inherited in a piece, by his eldest (or indeed, as it soon proved, his only) Son and the heirs of that Son, if there were any. Failing heirs of that only Son, then the entire Duchy of Cleve was to go to Maria Eleanora as eldest Daughter, now marrying to Friedrich Albert, Duke of Prussia, and to their heirs lawfully begotten: heirs female, if there happened to be no male. The other Sisters, of whom there were three, were none of them to have the least pretence to inherit Cleve or any part of it. On the contrary, they were, in such event, of the eldest Daughter or her heirs coming to inherit Cleve, to have each of them a sum of ready-money paid* by the said inheritrix of Cleve or her heirs; and

* “200,000 *goldgulden*,” about 100,000*l.*: *Panli*, vi. 542; iii. 504.

on receiving that, were to consider their claims entirely fulfilled, and to cease thinking of Cleve for the future.

This Settlement, by express privilege of Kaiser Karl V., nay of Kaiser Maximilian before him, and the Laws of the Reich, Duke Wilhelm doubted not he was entitled to make: and this Settlement he made; his Lawyers writing down the terms, in their wearisome way, perhaps six times over; and struggling by all methods to guard against the least misunderstanding. Cleve with all its appurtenances, Jülich, Berg and the rest, goes to the eldest Sister and her heirs, male or female: If she have no heirs, male or female, then, but not till then, the next Sister steps into her shoes in that matter; but if she have, then, we repeat for the sixth and last time, no Sister or Sister's Representative has the least word to say to it, but takes her 100,000*l.*, and ceases thinking of Cleve.

The other three Sisters were all gradually married; — one of them to Pfalz-Neuburg, an eminent Prince, in the Bavarian region called the *Ober-Pfalz* (Upper Palatinate), who, or at least whose eldest son, is much worth mentioning and remembering by us here; — and, in all these marriage-contracts, Wilhelm and his Lawyers expressed themselves to the like effect, and in the like elaborate sixfold manner: so that Wilhelm and they thought there could nowhere in the world be any doubt about it.

Shortly after signing the last of these marriage-contracts, or perhaps it was in the course of signing them, Duke Wilhelm had a stroke of palsy. He had, before

that, gone into Papistry again, poor man. The truth is, he had repeated strokes; and being an abrupt, explosive Herr, he at last quite yielded to palsy; and sank slowly out of the world, in a cloud of semi-insanity, which lasted almost twenty years.* Duke Wilhelm did leave a Son, Johann Wilhelm, who succeeded him as Duke. But this Son also proved explosive; went half and at length wholly insane. Jesuit Priests, and their intrigues to bring back a Protestant country to the bosom of the Church, wrapped the poor man, all his days, as in a burning Nessus'-Shirt; and he did little but mischief in the world. He married, had no children; he accused his innocent Wife, the Jesuits and he, of infidelity. Got her judged, not properly sentenced; and then strangled her, he and they, in her bed: — "Jacobeä of Baden (1597);" a thrice-tragic history. Then he married again; Jesuits being extremely anxious for an Orthodox heir: but again there came no heir; there came only new blazings of the Nessus'-Shirt. In fine, the poor man died (Spring 1609), and made the world rid of him. Died, 25th March 1609; that is the precise date;—about a month before our new Elector, Johann Sigismund, got his affairs winded-up at the Polish Court, and came galloping home in such haste. There was pressing need of him in the Cleve regions.

For the painful exactitude of Duke Wilhelm and his Lawyers has profited little; and there are claimants

* Died 25th January 1592, age 76.

on claimants rising for that valuable Cleve Country. As indeed Johann Sigismund had anticipated, and been warned from all quarters to expect. For months past, he has had his faculties bent, with lynx-eyed attention, on that scene of things; doubly and trebly impatient to get Preussen soldered-up, ever since this other matter came to the bursting point. What could be done by the utmost vigilance of his Deputies, he had done. It was the 25th of March when the mad Duke died: on the 4th of April, Johann Sigismund's Deputy, attended by a Notary to record the act, "fixed-up the Brandenburg Arms on the Government-House of Cleve;"* on the 5th, they did the same at Düsseldorf; on the following days, at Jülich and the other Towns. But already on the 5th, they had hardly got done at Düsseldorf, when there appeared — young Wolfgang Wilhelm, Heir-Apparent of that eminent Pfalz-Neuburg, he in person, to put-up the Pfalz-Neuburg Arms! Pfalz-Neuburg, who married the Second Daughter, he is actually claiming, then; — the whole, or part? Both are sensible that possession is nine points in law.

Pfalz-Neuburg's claim was for the whole Duchy. "All my serene Mother's!" cried the young Heir of Pfalz-Neuburg: "Properly all mine!" cried he. "Is not she *nearest* of kin? Second Daughter, true; but the Daughter; not Daughter *of* a Daughter, as you are (as your serene Electress is), O Durchlaucht of Brandenburg: — consider, besides, you are female, I am male!" That was Pfalz-Neuburg's logic: none of the best, I

* Pauli, vi. 566.

think, in forensic genealogy. His tenth point was perhaps rather weak; but he had possession, and the nine points good. The other Two Sisters, by their Sons or Husbands, claimed likewise; but not the whole: "Divide it," said they: "that surely is the real meaning of Karl V.'s Deed of Privilege to make such a Testament. Divide it among the Four Daughters or their representatives, and let us all have shares!"

Nor were these four claimants by any means all. The Saxon Princes next claimed; two sets of Saxon Princes. First the minor set, Gotha-Weimar and the rest, the Ernestine Line so-called; representatives of Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, who lost the Electorate for religion's sake, at Mühlberg in the past century, and from *major* became *minor* in Saxon Genealogy. "Magnanimous Johann Friedrich," said they, "had to wife an Aunt of the now deceased Duke of Cleve; Wife Sibylla (Sister of the Flanders Mare), of famous memory, our lineal Ancestress. In favour of whom *her* Father, the then reigning Duke of Cleve, made a marriage-contract of precisely similar import to this your Prussian one; he, and barred all his descendants, if contracts are to be valid." This is the claim of the Ernestine Line of Saxon Princes; not like to go for much, in their present disintegrated condition.

But the Albertine Line, the present Elector of Saxony, also claims: "Here is a Deed," said he, "executed by Kaiser Friedrich III., in the year 1483,* generations before your Kaiser Karl; Deed solemnly

* Pauli, *ubi supra*; Hübner, t. 286.

granting to Albert, junior of Sachsen, and to his heirs, the reversion of those same Duchies, should the Male Line happen to fail, as it was then likely to do. How could Kaiser Max revoke his Father's deed, or Kaiser Karl his Great-Grandfather's? Little Albert, the Albert of the *Prinzenraub*, he who grew big, and fought lion-like for his Kaiser in the Netherlands and Western Countries; he and his have clearly the heir-ship of Cleve by right; and we, now grown Electors, and Seniors of Saxony, demand it of a grateful House of Hapsburg, — and will study to make ourselves convenient in return." —

"Nay, if that is your rule, that old Laws and Deeds are to come in bar of new, we," cry a multitude of persons, — French Dukes of Nevers, and all manner of remote, exotic figures among them, — "we are the real heirs! Ravensberg, Mark, Berg, Ravenstein, this patch and the other of that large Duchy of yours, were they not from primeval time expressly limited to heirs-male? Heirs-male; and we now are the nearest heirs-male of said patches and portions; and will prove it!" — In short, there never was such a Lawsuit, — so fat an affair for the attorney species, if that had been the way of managing it, — as this of Cleve was likely to prove.

The Kaiser's thoughts about it, and the World's.

What greatly complicated the affair, too, was the interest the Kaiser took in it. The Kaiser could not

well brook a powerful Protestant in that country; still less could his cousin the Spaniard. Spaniards, worn to the ground, coercing that world-famous Dutch Revolt, and astonished to find that they could not coerce it at all, had resolved at this time to take breath before trying farther. Spaniards and Dutch, after Fifty years of such fighting as we know, have made a Twelve-years Truce (1609): but the baffled Spaniard, panting, pale in his futile rage and sweat, has not given-up the matter; he is only taking breath, and will try it again. Now Cleve is his road into Holland, in such adventure; no success possible if Cleve be not in good hands. Brandenburg is Protestant, powerful; Brandenburg will not do for a neighbour there.

Nor will Pfalz-Neuburg. A Protestant of Protestants, this Palatine Neuburg too, — junior branch, possible heir in time coming, of *Kur-Pfalz* (Elector Palatine) himself, in the Rhine Countries; of *Kur-Pfalz*, who is acknowledged Chief Protestant; official “President” of the “Evangelical Union” they have lately made among them, in these menacing times: — Pfalz-Neuburg too, this young Wolfgang Wilhelm, if he do not break off kind, might be very awkward to the Kaiser in Cleve-Jülich. Nay Saxony itself; for they are all Protestants: — unless perhaps Saxony might become pliant, and try to make itself useful to a magnificent Imperial House?

Evidently what would best suit the Kaiser and Spaniards, were this, That no strong Power whatever got footing in Cleve, to grow stronger by the possession

of such a country: — *better* than best it would suit, if he, the Kaiser, could himself get it smuggled into his hands, and there hold it fast! Which privately was the course resolved upon at headquarters. — In this way the “Succession Controversy of the Cleve Duchies” is coming to be a very high matter; mixing itself up with the grand Protestant-Papal Controversy, the general armed-lawsuit of mankind in that generation. Kaiser, Spaniard, Dutch, English, French Henri IV. and all mortals, are getting concerned in the decision of it.

CHAPTER XIV.

SYMPTOMS OF A GREAT WAR COMING.

MEANWHILE Brandenburg and Neuburg both hold grip of Cleve in that manner, with a mutually menacing inquiring expression of countenance; each grasps it (so to speak) convulsively with the one hand, and has with the other hand his sword by the hilt, ready to fly out. But to understand this Brandenburg-Neuburg phenomenon and the then significance of the Cleve-Jülich Controversy, we must take the following bits of Chronology along with us. For the German Empire, with Protestant complaints, and Papist usurpations and severities, was at this time all a continent of sour thick smoke, already breaking-out into dull-red flashes here and there, — symptoms of the universal conflagration of a Thirty-Years War, which followed. *Symptom First* is that of Donauwörth, and dates above a year back.

First Symptom; Donauwörth, 1608.

Donauwörth, a Protestant Imperial Free-town, in the Bavarian regions, had been, for some fault on the part of the populace against a flaring Mass-procession which had no business to be there, put under Ban of the Empire; had been seized accordingly (December 1607), and much cuffed, and shaken about, by Duke

Maximilian of Bavaria, as executor of the said Ban;* — who, what was still worse, would by no means give-up the Town, when he had done with it; Town being handy to him, and the man being stout and violently Papist. Hence the “Evangelical Union” which we saw, — which has not taken Donauwörth yet. Nor ever will! Donauwörth never was retaken; but is Bavarian at this hour. A Town nameable in History ever since. Not to say withal, that it is where Marlborough did “the Lines of Schellenberg” long after: Schellenberg (“Jingle-Hill,” so to render it) looks down, across the Danube or Donau River, upon Donauwörth, — its “Lines,” and other histories, now much abolished, and quiet under grass.

But now all Protestantism sounding everywhere, in angry mournful tone, “Donauwörth! Give up Donauwörth!” — and an “Evangelical Union,” with moneys, with theoretic contingents of force, being on foot for that and the like objects; — we can fancy what a scramble this of Cleve-Jülich was like to be; and especially what effect this duelling attitude of Brandenburg and Neuburg had on the Protestant mind. Protestant neighbours, Landgraf Moritz of Hessen-Cassel at their head, intervene in tremulous haste, in the Cleve-Jülich affair: “Peace, O friends! Some bargain; peaceable joint-possession; any temporary bargain, till we see! Can two Protestants fall to slashing one another, in such an aspect of the Reich and its Jesuitries?” — And they did agree (Dortmund, 10th May 1609), the first

* *Michaelis*, ii. 216; *Buddæi Lexicon*, i. 853.

of their innumerable "agreements," to some temporary joint-possession; — the thrice-thankful Country doing homage to both, "with oath to the one that *shall* be found genuine." And they did endeavour to govern jointly, and to keep the peace on those terms, though it was not easy.

For the Kaiser had already said (or his Aulic Council and Spanish Cousin, poor Kaiser Rodolf caring too little about these things,* had already said), Cleve must absolutely not go into wrong hands. For which what safe method is there, but that the Kaiser himself become proprietor? A Letter is yet extant, from the Aulic Council to their Vice-Chancellor, who had been sent to negotiate this matter with the parties; Letter to the effect, That such result was the only good one; that it must be achieved; "that he must devise all manner of quirks (*alle Spitzfindigkeiten auffordern sollte*)," and achieve it.** This curious Letter of a sublime Aulic Council, or Imperial *Hof-Rath*, to its *Vice-Kanzler*, still exists.

And accordingly quirks did not prove undevisable

* Rodolf II. (Kepler's too insolvent "Patron"), 1576-1612; then Matthias, Rodolf's Brother, 1612-1619, rather tolerant to Protestants; — then Ferdinand II. his Uncle's Son, 1619-1637, much the reverse of tolerant, by whom mainly came the Thirty-Years War, — were the Kaisers of this Period.

Ferdinand III., Son of II. (1637-1657), who finished out the Thirty-Years War, partly by fighting of his own in young days (Battle of Nördlingen his grandest feat), was Father of

Kaiser Leopold (1658-1705), — whose Two Sons were

Kaiser Joseph (1705-1711), and Kaiser Karl VI. (1711-1740), Maria Theresa's Father.

** Pauli, iii. 505.

on behalf of the Kaiser. "Since you cannot agree," said the Kaiser, "and there are so many of you who claim (we having privately stirred-up several of you to the feat), there will be nothing for it, but the Kaiser must put the Country under sequestration, and take possession of it with his own troops, till a decision be arrived at, — which probably will not be soon!"

Second Symptom; Seizure of Jülich by the Kaiser, and Siege and Recapture of it by the Protestant Parties, 1610. Whereupon "Catholic League," to balance "Evangelical Union."

And the Kaiser forthwith did as he had said; sent Archduke Leopold with troops, who forcibly took the Castle of Jülich; commanding all other castles and places to surrender and sequesterate themselves, in like fashion; threatening Brandenburg and Neuburg, in a dreadful manner, with *Reichs-Acht* (Ban of the Empire), if they presumed to show contumacy. Upon which Brandenburg and Neuburg, ranking themselves together, showed decided contumacy; "tore down the Kaiser's Proclamation," * having good help at their back.

And accordingly, "on the 4th of September 1610," after a two-months siege, they, or the Dutch, French, and Evangelical-Union Troops bombarding along with them, and "many English volunteers" to help, retook Jülich, and packed Leopold away again.** The Dutch

* Pauli, iii. 524. Emperor's Proclamation, in Düsseldorf, 23d July 1609, — taken down solemnly, 1st August 1609.

** Pauli, iii. 527.

and the French were especially anxious about this Cleve business, — poor Henri IV. was just putting those French troops in motion towards Jülich, when Ravallac, the distracted Devil's-Jesuit, did his stroke upon him; so that another than Henri had to lead in that expedition. The actual Captain at the Siege was Prince Christian of Anhalt, by repute the first soldier of Germany at that period: he had a horse shot under him, the business being very hot and furious; — he had still worse fortune in the course of years. There were “many English volunteers” at this Siege; English Nation hugely interested in it, though their King would not act except diplomatically. It was the talk of all the then world, — the evening song and the morning prayer of Protestants especially, — till it was got ended in this manner. It deserves to rank as *Symptom Second* in this business; far bigger flare of dull-red in the universal smoke-continent, than that of Donauwörth had been. Are there no memorials left of those “English volunteers,” then? * Alas, they might get edited as Bromley's *Royal Letters* are; — and had better lie quiet!

“Evangelical-Union,” formed some two years before, with what cause we saw, has Kur-Pfalz** at the head of it; but its troops or operations were never of a very forcible character. Kur-Brandenburg now joined it for-

* In Carlyle's *Miscellanies* (iv. § “Two-Hundred and Fifty Years ago: a Fragment about Duels”) is one small scene belonging to them.

** Winter-King's Father; died 9th September 1610, few days after this recapture of Jülich.

mally, as did many more; Kur-Sachsen, anxious to make himself convenient in other quarters, never would. And to these phenomena, the now decisive appearance of a "Catholic *Liga*" (League of Catholic Princes), which, by way of counterpoise to the "Union," had been got-up by Duke Maximilian of Bavaria several months ago; and which now, under the same guidance, in these bad circumstances, took a great expansion of figure. Duke Maximilian, "*Donauwörth Max*," finding the Evangelical Union go so very high, and his own Kaiser like to be good for little in such business (poor hypochondriac Kaiser Rodolf II., more taken-up with turning-looms and blow-pipes than with matters political, who accordingly is swept-out of Jülich in such summary way), — Donauwörth Max has seen this a necessary institution in the present aspect. But "Union" and "League" rapidly waxed under the sound of the Jülich cannon, as was natural.

Kur-Sachsen, for standing so well aloof from the Union, got from the thankful Kaiser written Titles for these Duchies of Cleve and Jülich; Imperial parchments and infestments of due extent; but never any Territory in those parts. He never offered fight for his pretensions; and Brandenburg and Neuburg, Neuburg especially, always answered him, "No!" with sword half-drawn. So Kur-Sachsen faded-out again, and took only parchments by the adventure. Practically there was no private Competitor of moment to Brandenburg, except this Wolfgang Wilhelm of Pfalz-Neuburg; he alone having clutched hold. — But we hasten to *Symptom*

Third, which particularly concerns us, and will be intelligible now at last.

Symptom Third; a Dinner-Scene at Düsseldorf, 1613
Spaniards and Dutch shoulder arms in Cleve.

Brandenburg and Neuburg stood together against third parties; but their joint government was apt to fall in two, when left to itself, and the pressure of danger withdrawn. "They governed by the *Raths* and *Stände* of the Country;" old methods and old official men; each of the two had his own Vice-Regent (*Statthalter*) present on the ground, who jointly presided as they could. Jarrings were unavoidable; but how mend it? Settle the litigated Territory itself, and end their big lawsuit, they could not; often as they tried it, with the whole world encouraging and urging them.* The meetings they had, and the treaties and temporary bargains they made, and kept, and could not keep, in these and in the following years and generations, pass out of power of recording.

In 1613 the Brandenburg *Statthalter* was Ernst, the

* Old Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton in his old days, remembered how he went ambassador on this errand, — as on many others equally bootless; — and writes himself "Legatus," not only "thrice to Venice twice to" &c. &c., but also "once to Holland in the Juliers matter (*semel in Juliacensi negotio*):" see *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ* (London, 1672), Preface. It was "in 1614," say the Biographies vaguely. His Despatches, are they in the Paper-Office still? His good old Book deserves new editing; his good old genially pious life a proper elucidation, by some faithful man.

Elector's younger Brother; Wolfgang Wilhelm in person, for his Father, or rather for himself as heir of his Mother, represented Pfalz-Neuburg. Ernst of Brandenburg had adopted Calvinism as his creed; a thing hateful and horrible to the Lutheran mind (of which sort was Wolfgang Wilhelm), to a degree now altogether inconceivable. Discord arose, in consequence, between the Statthalters, as to official appointments, sacred and secular: "You are for promoting Calvinists!" — "And you, I see, are for promoting Lutherans!" — Johann Sigismund himself had to intervene: Wolfgang Wilhelm and he had their meetings, friendly colloquies; the final colloquy of which is still memorable; and issues in *Symptom Third*.

We said, a strong flame of choler burnt in all these Hohenzollerns, though they held it well down. Johann Sigismund, an excellent man of business, knew how essential a mild tone is: nevertheless he found, as this colloquy went on, that human patience might at length get too much. The scene, after some examination, is conceivable in this wise: Place Düsseldorf, Elector's apartment in the Schloss there; time late in the Year 1613, Day not discoverable by me. The two sat at dinner, after much colloquy all morning: Johann Sigismund, a middle-aged, big-headed, stern-faced, honest-looking man; hair cropped, I observe; and eyelids slightly contracted, as if for sharper vision into matters: Wolfgang Wilhelm, of features fallen dim to me; an airy gentleman, well out of his teens, but, I doubt,

not of wisdom sufficient; evidently very high and stiff in his ways.

His proposal, by way of final settlement, and end to all these brabbles, was this, and he insisted on it: "Give me your eldest Princess to wife; let her dowry be your whole claim on Cleve-Jülich; I will marry her on that condition, and we shall be friends!" He evidently is a gentleman that does not want for conceit in himself: — consider too, in Johann Sigismund's opinion, he had no right to a square inch of these Territories, though for peace's sake a joint share had been allowed him for the time! "On that condition, jackanapes?" thought Johann Sigismund: "My girl is not a monster; nor at a loss for husbands fully better than you, I should hope!" This he thought, and could not help thinking; but endeavoured to say nothing of it. The young jackanapes went on, insisting. Nature at last prevailed; Johann Sigismund lifted his hand (princely etiquettes melting all into smoke on the sudden), and gave the young jackanapes a slap over the face. Veritable slap; which opened in a dreadful manner the eyes of young Pfalz-Neuburg to his real situation; and sent him off high-flaming, vowing never-imagined vengeance. A remarkable slap; well testified to, — though the old Histories, struck blank with terror, reverence and astonishment, can for most part only symbol it in dumb-show;* — a slap that had important consequences in this world.

* Pufendorf (*Rer. Brandenb.*, lib. iv. § 16, p. 218), and many others

For now Wolfgang Wilhelm, flaming-off in never-imagined vengeance, posted straight to München, to Max of Bavaria there; declared himself convinced, or nearly so, of the Roman-Catholic Religion; wooed, and in a few weeks (10th November 1613), wedded Max's younger Sister; and soon after, at Düsseldorf, pompously professed such his blessed change of Belief, — with immense flourish of trumpeting, and jubilant pamphleteering, from Holy Church.* His poor old Father, the devoutest of Protestants, wailed aloud his "Ichabod! the glory is departed!" — holding "weekly fast and humiliation" ever after, — and died in few months of a broken heart. The Catholic League has now a new Member on those terms.

And on the other hand, Johann Sigismund, nearly with the like haste (25th December 1613), declared himself convinced of Calvinism, his younger Brother's creed;** — which continues ever since the Branden-

are in this case. Tobias Pfanner (*Historia Pacis Westphalicæ*, lib. 1. § 9, p. 26) is explicit: "*Neque, ut infida regnandi societas est, Brandenburgio et Neuburgio diu conveniebat; eorumque jurgia, cum matrimonii fœdere pacari posse propinqui ipsorum credidissent, acrius exarsere; inter epulas, quibus futurum generum Septemvir (the "Sevensman," or Elector, "One of the Seven") excipiebat, hujus enim filia Wolfgango sperabatur, ob nescio quos sermones eo inter utrumque altercatione provecclâ, ut Elector iræ impotentior, nullâ dignitatis, hospitii, cognationis, affinitatisve reverendiâ cohibitus, intenderit Neuburgio manus, et contrâ tendentis os verberaverit. Ita, quæ apud concordēs vincula caritatis, incitamenta irarum apud infensos erant.*" (Cited in Köhler, *Münzbelustigungen*, xxi. 341; who refers also to Levassor, *Histoire de Louis XIII*) — Pauli (iii. 542) becomes quite vaporous.

* Köhler, *ubi supra*.

** Pauli, iii. 546.

burg Court-creed, that of the People being mostly Lutheran. Men said, it was to please the Dutch, to please the Jülichers, most of whom are Calvinist. Apologetic Pauli is elaborate, but inconclusive. It was very ill taken at Berlin, where even popular riot arose on the matter. In Prussia too it had its drawbacks.*

And now all being full of mutation, rearrangement and infinite rumour, there marched next year (1614), on slight pretext, resting on great suspicions, Spanish troops into the Jülich-Cleve country, and, countenanced by Neuburg, began seizing garrisons there. Whereupon Dutch troops likewise marched, countenanced by Brandenburg, and occupied other fortresses and garrisons: and so, in every strong-place, there were either Papist-Spaniards or Calvinist-Dutch; who stood there, fronting one another, and could not by treatying be got out again; — like clouds positively electric *versus* clouds negatively. As indeed was getting to be the case of Germany in general; case fatally visible in every Province, Principality and Parish there: till a thunderstorm, and succession of thunderstorms, of Thirty-Years continuance, broke out. Of which these huge rumours and mutations, and menacings of war, springing out of that final colloquy and slap in the face, are to be taken as the *Third* premonitory Symptom. Spaniards and Dutch stand electrically fronting one another in Cleve for seven years, till their Truce is out, before they clash together; Germany does not wait so long by a couple of years.

* Pauli, iii. 544; Michaelis, i. 349.

Symptom Fourth, and Catastrophe upon the heels of it.

Five years more (1618), and there will have come a *Fourth* Symptom, biggest of all, rapidly consummating the process; — Symptom still famed, of the following external figure: Three Official Gentlemen descending from a window in the Castle of Prag; hurled out by impatient Bohemian Protestantism, a depth of seventy feet, — happily only into dung, and without loss of life. From which follows a “King of Bohemia” elected there, King not unknown to us; — “thunder-clouds” all in one huge clash, and the “continent of sour smoke” blazing all into a continent of thunderous fire: THIRTY-YEARS WAR, as they now call it! Such a conflagration as poor Germany never saw before or since.

These were the *Four* preliminary *Symptoms* of that dismal business. “As to the primary *causes* of it,” says one of my Authorities, “these lie deep, deep almost as “those of Original Sin. But the proximate causes seem “to me to have been these two: *First*, That the Jesuit-Priests and Principalities had vowed and resolved to “have, by God’s help *and* by the Devil’s (this was the “peculiarity of it), Europe made Orthodox again: and “then *Secondly*, The fact that a Max of Bavaria existed “at that time, whose fiery character, cunning but rash “head, and fanatically Papist heart disposed him to attempt that enterprise, him with such resources and “capacities, under their bad guidance.”

Johann Sigismund did many swift decisive strokes of business in his time, businesses of extensive and important nature; but this of the slap to Neuburg has stuck best in the idle memory of mankind. Düsseldorf, Year 1613: it was precisely in the time when that same Friedrich, not yet by any means "King of Bohemia," but already Kur-Pfalz (Cousin of this Neuburg, and head man of the Protestants), was over here in England, on a fine errand; — namely, had married the fair Elizabeth (14th February 1613), James the First's Princess; "Goody Palsgrave," as her Mother floutingly called her, not liking the connexion. What kind of a "King of Bohemia" this Friedrich made, five or six years after, and what sea of troubles he and his entered into, we know: "*Winter-König*" (Winter-King, fallen in times of *frost*, or built of mere frost, a *snow-king* altogether soluble again) is the name he gets in German Histories. But here is another hook to hang Chronology upon.

This brief Bohemian Kingship had not yet exploded on the Weissenberg of Prag,* when old Sir Henry Wotton, being sent as Ambassador "to *lie* abroad" (as he wittily called it, to his cost) in that Business, saw, in the City of Lintz, in the picturesque green country by the shores of the Donau there, an ingenious person, who is now recognisable as one of the remarkablest of mankind, — Mr. John Kepler, namely: Kepler as Wotton writes him; addressing the great Lord Bacon

* Battle there, Sunday 8th November 1620.

(unhappily without strict date of any kind) on that among other subjects. Mr. John's now ever-memorable watching of those *Motions of the Star Mars*,* with calculations repeated seventy times," and also with Discovery of the Planetary Laws of this Universe, some ten years ago, appears to be unknown to Wotton and Bacon; but there is something else of Mr. John's devising** which deserves attention from an Instaurator of Philosophy:

"He hath a little black Tent (of what stuff is not much importing)," says the Ambassador, "which he can suddenly set-up where he will, in a Field; and it is convertible (like a windmill) to all quarters at pleasure; capable of not much more than one man, as I conceive, and perhaps at no great ease; exactly close and dark, — save at one hole, about an inch and a half in the diameter, to which he applies a long perspective Trunk, with the convex glass fitted to the said hole, and the concave taken out at the other end, which extendeth to about the middle of this erected Tent: through which the visible radiations of all the Objects without are intromitted, falling upon a Paper, which is accommodated to receive them; and so he traceth them with his pen in their natural appearance; turning his little Tent round by degrees, till he hath designed the whole Aspect of the Field."*** — In fact he hath a *Camera Obscura*, and is exhibiting the same for the delectation of Imperial gentlemen lounging that way. Mr. John invents such toys, writes almanacks, practises

* *De Motibus Stellæ Martis*; Prag, 1609.

** It seems, Baptista Porta (of Naples, dead some years before) must have given him the essential hint, — of whom, or whose hint, Mr. John does not happen to inform his Excellency at present.

*** *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ* (London, 1672), p. 800.

medicine, for good reasons; his encouragement from the Holy Roman Empire and mankind being only a pension of 18*l.* a-year, and that hardly ever paid. An ingenious person, truly, if there ever was one among Adam's Posterity. Just turned of fifty, and ill-off for cash. This glimpse of him, in his little black tent with perspective glasses, while the Thirty-Years War blazes out, is welcome as a date.

*What became of the Cleve-Jülich Heritage, and of the
Preussen one.*

In the Cleve-Duchies, joint government had now become more difficult than ever: but it had to be persisted in, — under mutual offences, suspicions and outbreaks hardly repressed; — no final Bargain of Settlement proving by any method possible. Treaties enough, and conferences and pleadings, manifestos: — Could not some painful German collector of Statistics try to give us the approximate quantity of impracticable treaties, futile conferences; manifestoes, correspondences; in brief, some authenthical cipher (say, in round millions) of idle Words spoken by official human creatures, and approximately (in square miles) the extent of Law-Stationery and other Paper written, first and last, about this Controversy of the Cleve-Duchies? In that form it might have a momentary interest.

When the Winter-King's explosion took place,* and his own unfortunate Pfalz (Palatinate) became the theatre of war (Tilly, Spinola, *versus* Pfaltzers, English,

* Crowned at Prag, 4th November n. s. 1619; beaten to ruin there, and obliged to gallop (almost before dinner done), Sunday, 8th November 1620.

Dutch), involving all the neighbouring regions, Cleve-Jülich did not escape its fate. The Spaniards and the Dutch, who had long sat in gloomy armed-truce, occupying with obstinate precaution the main Fortresses of these Jülich-Cleve countries, did now straightway, their Twelve-Years truce being out (1621),* fall to fighting and besieging one another there; the huge War, which proved of Thirty Years, being now all ablaze. What the country suffered in the interim may be imagined.

In 1624, in pity to all parties, some attempt at practical Division of the Territory was again made; Neuburg to have Berg and Jülich, Brandenburg to have Cleve, Mark, Ravensberg and the minor appurtenances: and Treaty to that effect was got signed (11th May 1624). But it was not well kept, nor could be; and the statistic cipher of new treaties, manifestoes, conferences, and approximate written area of Law-Paper, goes on increasing.

It was not till forty-two years after, in 1666, as will be more minutely noticeable by and by, that an effective partition could be practically brought about. Nor in this state was the Lawsuit by any means ended, — as we shall wearisomely see, in times long following that. In fact there never was, in the German Chanceries or out of them, such a Lawsuit, Armed or Wigged, as this of the Cleve-Duchies first and last. And the sentence was not practically given, till the Congress of Vienna (1815) in our own day gave it;

* Pauli, vi. 578-580.

and the thing Johann Sigismund had claimed legally in 1609 was actually handed-over to Johann Sigismund's Descendant in the seventh generation, after two-hundred and six years. Handed-over to him then, — and a liberal rate of interest allowed. These litigated Duchies are now the Prussian Province Jülich-Berg-Cleve, and the nucleus of Prussia's possessions in the Rhine country.

A year before Johann Sigismund's death, Albert Friedrich, the poor eclipsed Duke of Prussia, died (8th August 1618): upon which our swift Kurfürst, not without need of his dexterities there too, got peaceable possession of Prussia; — nor has his Family lost hold of that, up to the present time. Next year (23d December 1619), he himself closed a swift busy life (labour enough in it for him perhaps, though only an age of forty-nine); and sank to his long rest, his works following him, — unalterable thenceforth, not unfruitful some of them.

CHAPTER XV.

TENTH KURFÜRST GEORGE WILHELM.

By far the unluckiest of these Electors, whether the most unworthy of them or not, was George Wilhelm, Tenth Elector, who now succeeded Johann Sigismund his Father. The Father's eyes had closed when this great flame was breaking out; and the Son's days were all spent amid the hot ashes and fierce blazings of it.

The position of Brandenburg during this sad Thirty-Years War was passive rather than active; distinguished only in the former way, and as far as possible from being glorious or victorious. Never since the Hohenzollerns came to that Country, had Brandenburg such a time. Difficult to have mended it; impossible to have quite avoided it; — and Kurfürst George Wilhelm was not a man so superior to all his neighbours, that he could clearly see his way in such an element. The perfect or ideal course was clear: To have frankly drawn sword for his Religion and his Rights, so soon as the battle fairly opened; and to have fought for these same, till he either got them or died. Alas, that is easily said and written; but it is, for a George Wilhelm especially, difficult to do! His capability in all kinds was limited; his connexions, with this side and that, were very intricate. Gustavus and the Winter-King were his Brothers-in-law; Gustavus wedded to

his Sister, he to Winter-King's. His relations to Poland, feudal superior of Preussen, were delicate; and Gustavus was in deadly quarrel with Poland. And then Gustavus's sudden laying-hold of Pommern, which had just espaced from Wallenstein and the Kaiser? It must be granted, poor George Wilhelm's case demanded circumspectness.

One can forgive him for declining the Bohemian-King speculation, though his Uncle of Jägerndorf, and his Cousins of Liegnitz were so hearty and forward in it. Pardonable in him to decline the Bohemian speculation; — though surely it is very sad that he found himself so short of "butter and wood" when the poor ex-King, and his young Wife, then in a specially-interesting state, came to take shelter with him!*. But when Gustavus landed, and flung-out upon the winds such a banner as that of his, — truly it was required of a Protestant Governor of men to be able to read said banner in a certain degree. A Governor, not too imperfect, would have recognised this Gustavus, what his purposes and likelihoods were; the feeling would have been, checked by due circumspectness: "Up, my men, let us follow this man; let us live and die in the Cause this man goes for! Live otherwise with honour, or die otherwise with honour, we cannot, in the pass things have come to!" — And thus, at the very worst,

* Sölltl (*Geschichte des Dreissigjährigen Krieges*, — a trivial modern Book) gives a notable Memorial from the Brandenburg *Raths*, concerning these their difficulties of housekeeping. Their real object, we perceive, was to get rid of a Guest so dangerous as the Ex-King, under Ban of the Empire, had now become.

Brandenburg would have had only one class of enemies to ravage it; and might have escaped with, arithmetically speaking, *half* the harrying it got in that long Business.

But Protestant Germany, — sad shame to it, which proved lasting sorrow as well, — was all alike torpid; Brandenburg not an exceptional case. No Prince stood up as beseemed: or only one, and he not a great one; Landgraf Wilhelm of Hessen, who, and his brave Widow after him, seemed always to know what hour it was. Wilhelm of Hessen all along; — and a few wild hands, Christian of Brunswick, Christian of Anhalt, Johann George of Jägerndorf, who stormed-out tumultuously at first, but were soon blown away by the Tilly-Wallenstein *trade-winds* and regulated armaments: — the rest sat still, and tried all they could to keep out of harm's way. The "Evangelical Union" did a great deal of manifestoing, pathetic, indignant and other; held solemn Meetings at Heilbronn, old Sir Henry Wotton going as Ambassador to them; but never got any redress. Had the Evangelical Union shut-up its inkhorns sooner; girt-on its fighting-tools when the time came, and done some little execution with them then, instead of none at all, — we may fancy the Evangelical Union would have better discharged its function. It might have saved immense wretchedness to Germany. But its course went not that way.

In fact, had there been no better Protestantism than that of Germany, all was over with Protestantism; and Max of Bavaria, with fanatical Ferdinand II. as Kaiser

over him, and Father Lämmerlein at his right hand and Father Hyacinth at his left, had got their own sweet way in this world. But Protestant Germany was not Protestant Europe, after all. Over seas, there dwelt and reigned a certain King in Sweden; there farmed, and walked musing by the shores of the Ouse in Huntingdonshire, a certain man: — there was a Gustav Adolf over seas, an Oliver Cromwell over seas; and “a company of poor men” were found capable of taking Lucifer by the beard, — who accordingly, with his Lämmerleins, Hyacinths, Habernfeldts and others, was forced to withdraw, after a tough struggle! —

CHAPTER XVI.

THIRTY-YEARS WAR.

THE enormous Thirty-Years War, most intricate of modern Occurrences in the domain of Dryasdust, divides itself, after some unravelling, into Three principal Acts or Epochs, in all of which, one after the other, our Kurfürst had an interest mounting progressively, but continuing to be a passive interest.

Act *First* goes from 1620 to 1624; and might be entitled "The Bohemian King Made and Demolished." Personally the Bohemian King was soon demolished. His Kingship may be said to have gone-off by explosion; by one Fight, namely, done on the Weissenberg near Prag (Sunday, 8th November 1620), while he sat at dinner in the City, the boom of the cannon coming-in with interest upon high guests and him. He had to run, in hot haste, that night, leaving many of his important papers, — and becomes a Winter-King. Winter-King's account was soon settled. But the extirpating of his Adherents, and capturing of his Hereditary Lands, Palatinate and Upper-Palatinate, took three years more. Hard fighting for the Palatinate; Tilly and Company against the "Evangelical-Union Troops, "and the English under Sir Horace Vere." Evangelical-Union Troops, though marching about there, under an Uncle of our Kurfürst (Margraf Joachim Ernst, that

lucky Anspach Uncle, founder of "the Line"), who professed some skill in soldiering, were a mere Picture of an Army; would only "observe," and would not fight at all. So that the whole fighting fell to Sir Horace and his poor handful of English; of whose grim posture "in Frankendale"* and other Strongholds, for months long, there is talk enough in the old English History-Books.

Then there were certain stern War-Captains, who rallied from the Weissenberg Defeat: — Christian of Brunswick, the chief of them, titular Bishop of Halberstadt, a high-flown, fiery young fellow, of terrible fighting gifts; he flamed-up considerably, with "the Queen of Bohemia's glove stuck in his Hat:" "Bright Lady, it shall stick there, till I get you your own again, or die!"** Christian of Brunswick, George of Jägerndorf (our Kurfürst's Uncle), Count Mansfeldt and others, made stormy fight once and again, hanging upon this central "Frankendale" Business, till they and it became hopeless. For the Kaiser and his Jesuits were not in doubt; a Kaiser very proud, unscrupulous; now clearly superior in force, — and all along of great superiority in fraud.

Christian of Brunswick, Johann George and Mans-

* Frankenthal, a little Town in the Palatinate, N. W. from Mannheim a short way.

** 1621-1623, age not yet twenty-five; died (by poison), 1626, having again become supremely important just then. "*Gottes Freund, der Pfaffen Feind* (God's Friend, Priests' Foe);" "*Alles für Ruhm und Ihr* (All for Glory and Her," — the bright Elizabeth, become Ex-Queen), were mottoes of his. — *Buddäus in voce* (l. 649); *Michaelis*, i. 110.

feldt were got rid of: Christian by poison; Johann George and Mansfeldt by other methods, — chiefly by playing-upon poor King James of England, and leading him by the long nose he was found to have. The Palatinate became the Kaiser's for the time being; Upper Palatinate (*Ober Pfalz*) Duke Max of Bavaria, lying contiguous to it, had easily taken. "Incorporate the Ober-Pfalz with your Bavaria," said the Kaiser; "you, illustrious, thrice-serviceable Max! And let Lämmerlein and Hyacinth, with their Gospel of Ignatius, loose upon it. Nay, as a still richer reward, be yours the forfeited *Kur* (Electorship) of this mad Kur-Pfalz, or Winter-King. I will hold his Rhine-Lands, his *Unter-Pfalz*: his Electorship and *Ober-Pfalz*, I say, are yours, Duke, henceforth *Kurfürst* Maximilian!" * Which was a hard saying in the ears of Brandenburg, Saxony and the other Five, and of the Reich in general; but they had all to comply, after wincing. For the Kaiser proceeded with a high hand. He had put the Ex-King under Ban of the Empire (never asking "the Empire" about it); put his Three principal Adherents, Johann George of Jägerndorf one of them, Prince Christian of Anhalt (once captain at the Siege of Juliers) another, likewise under Ban of the Empire; ** and in short had flung about, and was flinging, his thunderbolts in a very Olympian manner. Under all which, what could Brandenburg and the others do; but whimper some trembling protest, "Clear against Law!" — and

* Köhler: *Reichs-Historie*, p. 520.** 22d January 1621 (*Ibid.* p. 518).

sit obedient? The Evangelical Union did not now any more than formerly draw-out its fighting-tools. In fact, the Evangelical Union now fairly dissolved itself; melted into a deliquium of terror under these thunderbolts that were flying, and was no more heard-of in the world. —

Second Act, or Epoch, 1624-1629. A second Uncle put to the Ban, and Pommern snatched away.

Except in the “*Nether-Saxon Circle*” (distant North-west region, with its Hanover, Mecklenburg, with its rich Hamburgs, Lübecks, Magdeburgs, all Protestant, and abutting on the Protestant North), trembling Germany lay ridden-over as the Kaiser willed. Foreign League got-up by France, King James, Christian IV. of Denmark (James’s Brother-in-law, with whom he had such “drinking” in Somerset House, long ago, on Christian’s visit hither*), went to water, or worse. Only the “*Nether Saxon Circle*” showed some life; was levying an Army; and had appointed Christian of Brunswick its Captain, till he was got poisoned; — upon which the drinking King of Denmark took the command.

Act *Second* goes from 1624 to 1627 or even ’29; and contains Drunken Christian’s Exploits. Which were unfortunate, almost to the ruin of Denmark itself, as well as of the Nether-Saxon Circle; — till in the latter of these years he slightly rallied, and got a supportable Peace granted him (Peace of Lübeck, 1629); after

* Old Histories of James I. (Wilson, &c.)

which he sits quiet, contemplative, with an evil eye upon Sweden now and then. The beatings he got, in quite regular succession, from Tilly and Consorts, are not worth mentioning: the only thing one now remembers of him is his alarming accident on the ramparts of Hameln, just at the opening of these Campaigns. At Hameln, which was to be a strong post, drunken Christian rode-out once, on a summer afternoon (1624), to see that the ramparts were all right, or getting all right; — and tumbled, horse and self (self in liquor, it is thought), in an ominous alarming manner. Taken up for dead; — nay some of the vague Histories seem to think he was really dead: — but he lived to be often beaten after that, and had many moist years more.

Our Kurfürst had another Uncle put to the Ban in this Second Act, — Christian Wilhelm Archbishop of Magdeburg, “for assisting the Danish King;” nor was Ban all the ruin that fell on this poor Archbishop. What could an unfortunate Kurfürst do, but tremble and obey? There was still a worse smart got by our poor Kurfürst out of Act Second: the glaring injustice done him in Pommern.

Does the reader remember that scene in the High Church of Stettin a Hundred-and-fifty years ago? How the Bürgermeister threw sword and helmet into the grave of the last Duke of Pommern-Stettin there; and a forward Citizen picked them out again in favour of a Collateral Branch? Never since, any more than then, could Brandenburg get Pommern according to claim.

Collateral Branch, in spite of Friedrich Iron-teeth, in spite even of Albert Achilles and some fighting of his, contrived, by pleading at the Diets and stirring-up noise, to maintain its pretensions: and Treaties without end ensued, as usual; Treaties refreshed and new-signed by every Successor of Albert, to a wearisome degree. The sum of which always was: "Pommern does actual Homage to Brandenburg; vassal of Brandenburg; — and falls home to it, if the now Extant Line go extinct." Nay there is an *Erbverbrüderung* (Heritage-Fraternity) over and above, established this long time, and wearisomely renewed at every new Accession. Hundreds of Treaties, oppressive to think of: — and now the last Duke, old Bogislaus, is here, without hope of children; and the fruit of all that haggling, actual Pommern to wit, will at last fall home? Alas, no; far otherwise.

For the Kaiser having so triumphantly swept-off the Winter-King, and Christian IV. in the rear of him, and got Germany ready for converting to Orthodoxy, — wished now to have some hold of the Seaboard, thereby to punish Denmark; nay thereby, as is hoped, to extend the blessings of Orthodoxy into England, Sweden, Holland, and the other Heretic States, in due time. For our plans go far! This is the Kaiser's fixed wish, rising to the rank of hope now and then: all Europe shall become Papist again, by the help of God *and* the Devil. So the Kaiser, on hardly any pretext, seized Mecklenburg from the Proprietors, — "Traitors, how durst you join Danish Christian?" — and made Wallenstein Duke of it. Duke of Mecklenburg, "Admiral of the *East-Sea*

(Baltic);” and set to “building ships of war in Rostock,” — his plans going far.* This done, he seized Pommern, which also is a fine Sea-country, — stirring-up Max of Bavaria to make some idle pretence to Pommern, that so the Kaiser might seize it “in sequestration till decided on.” Under which hard treatment, George Wilhelm had to sit sad and silent, — though the Stralsunders would not. Hence the world-famous Siege of Stralsund (1628); fierce Wallenstein declaring, “I will have the Town, if it hung by a chain from Heaven;” but finding he could not get it; owing to the Swedish succour, to the stubborn temper prevalent among the Townsfolk, and also greatly to the rains and peat-bogs.

A second Uncle of George Wilhelm’s, the unlucky Archbishop of Magdeburg, the Kaiser, once more by his own arbitrary will, put under Ban of the Empire, in this Second Act: “Traitor, how durst you join with the Danes?” The result of which was Tilly’s Sack of Magdeburg (10-12th May 1631), a transaction never forgetable by mankind. — As for Pommern, Gustav Adolf, on his intervening in these matters, landed there: Pommern was now seized by Gustav Adolf, as a landing-place and place-of-arms, indispensable for Sweden in the present emergency; and was so held thenceforth. Pommern will not fall to George Wilhelm at this time.

Third Act, and what the Kurfürst suffered in it.

And now we are at Act *Third*: — Landing of Gustav Adolf “in the Isle of Usedom, 24th June 1630,”

* Köhler: *Reichs-Historie*, pp. 524, 525.

and onward for Eighteen Years till the Peace of Westphalia, in 1648; — on which, as probably better known to the reader, we will not here go into details. In this Third Act too, George Wilhelm followed his old scheme, peace at any price; — as shy of Gustav as he had been of other Champions of the Cause; and except complaining, petitioning and manifesting, studiously did nothing.

Poor man, it was his fate to stand in the range of these huge collisions, — Bridge of Dessau, Siege of Stralsund, Sack of Magdeburg, Battle of Leipzig, — where the Titans were bowling rocks at one another; and he hoped, by dextrous skipping, to escape share of the game. To keep well with his Kaiser, — and such a Kaiser to Germany and to him, — this, for George Wilhelm, was always the first commandment. If the Kaiser confiscate your Uncles, against law; seize your Pommern; rob you on the public highways, — George Wilhelm, even in such case, is full of doubts. Nay his Prime-Minister, one Schwarzenberg, a Catholic, an Austrian Official at one time, — Progenitor of the Austrian Schwarzenbergs that now are, — was secretly in the Kaiser's interest, and is even thought to have been in the Kaiser's pay, all along.

Gustav, at his first landing, had seized Pommern, and swept it clear of Austrians, for himself and for his own wants; not too regardful of George Wilhelm's claims on it. He cleared-out Frankfurt, Cüstrin and other Brandenburg Towns, in a similar manner, — by cannon and storm, when needful; — drove the Im-

perialists and Tilly forth of these countries. Advancing, next year, to save Magdeburg, now shrieking under Tilly's bombardment, Gustav insisted on having, if not some bond of union from his Brother-in-law of Brandenburg, at least the temporary cession of two Places of War for himself, Spandau and Cüstrin, indispensable in any farther operation. Which cession Kurfürst George Wilhelm, though giving all his prayers to the Good Cause, could by no means grant. Gustav had to insist, with more and more emphasis; advancing at last, with military menace, upon Berlin itself. He was met by George Wilhelm and his Council, "in the woods of Cöpenick," short way to the east of that City: there George Wilhelm and his Council wandered about, sending messages, hopelessly consulting; saying among each other, "*Que faire; ils ont des canons*, What can one do; they have got cannon?"* For many hours so; round the inflexible Gustav, — who was there like a fixed milestone, and to all questions and comers had only one answer! — "*Que faire; ils ont des canons?*" This was 3d May 1631. This probably is about the nadir-point of the Brandenburg-Hohenzollern History. The little Frederick who became Frederick the Great, in writing of it, has a certain grim banter in his tone; and looks rather with mockery on the perplexities of his poor Ancestor, so fatally ignorant of the time of day it had now become.

* *Œuvres de Frédéric le Grand* (Berlin, 1846-1856 et seqq. : *Mémoires de Brandebourg*), i. 38. For the rest, Frederick's Account of the Transaction is very loose and scanty: see Pauli (iv. 568) and his minute details.

On the whole, George Wilhelm did what is to be called nothing, in the Thirty-Years War; his function was only that of suffering. He followed always the bad lead of Johann George, Elector of Saxony; a man of no strength, devoutness or adequate human worth; who proved, on these negative grounds, and without fragrance of positive badness, an unspeakable curse to Germany. Not till the Kaiser fulminated-forth his Restitution-Edict, and showed he was in earnest about it (1629—1631), "Restore to our Holy Church what you have taken from her since the Peace of Passau!" — could this Johann George prevail upon himself to join Sweden, or even to do other than hate it for reasons he saw. Seized by the throat in this manner, and ordered to *deliver*, Kur-Sachsen did, and Brandenburg along with him, make Treaty with the Swede.* In consequence of which they two, some months after, by way of coöperating with Gustav on his great march Vienna-ward, sent an invading force into Bohemia, Brandenburg contributing some poor 3000 to it; who took Prag, and some other open Towns; but "did almost nothing there," say the Histories, "except dine and drink." It is clear enough they were instantly scattered home** at the first glimpse of Wallenstein dawning on the horizon again in those parts.

Gustav having vanished (Field of Lützen, 6th November 1632***), Oxenstiern, with his high attitude, and

* 8th February 1631 (Köhler: *Reichs-Historie*, pp. 526-531).

** October 1633 (Stenzel, i. 503).

*** Pauli, iv. 576.

"Presidency" of the "Union at Heilbronn," was rather an offence to Kur-Sachsen, who used to be foremost man on such occasions. Kur-Sachsen broke away again; made his Peace of Prag,* whom Brandenburg again followed; Brandenburg and gradually all the others, except the noble Wilhelm of Hessen-Cassel alone. Miserable Peace; bit of Chaos clouted-up, and done-over with Official varnish; — which proved to be the signal for continuing the War beyond visible limits, and rendering peace impossible.

After this, George Wilhelm retires from the scene; lives in Cüstrin mainly; mere miserable days, which shall be invisible to us. He died in 1640; and, except producing an active brave Son very unlike himself, did nothing considerable in the world. "*Que faire; ils ont des canons!*"

Among the innumerable sanguinary tussellings of this War are counted Three great Battles, Leipzig, Lützen, Nördlingen. Under one great Captain, Swedish Gustav, and the two or three other considerable Captains, who appeared in it, high passages of furious valour, of fine strategy and tactic, are on record. But on the whole, the grand weapon in it, and towards the latter times the exclusive one, was Hunger. The opposing Armies tried to starve one another; at lowest, tried each not to starve. Each trying to eat the country, or at any rate to leave nothing eatable in it: what that will mean for the country, we may consider.

* 1635, 20th May (Stenzel, i. 513).

As the Armies too frequently, and the Kaiser's Armies habitually, lived without commissariat, often enough without pay, all horrors of war and of being a seat of war, that have been since heard of, are poor to those then practised. The detail of which is still horrible to read. Germany, in all eatable quarters of it, had to undergo the process; — tortured, torn to pieces, wrecked, and brayed as in a mortar under the iron mace of war.* Brandenburg saw its towns sieged and sacked, its country-populations driven to despair, by the one party and the other. Three times, — first in the Wallenstein-Mecklenburg times, while fire and sword were the weapons, and again, twice over, in the ultimate stages of the struggle, when starvation had become the method, — Brandenburg fell to be the principal theatre of conflict, where all forms of the dismal were at their height. In 1638, three years after that precious "Peace of Prag," the Swedes (Banier *versus* Gallas) starving-out the Imperialists in those North-Western parts, the ravages of the starving Gallas and his Imperialists excelled all precedent; and the "famine about Tangermünde had risen so high that men ate human flesh, "nay human creatures ate their own children."** "*Que faire; ils ont des canons!*"

* Curious incidental details of the state it was reduced to, in the Rhine and Danube Countries, turn-up in the Earl of Arundel and Surrey's *Travels* ("Arundel of the Marbles") as *Ambassador Extraordinary to the Emperor Ferdinando II. in 1636* (a small Volume, or Pamphlet, London, 1637).

** 1638: Pauli, iv. 604.

CHAPTER XVII.

DUCHY OF JÄGERNDORF.

THIS unfortunate George Wilhelm failed in getting Pommern when due; Pommern, firmly held by the Swedes, was far from him. But that was not the only loss of territory he had. Jägerndorf, — we have heard of Johann George of Jägerndorf, Uncle of this George Wilhelm, how old Joachim Friedrich put him into Jägerndorf, long since, when it fell home to the Electoral House. Jägerndorf is now lost; Johann George is under *Reichs-Acht* (Ban of Empire), ever since the Winter-King's explosion, and the thunderbolts that followed; and wanders landless; — nay he is long since dead, and has six-feet of earth for a territory, far away in Transylvania, or the *Riesen-Gebirge* (Giant-Mountains) somewhere. Concerning whom a word now.

Duke of Jägerndorf, Elector's Uncle, is put under Ban.

Johann George, a frank-hearted valiant man, concerning whom only good actions, and no bad one, are on record, had notable troubles in the world; bad troubles to begin with, and worse to end in. He was second Son of Kurfürst Joachim Friedrich, who had meant him for the Church.* The young fellow was

* 1577-1624; Rentsch, p. 486.

Coadjutor of Strasburg, almost from the time of getting into short-clothes. He was then, still very young, elected Bishop there (1592); Bishop of Strasburg, — but only by the Protestant part of the Canons; the Catholic part, unable to submit longer, and thinking it a good time for revolt against a Protestant population and obstinately heterodox majority, elected another Bishop; one “Karl of the House of Lorraine;” and there came to be dispute, and came even to be fighting needed. Fighting; which prudent Papa would not enter into, except faintly at secondhand, through the Anspach Cousins, or others that were in the humour. Troublesome times for the young man; which lasted a dozen years or more. At last a Bargain was made (1604); Protestant and Catholic Canons splitting the difference in some way; and the House of Lorraine paying Johann George a great deal of money to go home again.* Poor Johann George came out of it in that way; *not* second best, think several.

He was then (1606) put into Jägerndorf, which had just fallen vacant; our excellent fat friend, George Friedrich of Anspach, Administrator of Preussen, having lately died, and left it vacant, as we saw. George Friedrich's death yielded fine apanages, three of them in all: *first* Anspach, *second* Baireuth, and this *third* of Jägerndorf for a still younger Brother. There was still a fourth younger Brother, Uncle of George Wilhelm; Archbishop of Magdeburg this one; who also, as we

* *Cœuvres complètes de Voltaire*, 97 vols. (Paris, 1825-32), xxxiii. 284. — Köhler (*Reichs-Historie*, p. 487) gives the authentic particulars.

have seen, got into *Reichs-Acht*, into deep trouble in the Thirty-Years War. He was in Tilly's thrice-murderous Storm of Magdeburg (10th May 1631); was captured, tumbled about by the wild soldiery, and nearly killed there. Poor man, with his mitre and rochets left in such a state! In the end he even became *Catholic*, — from conviction, as was evident, and bewilderment of mind; — and lived in Austria on a pension; occasionally publishing polemical pamphlets.* —

As to Johann George, he much repaired and beautified the Castle of Jägerndorf, says Rentsch: but he unfortunately went ahead into the Winter-King's adventure; which, in that sad Battle of the Weissenberg, made total shipwreck of itself, drawing Johann George and much else along with it. Johann George was straightway tyrannously put to the Ban, forfeited of life and lands:** Johann George disowned the said Ban; stood-out fiercely for self and Winter-King; and did good fighting in the Silesian strongholds and mountain-passes: but was forced to seek temporary shelter in *Siebenbürgen* (Transylvania); and died far away, in a year or two (1524), while returning to try it again. Sleeps, I think, in the "Jablunka Pass;" the dumb Giant-Mountains (*Riesen-Gebirge*) shrouding-up his sad shipwreck and him.

Jägerndorf was thus seized by Ferdinand II. of the

* 1587; 1628; 1665 (Rentsch, pp. 905-910).

** 22d January 1621 (Köhler, *Reichs-Historie*, p. 518; and rectify Hübner, tab. 178).

House of Hapsburg; and though it was contrary to all law that the Kaiser should keep it, — poor Johann George having left Sons very innocent of treason, and Brothers, and an Electoral Nephew, very innocent; to whom, by old compacts and new, the Heritage in defect of him was to fall, — neither Kaiser Ferdinand II. nor Kaiser Ferdinand III., nor any Kaiser would let-go the hold; but kept Jägerndorf fast clenched, deaf to all pleadings, and monitions of gods or men. Till at length, in the fourth generation afterwards, one “Friedrich the Second,” not unknown to us, — a sharp little man, little in stature, but large in faculty and renown, who is now called “Frederick the Great,” — clutched hold of the Imperial fist (so to speak), seizing his opportunity in 1740; and so wrenched and twisted said close fist, that not only Jägerndorf dropped out of it, but the whole of Silesia along with Jägerndorf, there being other claims withal. And the account *was* at last settled, with compound interest, — as in fact such accounts are sure to be, one way or other. And so we leave Johann George among the dumb Giant-Mountains again.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM, THE GREAT KURFÜRST, ELEVENTH OF
THE SERIES.

BRANDENBURG had again sunk very low under the Tenth Elector, in the unutterable troubles of the times. But it was gloriously raised-up again by his Son Friedrich Wilhelm, who succeeded in 1640. This is he whom they call the "Great Elector (*Grosse Kurfürst*);" of whom there is much writing and celebrating in Prussian Books. As for the epithet, it is not uncommon among petty German populations, and many times does not mean too much: thus Max of Bavaria, with his Jesuit Lambkins and Hyacinths, is, by Bavarians, called "Maximilian the Great." Friedrich Wilhelm, both by his intrinsic qualities and the success he met with, deserves it better than most. His success, if we look where he started and where he ended, was beyond that of any other man in his day. He found Brandenburg annihilated, and he left Brandenburg sound and flourishing; a great country, or already on the way towards greatness. Undoubtedly a most rapid, clear-eyed, active man. There was a stroke in him swift as lightning, well aimed mostly, and of a respectable weight withal; which shattered asunder a whole world of impediments for him, by assiduous repetition of it for fifty years.*

* 1620; 1640; 1688.

There hardly ever came to sovereign power a young man of twenty under more distressing, hopeless-looking circumstances. Political significance Brandenburg had none: a mere Protestant appendage dragged about by a Papist Kaiser. His Father's Prime-Minister, as we have seen, was in the interest of his enemies; not Brandenburg's servant, but Austria's. The very Commandants of his Fortresses, Commandant of Spandau more especially, refused to obey Friedrich Wilhelm, on his accession; "were bound to obey the Kaiser in the first place." He had to proceed softly as well as swiftly; with the most delicate hand to get him of Spandau by the collar, and put him under lock-and-key, him as a warning to others.

For twenty years past, Brandenburg had been scoured by hostile armies, which, especially the Kaiser's part of which, committed outrages new in human history. In a year or two hence, Brandenburg became again the theatre of business; Austrian Gallas advancing thither again (1644), with intent "to shut-up Torstenson and his Swedes in Jutland," where they had been chastising old Christian IV., now meddlesome again for the last time, and never a good neighbour to Sweden. Gallas could by no means do what he intended; on the contrary, he had to run from Torstenson, what feet could do; was hunted, he and his *Merode-Brüder* (beautiful inventors of the "Marauding" Art), "till they pretty much all died (*crepirten*)," says Köhler.* No great loss to society, the death of these Ar-

* *Reichs-Historie*, p. 556; Pauli, v. 24.

tists; but we can fancy what their life, and especially what the process of their dying, may have cost poor Brandenburg again! —

Friedrich Wilhelm's aim, in this as in other emergencies, was sun-clear to himself, but for most part dim to everybody else. He had to walk very warily, Sweden on one hand of him, suspicious Kaiser on the other; he had to wear semblances, to be ready with evasive words; and advance noiselessly by many circuits. More delicate operation could not be imagined. But advance he did; advance and arrive. With extraordinary talent, diligence and felicity the young man wound himself out of this first fatal position; got those foreign Armies pushed-out of his Country, and kept them out. His first concern had been to find some vestige of revenue, to put that upon a clear footing; and by loans or otherwise to scrape a little ready-money together. On the strength of which a small body of soldiers could be collected about him, and drilled into real ability to fight and obey. This as a basis; on this followed all manner of things; freedom from Swedish-Austrian invasions, as the first thing.

He was himself, as appeared by and by, a fighter of the first quality, when it came to that; but never was willing to fight, if he could help it. Preferred rather to shift, manœuvre and negotiate; which he did in a most vigilant, adroit and masterly manner. But by degrees he had grown to have, and could maintain it, an Army of 24,000 men; among the best troops

then in being. With or without his will, he was in all the great Wars of his time, — the time of Louis XIV., who kindled Europe four times over, thrice in our Kurfürst's day. The Kurfürst's Dominions, a long straggling country, reaching from Memel to Wesel, could hardly keep out of the way of any war that might rise. He made himself available, never against the good cause of Protestantism and German Freedom, yet always in the place and way where his own best advantage was to be had. Louis XIV. had often much need of him; still oftener, and more pressingly, had Kaiser Leopold, the little Gentleman "in scarlet stockings, with a red feather in his hat," whom Mr. Savage used to see majestically walking about, with Austrian lip that said nothing at all.* His 24,000 excellent fighting-men, thrown-in at the right time, were often a thing that could turn the balance in great questions. They required to be allowed-for at a high rate, — which he well knew how to adjust himself for exacting and securing always.

* *A Compleat History of Germany*, by Mr. Savage (8vo, London, 1702), p. 553. Who this Mr. Savage was, we have no trace. Prefixed to the volume is the Portrait of a solid Gentleman of forty; gloomily polite, with ample wig and cravat, — in all likelihood some studious subaltern Diplomatist in the Succession War. His little Book is very lean and barren; but faithfully compiled, — and might have some illumination in it, where utter darkness is so prevalent. Most likely, Addison plucked his story of the *Siege of Weinsberg* ("Women carrying out their Husbands on their back," — one of his best *Spectators*) out of this poor Book.

*What became of Pommern at the Peace; final glance into
Cleve-Jülich.*

When the Peace of Westphalia (1648) concluded that Thirty-Years Conflagration, and swept the ashes of it into order again, Friedrich Wilhelm's right to Pommern was admitted by everybody; and well insisted on by himself: but ight had to yield to reason of state, and he could not get it. The Swedes insisted on their expenses; the Swedes held Pommern, had all along held it, — in pawn, they said, for their expenses. Nothing for it but to give the Swedes the better half of Pommern. *Fore-Pommern* (so they call it, "Swedish Pomerania" thenceforth), which lies next the Sea; this, with some Towns and cuttings over and above, was Sweden's share: Friedrich Wilhelm had to put-up with *Hinder-Pommern*, docked furthermore of the Town of Stettin, and of other valuable cuttings, in favour of Sweden. Much to Friedrich Wilhelm's grief and just anger, could he have helped it.

They gave him Three secularised Bishoprics, Magdeburg, Halberstadt, Minden with other small remnants, for compensation; and he had to be content with these for the present. Bnt he never gave-up the idea of Pommern; much of the effort of his life was spent upon recovering *Fore-Pommern*; thrice-eager upon that, whenever lawful opportunity offered. To no purpose then; he never could recover Swedish Pommern; only his late descendants, and that by slowish degrees, could recover it all. Readers remember that Bürgermeister

of Stettin, with the helmet and sword flung into the grave and picked out again; — and can judge whether Brandenburg got its good-luck quite by lying in bed! —

Once, and once only, he had a voluntary purpose towards War, and it remained a purpose only. Soon after the Peace of Westphalia, old Pfalz-Neuburg, the same who got the slap on the face, went into tyrannous proceedings against the Protestant part of his subjects in Jülich-Cleve; who called to Friedrich Wilhelm for help. Friedrich Wilhelm, a zealous Protestant, made remonstrances, retaliations: ere long the thought struck him, "Suppose, backed by the Dutch, we threw-out this fantastic old gentleman, his Papistries, and pretended claims and self, clear out of it?" This was Friedrich Wilhelm's thought; and he suddenly marched troops into the Territory, with that view. But Europe was in alarm, the Dutch grew faint: Friedrich Wilhelm saw it would not do. He had a conference with old Pfalz-Neuburg: "Young gentleman, we remember how your Grandfather made free with us, and our august countenance! Nevertheless we —" In fine the "statistic of Treaties" was increased by One; and there the matter rested till calmer times.

In 1666, as already said, an effective Partition of these litigated Territories was accomplished: Prussia to have the Duchy of Cleve-Proprietary, the Counties of Mark and Ravensberg, with other Patches and Pertinents; Neuburg, what was the better share, to have Jülich

Duchy and Berg Duchy. Furthermore, if either of the Lines failed, in no sort was a collateral to be admitted; but Brandenburg was to inherit Neuburg, or Neuburg Brandenburg, as the case might be.* A clear Bargain this at last; and in the times that had come, it proved executable so far. But if the reader fancies the Lawsuit was at last out in this way, he will be a simple reader! In the days of our little Fritz, the Line of Pfalz-Neuburg was evidently ending: but that Brandenburg and not a collateral should succeed it, there lay the quarrel, — open still, as if it had never been shut; and we shall hear enough about it! —

The Great Kurfürst's Wars: what he achieved in War and Peace.

Friedrich Wilhelm's first actual appearance in War, Polish-Swedish War (1655-1660), was involuntary in the highest degree; forced upon him for the sake of his Preussen, which bade fair to be lost or ruined, without blame, of his or its. Nevertheless, here too, he made his benefit of the affair. The big King of Sweden had a standing quarrel with his big cousin of Poland, which broke-out into hot War; little Preussen lay between them, and was like to be crushed in the collision. Swedish King was Karl Gustav, Christina's Cousin, Charles Twelfth's Grandfather; a great and mighty man, lion of the North in his time: Polish

* Pauli, v. 120-129.

King was one John Casimir; chivalrous enough, and with clouds of forward Polish chivalry about him, glittering with barbaric gold. Frederick III., Danish King for the time being, he also was much involved in the thing. Fain would Friedrich Wilhelm have kept out of it, but he could not. Karl Gustav as good as forced him to join: he joined; fought along with Karl Gustav an illustrious Battle; "Battle of Warsaw," three days long (28-30th July 1656), on the skirts of Warsaw, — crowds "looking from the upper windows" there; Polish chivalry, broken at last, going like chaff upon the winds, and John Casimir nearly ruined.

Shortly after which, Friedrich Wilhelm, who had shone much in the Battle, changed sides. An inconsistent, treacherous man? Perhaps not, O reader; perhaps a man advancing "in circuits," the only way he has; spirally, face now to east, now to west, with his own reasonable private aim sun-clear to him all the while?

John Casimir agreed to give-up the "Homage of Preussen" for this service; a grand prize for Friedrich Wilhelm.* What the Teutsch Ritters strove for in vain, and lost their existence in striving for, the shifty Kurfürst has now got: Ducal Prussia, which is also called East Prussia, is now a free sovereignty, — and will become as "Royal" as the other Polish part. Or perhaps even more so, in the course of time! — Karl

* Treaty of Labiau, 10th November 1656 (Pauli, v. 73-75); 20th November (Stenzel, iv. 128, — who always uses *New Style*).

Gustav, in a high frame of mind, informs the Kurfürst, that he has him on his books, and will pay the debt one day!

A dangerous debtor in such matters, this Karl Gustav. In these same months, busy with the Danish part of the Controversy, he was doing a feat of war, which set all Europe in astonishment. In January 1658, Karl Gustav marches his Army, horse, foot and artillery, to the extent of Twenty-thousand, across the Baltic ice, and takes an Island without shipping, — Island of Fünen, across the Little Belt; three miles of ice; and a part of the sea *open*, which has to be crossed on planks. Nay forward from Fünen, when once there, he achieves ten whole miles more of ice; and takes Zealand itself,* — to the wonder of all mankind. An imperious, stern-browed, swift-striking man; who had dreamed of a new Goth Empire: The mean Hypocrites and Fribbles of the South to be coerced again by noble Norse valour, and taught a new lesson. Has been known to lay his hand on his sword while apprising an Ambassador (Dutch High-Mightiness) what his royal intentions were: "Not the sale or purchase of groceries, observe you, Sir! My aims go higher!" — Charles Twelfth's Grandfather, and somewhat the same type of man.

But Karl Gustav died, short while after; ** left his big wide-raging Northern Controversy to collapse in what way it could. Sweden and the fighting-parties

* Holberg's *Dänemarkische Reichs-Historie*, pp. 406-409.

** 13th February 1660, age 38.

made their "Peace of Oliva" (Abbey of Oliva, near Dantzic, 1st May 1660); and this of Preussen was ratified, in all form, among the other points. No Homage more; nothing now above Ducal Prussia but the Heavens; and great times coming for it. This was one of the successfulest strokes of business ever done by Friedrich Wilhelm; who had been forced, by sheer compulsion, to embark in that big game. — "Royal Prussia," the Western or *Polish* Prussia: this too, as all Newspapers know, has, in our times, gone the same road as the other. Which probably, after all, it may have had, in Nature, some tendency to do? Cut away, for reasons, by the Polish sword, in that Battle of Tannenberg, long since; and then, also for reasons, cut back again! That is the fact; — not unexampled in human History.

Old Johann Casimir, not long after that Peace of Oliva, getting tired of his unruly Polish chivalry and their ways, abdicated; — retired to Paris; and "lived much with Ninon de l'Enclos and her circle," for the rest of his life. He used to complain of his Polish chivalry, that there was no solidity in them; nothing but outside glitter, with tumult and anarchic noise; fatal want of one essential talent, the talent of Obeying; — and has been heard to prophesy that a glorious Republic, persisting in such courses, would arrive at results which would surprise it.

Onward from this time, Friedrich Wilhelm figures in the world; public men watching his procedure; Kings

anxious to secure him, — Dutch Printsellers sticking-up his Portraits for a hero-worshipping Public. Fighting hero, had the Public known it, was not his essential character, though he had to fight a great deal. He was essentially an Industrial man; great in organising, regulating, in constraining chaotic heaps to become cosmic for him. He drains bogs, settles colonies in the waste-places of his Dominions, cuts canals; unweariedly encourages trade and work. The *Friedrich-Wilhelm's Canal*, which still carries tonnage from the Oder to the Spree,* is a monument of his zeal in this way; creditable, with the means he had. To the poor French Protestants, in the Edict-of-Nantes Affair, he was like an express Benefit of Heaven: one Helper appointed, to whom the help itself was profitable. He munificently welcomed them to Brandenburg; showed really a noble piety and human pity, as well as judgment; nor did Brandenburg and he want their reward. Some 20,000 nimble French souls, evidently of the best French quality, found a home there; — made “waste sands about Berlin into potherb gardens;” and in the spiritual Brandenburg, too, did something of horticulture, which is still noticeable.**

Certainly this Elector was one of the shiftiest of men. Not an unjust man either. A pious, God-fearing man rather, stanch to his Protestantism and his Bible;

* Executed, 1662-'68: fifteen English miles long (Büsching: *Erdbeschreibung*, vl. 2193).

** Erman (weak Biographer of Queen Sophie-Charlotte, already cited): *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Réfugiés Français dans les Etats du Roi de Prusse* (Berlin, 1782-'94), 8 tt. 8vo.

not unjust by any means, — nor, on the other hand, by any means thinskinnd in his interpretations of justice: Fairplay to myself always; or occasionally even the Height of Fairplay! On the whole, by constant energy, vigilance adroit activity, by an ever-ready insight and audacity to seize the passing fact by its right handle, he fought his way well in the world; left Brandenburg a flourishing and greatly-increased Country, and his own name famous enough.

A thickset, stalwart figure; with brisk eyes, and high strong irregularly-Roman nose. Good bronze Statue of him, by Schlüter, once a famed man, still rides on the *Lange-Brücke* (Long-Bridge) at Berlin; and his Portrait, in huge frizzled Louis-Quatorze wig, is frequently met with in German Galleries. Collectors of Dutch Prints, too, know him: here a gallant, eagle-featured little gentleman, brisk in the smiles of youth, with plumes, with truncheon, caprioling on his war-charger, view of tents in the distance; — there a sedate, ponderous, wrinkly old man, eyes slightly puckered (eyes *busier* than mouth); a face well-ploughed by Time, and not found unfruitful; one of the largest, most laborious, potent faces (in an ocean of circumambient periwig) to be met with in that Century.* There are many Histories about him, too; but they are not comfortable to read.** He also has wanted a sacred Poet; and found only a bewildering Dryasdust.

* Both Prints are Dutch; the Younger, my copy of the Younger, has lost the Engraver's Name (Kurfürst's age is twenty-seven); the Elder is by *Masson*, 1683, when Friedrich Wilhelm was sixty-three.

** G. D. Geyler: *Leben und Thaten Friedrich Wilhelms des Grossen*

His Two grand Feats that dwell in the Prussian memory are perhaps none of his greatest, but were of a kind to strike the imagination. They both relate to what was the central problem of his life, — the recovery of Pommern from the Swedes. Exploit First is the famed “Battle of *Fehrbellin* (Ferry of Belleen),” fought on the 18th June 1675. Fehrbellin is an inconsiderable Town still standing in those peaty regions, some five-and-thirty miles north-west of Berlin; and had for ages plied its poor Ferry over the oily-looking, brown, sluggish stream called Rhin, or Rhein in those parts, without the least notice from mankind, till this fell out. It is a place of pilgrimage to patriotic Prussians, ever since Friedrich Wilhelm’s exploit there. The matter went thus:

Friedrich Wilhelm was fighting, far south in Alsace, on Kaiser Leopold’s side, in the Louis-Fourteenth War; that second one, which ended in the Treaty of Nimwegen. Doing his best there, — when the Swedes, egged-on by Louis XIV., made war upon him; crossed the Pommeranian marches, troop after troop, and invaded his Brandenburg Territory with a force which at length amounted to some 16,000 men. No help for the moment: Friedrich Wilhelm could not be spared from his post. The Swedes, who had at first professed

(Frankfort and Leipzig, 1703), folio. Franz Horn: *Das Leben Friedrich Wilhelms des Grossen* (Berlin, 1814). Pauli: *Staats-Geschichte*, Band v. (Halle, 1764). Pufendorf: *De rebus gestis Friderici Wilhelmi Magni Electoris Brandenburgensis Commentaria* (Lips. et Berol. 1733, fol.).

well, gradually went into plunder, roving, harrying, at their own will; and a melancholy time they made of it for Friedrich Wilhelm and his People. Lucky if temporary harm were all the ill they were likely to do; lucky if —! He stood steady, however; in his solid manner, finishing the thing in hand first, since that was feasible. He then even retired into winter-quarters, to rest his men; and seemed to have left the Swedish 16,000 autocrats of the situation; who accordingly went storming about at a great rate.

Not so, however; very far indeed from so. Having rested his men for certain months, Friedrich Wilhelm silently in the first days of June (1675) gets them under march again; marches, his Cavalry and he as first instalment, with best speed from Schweinfurt,* which is on the river Mayn, to Magdeburg; a distance of two-hundred miles. At Magdeburg, where he rests three days, waiting for the first handful of Foot and a field-piece or two, he learns that the Swedes are in three parties wide asunder; the middleparty of them within forty miles of him. Probably stronger, even this middle one, than his small body (of "Six-thousand Horse, Twelve-hundred Foot and three guns"); — stronger, but capable perhaps of being surprised, of being cut in pieces, before the others can come up? Rathenau is the nearest skirt of this middle party: thither goes the Kurfürst, softly, swiftly, in the June night (16-17th June 1675); gets into Rathenau, by

* Stenzel, ii. 347.

brisk stratagem; tumbles-out the Swedish Horse-regiment there, drives it back towards Fehrbellin.

He himself follows hard;— swift riding enough, in the summer-night, through those damp Havel lands, in the old Hohenzollern fashion: and indeed old Friesack Castle, as it chances, — Friesack, scene of Dietrich von Quitzow and *Lazy-Peg* long since, — is close by! Follows hard, we say: strikes-in upon this midmost party (nearly twice his number, but Infantry for most part); and after fierce fight, done with good talent on both sides, cuts it into utter ruin, as proposed. Thereby he has left the Swedish Army as a mere head and tail *without* body; has entirely demolished the Swedish Army.* Same feat intrinsically as that done by Cromwell, on Hamilton and the Scots, in 1648. It was, so to speak, the last visit Sweden paid to Brandenburg, or the last of any consequence; and ended the domination of the Swedes in those quarters. A thing justly to be forever remembered by Brandenburg; — on a smallish modern scale, the Bannockburn, Sempach, Marathon, of Brandenburg.**

Exploit Second was four years later; in some sort a corollary to this; and a winding-up of the Swedish business. The Swedes, in farther prosecution of their Louis-Fourteenth speculation, had invaded Preussen this time, and were doing sad havoc there. It was in

* Stenzel, ii. 350-357.

** See Paull, v. 161-169; Stenzel, ii. 335, 340-347, 354; Kausler, *Atlas des plus mémorables Batailles, Combats et Sièges*, or *Atlas der merkwürdigsten Schlachten, Treffen und Belagerungen* (German and French, Karlsruhe and Freiburg, 1831), p. 417, Blatt 62.

the dead of winter, Christmas 1678, more than four-hundred miles off; and the Swedes, to say nothing of their other havoc, were in a case to take Königsberg, and ruin Prussia altogether, if not prevented. Friedrich Wilhelm starts from Berlin, with the opening Year, on his long march; the Horse-troops first, Foot to follow at their swiftest; he himself (his Wife, his ever-true 'Louisa,' accompanying, as her wont was) travels, 'towards the end, at the rate of "sixty miles a day." He gets-in still in time, finds Königsberg unscathed. Nay it is even said, the Swedes are extensively falling sick; having, after a long famine, found infinite "pigs, near Insterburg," in those remote regions, and indulged in the fresh pork overmuch.

I will not describe the subsequent manœuvres, which would interest nobody: enough if I say that on the 16th of January 1679, it had become of the highest moment for Friedrich Wilhelm to get from Carwe (Village near Elbing) on the shore of the *Frische Haf*, where he was, through Königsberg, to Gilge on the *Curische Haf*, where the Swedes are, — in a minimum of time. Distance, as the crow flies, is about a hundred miles; road, which skirts the two *Hafs** (wide shallow *Washes*, as we should name them), is of rough quality, and naturally circuitous. It is ringing frost today, and for days back: — Friedrich Wilhelm hastily gathers all the sledges, all the horses of the district; mounts some Four-thousand men in sledges; starts, with the speed of light, in that fashion. Scours along all day,

* Pauli, v. 215-222; Stenzel, ii. 392-397.

and after the intervening bit of land, again along; awakening the icebound silences. Gloomy Frische Haf, wrapt in its Winter cloud-coverlids, with its wastes of tumbled sand, its poor frost-bound fishing-hamlets, pine-hillocks, — desolate-looking, stern as Greenland or more so, says Büsching, who travelled there in winter-time,* — hears unexpected human noises, and huge grinding and trampling; the Four-thousand, in long fleet of sledges, scouring across it, in that manner. All day they rush along, — out of the rimy hazes of morning into the olive-coloured clouds of evening again, — with huge loud-grinding rumble; — and do arrive in time at Gilge. A notable streak of things, shooting across those frozen solitudes, in the New-Year 1679; — little short of Karl Gustav's feat, which we heard of, in the other or Danish end of the Baltic, twenty years ago, when he took Islands without ships.

This Second Exploit, — suggested or not by that prior one of Karl Gustav on the ice, — is still a thing to be remembered by Hohenzollerns and Prussians. The Swedes were beaten here, on Friedrich Wilhelm's rapid arrival; were driven into disastrous rapid retreat Northward; which they executed in hunger and cold; fighting continually, like Northern bears, under the grim sky; Friedrich Wilhelm sticking to their skirts, — holding by their tail, like an angry bearward with steel whip in his hand. A thing which, on the small scale, reminds one of Napoleon's experiences. Not till Napoleon's huge fighting-flight, a Hundred-and-thirty-four

* Büsching's *Beiträge* (Halle, 1789), vi. 160.

years after, did I read of such a transaction in those parts. The Swedish invasion of Preussen has gone utterly to ruin.

And this, then, is the end of Sweden, and its bad neighbourhood on these shores, where it has tyrannously sat on our skirts so long? Swedish Pommern the Elector already had: last year, coming towards it ever since the Exploit of Fehrbellin, he had invaded Swedish Pommern; had besieged and taken Stettin, nay Stralsund too, where Wallenstein had failed; — cleared Pommern altogether of its Swedish guests. Who had tried next in Preussen, with what luck we see. Of Swedish Pommern the Elector might now say: "Surely it is mine; again mine, as it long was; well won a second time, since the first would not do!" But no: — Louis XIV. proved a gentleman to his Swedes. Louis, now that the Peace of Nimwegen had come, and only the Elector of Brandenburg was still in harness, said steadily, though anxious enough to keep well with the Elector: "They are my allies, these Swedes; it was on my bidding they invaded you: can I leave them in such a pass? It must not be!" So Pommern had to be given back. A miss which was infinitely grievous to Friedrich Wilhelm. The most victorious Elector cannot hit always, were his right never so good.

Another miss which he had to put-up with, in spite of his rights, and his good services, was that of the Silesian Duchies. The Heritage-Fraternity with Liegnitz had at length, in 1675, come to fruit. The last Duke of Liegnitz was dead: Duchies of Liegnitz, of Brieg,

Wohlau, are Brandenburg's, if there were right done! But Kaiser Leopold in the scarlet stockings will not hear of Heritage-Fraternity. "Nonsense!" answers Kaiser Leopold: "A thing suppressed at once, ages ago; by Imperial power: flat *zero* of a thing, at this time; — and you, I again bid you, return me your Papers upon it!" This latter act of duty Friedrich Wilhelm would not do; but continued insisting.* "Jägersdorf at least, O Kaiser of the world," said he; "Jägersdorf, there is no colour for your keeping that!" To which the Kaiser again answers, "Nonsense!" — and even falls-upon astonishing schemes about it, as we shall see; — but gives nothing. Ducal Preussen is sovereign, Cleve is at peace, Hinter-Pommern ours; — this Elector has conquered much: but Silesia and Vor-Pommern and some other things he will have to do without. Louis XIV., it is thought, once offered to get him made King;** but that he declined for the present.

His married and domestic life is very fine and human; especially with that Oranien-Nassau Princess, who was his first Wife (1646-1667): Princess Louisa of Nassau-Orange; Aunt to our own Dutch William, King William III., in time coming. An excellent wise Princess; from whom came the Orange Heritages, which afterwards proved difficult to settle: — Orange was at last exchanged for the small Principality of Neufchatel in Switzerland, which is Prussia's ever since. "Oranienburg (*Orange-Burg*)" a Royal Country-house, still

* Paull, v. 321.

** Ib. vii. 215.

standing, some Twenty miles northwards from Berlin was this Louisa's place: she had trimmed it up into a little jewel, of the Dutch type, — potherb gardens training-schools for young girls, and the like; — a favourite abode of hers, when she was at liberty for recreation. But her life was busy and earnest; she was helpmate, not in name only, to an everbusy man. They were married young; a marriage of love withal. Young Friedrich Wilhelm's courtship, wedding in Holland; the honest trustful walk and conversation of the two Sovereign Spouses, their journeyings together, their mutual hopes fears and manifold vicissitudes; till Death, with stern beauty, shut it in: — all is human, true and wholesome in it; interesting to look upon, and rare among so vereign persons.

Not but that he had his troubles with his woman kind. Even with this his first Wife, whom he loved truly, and who truly loved him, there were scenes; the Lady having a judgment of her own about everything that passed, and the Man being choleric withal. Some times, I have heard, "he would dash his Hat at her feet," saying symbolically, "Govern you, then, Madam Not the Kurfürst-Hat; a Coif is my wear, it seems!" Yet her judgment was good; and he liked to have it on the weightiest things, though her powers of silence might halt now and then. He has been known, on occasion, to run from his Privy-Council to her apartment while a complex matter was debating, to ask her opinion

* Förster, *Friedrich Wilhelm I. König von Preussen* (Potsdam, 1834, i. 177.

hers too, before it was decided. Excellent Louisa; Princess full of beautiful piety, good-sense and affection; a touch of the Nassau-Heroic in her. At the moment of her death, it is said, when speech had fled, he felt, from her hand which lay in his, three slight, slight pressures: "Farewell!" thrice mutely spoken in that manner, — not easy to forget in this world.*

His second Wife, Dorothea, — who planted the Lindens in Berlin, and did other husbandries, of whom we have heard, — fell far short of Louisa in many things; but not in tendency to advise, to remonstrate, and plaintively reflect on the finished and unalterable. Dreadfully thrifty lady, moreover; did much in dairy-produce, farming of town-rates, provision-taxes, not to speak again of that Tavern she was thought to have in Berlin, and to draw custom to in an oblique manner! What scenes she had with Frederick her stepson, we have seen. "Ah, I have not my Louisa now: to whom now shall I run for advice or help!" would the poor Kurfürst at times exclaim.

He had some trouble, considerable, now and then, with mutinous spirits in Preussen; men standing on antique Prussian franchises and parchments; refusing to see that the same were now antiquated, incompatible, not to say impossible, as the new Sovereign alleged; and carrying themselves very stiffly at times. But the Hohenzollerns had been used to such things: a Hohenzollern like this one would evidently take his measures, soft but strong, and ever stronger to the needful pitch,

* Wegführer: *Leben der Kurfürstin Luise* (Leipzig, 1838), p. 175.

with mutinous spirits. One Bürgermeister of Königsberg, after much stroking on the back, was at length seized in open Hall, by Electoral writ, — soldiers having first gently barricaded the principal streets, and brought cannon to bear upon them. This Bürgermeister, seized in such brief way, lay prisoner for life; refusing to ask his liberty, though it was thought he might have had it on asking.*

Another gentleman, a Baron von Kalkstein, of old Teutsch-Ritter kin, of very high ways, in the Provincial Estates (*Stände*) and elsewhere, got into lofty almost solitary opposition, and at length into mutiny proper, against the new “Non-Polish” Sovereign, and flatly refused to do homage at his accession. Refused, Kalkstein did, for his share; fled to Warsaw; and very fiercely, in a loud manner, carried on his mutinies in the Diets and Court-Conclaves; his plea being, or plea for the time, “Poland is our liege lord” (which it was not always), “and we cannot be transferred to you, except by our consent asked and given,” — which too had been a little neglected on the former occasion of transfer. So that the Great Elector knew not what to do with Kalkstein; and at length (as the case was pressing) had him kidnapped by his Ambassador at Warsaw; had him “rolled into a carpet” there, and carried swiftly in the Ambassador’s coach, in the form of luggage; over the frontier, into his native Province, there to be judged, and, in the end (since nothing else would serve him), to have the sentence executed, and his head cut off.

* Horn: *Das Leben Friedrich Wilhelms des Grossen* (Berlin, 1814), p. 68.

For the case was pressing!* — These things, especially this of Kalkstein with a boisterous Polish Diet and parliamentary eloquence in the rear of him, gave rise to criticisms; and required management on the part of the Great Elector.

Of all his Ancestors, our little Fritz, when he grew big, admired this one. A man made like himself in many points. He seems really to have loved and honoured this one. In the year 1750 there had been a new Cathedral got finished at Berlin; the ancestral bones had to be shifted over from the vaults of the old one, — the burying-place ever since Joachim II., that Joachim who drew his sword on Alba. “King Friedrich, with some attendants, witnessed the operation, January 1750. When the Great Kurfürst’s coffin came, he made them open it; gazed in silence on the features for some time, which were perfectly recognisable; laid his hand on the hand long-dead, and said, “*Messieurs, celui-ci a fait de grandes choses* (This one “did a great work)!’”**

He died, 29th April 1688; — looking with intense interest upon Dutch William’s preparations to produce a Glorious Revolution in this Island; being always of an ardent Protestant feeling, and a sincerely religious man. Friedrich, Crown-Prince, age then thirty-one, and already married a second time, was of course left Chief Heir; — who, as we see, has not declined the Kingship, when a chance for it offered. There were

* Horn, pp. 80-82.

** See Preuss, i. 270.

four Half-brothers of Friedrich, too, who got apanages, appointments. They had at one time confidently looked for much more, their Mother being busy; but were obliged to be content, and conform to the *Gera Bond* and fundamental Laws of the Country. They are entitled Margraves; — two of whom left children, Margraves of Brandenburg-Schwedt, *Heermeister* (Head of the Malta-Knighthood) at Sonnenburg, Statthalters in Magdeburg, or I know not what; whose names turn-up confusedly in the Prussian Books; and, except as temporary genealogical puzzles, are not of much moment to the Foreign reader. Happily there is nothing else in the way of Princes of the Blood, in our little Friedrich's time; and happily what concern he had with them, or with the sons of those, will not be abstruse to us, if occasion rise.

CHAPTER XIX.

KING FRIEDRICH I. AGAIN.

WE said the Great Elector never could work his Silesian Duchies out of Kaiser Leopold's grip: to all his urgencies, the little Kaiser in red stockings answered only in evasions, refusals; and would quit nothing. We noticed also what quarrels the young Electoral Prince, Friedrich, afterwards King, had got into with his Stepmother;—suddenly feeling poisoned after dinner, running to his Aunt at Cassel, coming back on treaty, and the like. These are two facts which the reader knows: and out of these two grew a third, which it is fit he should know.

In his last years, the Great Elector, worn-out with labour, and harassed with such domestic troubles over and above, had evidently fallen much under his Wife's management; cutting-out large apanages (clear against the Gera Bond) for *her* children;—longing probably for quiet in his family at any price. As to the poor young Prince, negotiated back from Cassel, he lived remote, and had fallen into open disfavour,—with a very ill effect upon his funds, for one thing. His Father kept him somewhat tight on the money side, it is alleged; and he had rather a turn for spending money handsomely. He was also in some alarm about the proposed apanages to his Half-Brothers, the Mar-

graves above mentioned, of which there were rumours going.

How Austria settled the Silesian Claims.

Now in these circumstances the Austrian Court, who at this time (1685) greatly needed the Elector's help against Turks and others, and found him very urgent about these Silesian Duchies of his, fell upon what I must call a very extraordinary shift for getting rid of the Silesian question. "Serene Highness," said they, by their Ambassador at Berlin, "to end these troublesome talks, and to liquidate all claims, admissible and inadmissible, about Silesia, the Imperial Majesty will give you an actual bit of Territory, valuable, though not so large as you expected!" The Elector listens with both ears: What Territory, then? The "Circle of Schwiebus," hanging on the north-western edge of Silesia, contiguous to the Elector's own Dominions in these Frankfurt-on-the-Oder regions: this the generous Imperial Majesty proposes to give in fee-simple to Friedrich Wilhelm, and so to end the matter. Truly a most small patch of Territory in comparison; not bigger than an English Rutlandshire, to say nothing of soil and climate! But then again it was an actual patch of territory; not a mere parchment shadow of one: this last was a tempting point to the old harassed Elector. Such friendly offer they made him, I think, in 1685, at the time they were getting 8,000 of his troops to march against the Turks for them; a very

needful service at the moment. "By the by, do not march through Silesia, you! — Or march faster!" said the cautious Austrians on this occasion: "Other roads will answer better than Silesia!" said they.* Baron Freytag, their Ambassador at Berlin, had negotiated the affair so far: "Circle of Schwiebus," said Freytag, "and let us have done with these thorny talks!"

But Baron Freytag had been busy, in the mean while, with the young Prince; secretly offering sympathy, counsel, help; of all which the poor Prince stood in need enough. "We will help you in that dangerous matter of the Apanages," said Freytag; "Help you in all things," — (I suppose he would say), — "necessary pocket-money is not a thing your Highness need want!" And thus Baron Freytag, what is very curious, had managed to bargain beforehand with the young Prince, That directly on coming to power, he would give-up Schwiebus again, *should* the offer of Schwiebus be accepted by Papa. To which effect Baron Freytag held a signed Bond, duly executed by the young man, before Papa had concluded at all. Which is very curious indeed! —

Poor old Papa, worn-out with troubles, accepted Schwiebus in liquidation of all claims (8th April 1686), and a few days after set his men on march against the Turks: — and, exactly two months beforehand, on the 8th of February last, the Prince had signed *his* secret engagement, That Schwiebus should be a mere phantasm to Papa; that he, the Prince, would restore it on

* Pauli, v. 327, 332.

his accession. Both these singular Parchments, signed, sealed and done in the due legal form, lay simultaneously in Freytag's hand; and propably enough they exist yet, in some dusty corner, among the solemn sheepskins of the world. This is literally the plan hit upon by an Imperial Court, to assist a young Prince in his pecuniary and other difficulties, and get rid of Silesian claims. Plan actually not unlike that of swindling money-lenders to a young gentleman in difficulties, and of manageable turn, who has got into their hands.

The Great Elector died two years after; Schwiebus then in his hand. The new Elector, once instructed as to the nature of the affair, refused to give-up Schwiebus;* declared the transaction a swindle: — and in fact, for seven years more, retained possession of Schwiebus. But the Austrian Court insisted, with emphasis, at length with threats (no insuperable pressure from Louis, or the Turks, at this time); the poor cheated Elector had, at last, to give-up Schwiebus, in terms of his promise.** He took act that it had been a surreptitious transaction, palmed upon him while ignorant, and while without the least authority or power to make such a promise; that he was not bound by it, nor would be, except on compulsion thus far: and as to binding Brandenburg by it, how could he, at that period of his history, bind Brandenburg? Brandenburg was not then his to bind, any more than China was.

* 19th September 1689 (Pauli, vii. 74).

** 31st December 1694.

His Rath had advised Friedrich against giving-up Schwiebus in that manner. But his answer is on record: "I must, I will and shall keep my own word. "But my rights on Silesia, which I could not, and do "not in these unjust circumstances, compromise, I leave "intact for my posterity to prosecute. If God and the "course of events order it no otherwise than now, we "must be content. But if God shall one day send the "opportunity, those that come after me will know what "they have to do in such case."* And so Schwiebus was given up, the Austrians paying back what Brandenburg had laid-out in improving it, "250,000 *gulden* (25,000*l.*);" — and the Hand of Power had in this way, finally as it hoped, settled an old troublesome account of Brandenburg's. Settled the Silesian-Duchies Claim, by the temporary Phantasm of a Gift of Schwiebus. That is literally the Liegnitz-Jägerndorf case; and the reader is to note it and remember it. For it will turn-up again in History. The Hand of Power is very strong: but a stronger may perhaps get hold of its knuckles one day, at an advantageous time, and do a feat upon it.

The "eventual succession to East-Friesland," which had been promised by the Reich some ten years ago, to the Great Elector, "for what he had done against "the Turks, and what he had suffered from those "Swedish Invasions, in the Common Cause:" this shadow of Succession, the Kaiser now said, should not be haggled-with any more; but be actually realised, and

the Imperial sanction to it now given, — effect to follow *if* the Friesland Line died out. Let this be some consolation for the loss of Schwiebus and your Silesian Duchies. Here in Friesland is the ghost of a going one: phantasms you shall not want for; but the Hand of Power parts not with its realities, however come by.

His real Character.

Poor Friedrich led a conspicuous life as Elector and King; but no public feat he did now concerns us like this private one of Schwiebus. Historically important, this, and requiring to be remembered, while so much else demands mere oblivion from us. He was a spirited man; did soldierings, fine Siege of Bonn (July — October 1689), sieges and campaignings, in person, — valiant in action, royal especially in patience there, — during that Third War of Louis-Fourteenth's, the Treaty-of-Ryswick one. All through the Fourth, or Spanish Succession-War, his Prussian Ten-Thousand, led by fit generals, showed eminently what stuff they were made of. Witness Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau (still a *young* Dessauer) on the field of Blenheim; — Leopold had the right wing there, and saved Prince Eugene who was otherwise blown to pieces, while Marlborough stormed and conquered on the left. Witness the same Dessauer on the field of Höchstädt the year before,* how he managed the retreat there.

* Varnhagen von Ense: *Biographische Denkmale* (Berlin, 1845), II. 155.

Or see him at the Bridge of Casano (1705); in the Lines of Turin (1706);* wherever hot service was on hand. At Malplaquet, in those murderous inexpugnable French Lines, bloodiest of obstinate Fights (upwards of Thirty-thousand left on the ground), the Prussians brag that it was they who picked their way through a certain peat-bog, reckoned impassable; and got fairly in upon the French wing, — to the huge comfort of Marlborough, and little Eugene his brisk comrade on that occasion. Marlborough knew well the worth of these Prussian troops, and also how to stroke his Majesty into continuing them in the field.

He was an expensive King, surrounded by cabals, by Wartenbergs male and female, by whirlpools of intrigues, which, now that the game is over, become very forgettable. But one finds he was a strictly honourable man; with a certain height and generosity of mind, capable of other nobleness than the upholstery kind. He had what we may call a hard life of it; did and suffered a good deal in his day and generation, not at all in a dishonest or unmanful manner. In fact, he is quite recognisably a Hohenzollern, — with his back half-broken. Readers recollect that sad accident: how the Nurse, in one of those head-long journeys which his Father and Mother were always making, let the poor child fall or jerk backward; and spoiled him much, and indeed was thought to have killed him, by that piece of inattention. He was not yet Hereditary Prince,

* *Des weltberühmten Fürstens Leopoldi von Anhalt-Dessau Leben und Thaten* (Leipzig. 1742, anonymous, by one Michael Ranfft), pp. 53, 61.

he was only second son: but the elder died; and he became Elector, King; and had to go with his spine distorted, — distortion not glaringly conspicuous, though undeniable; — and to act the Hohenzollern so. Nay who knows but it was this very jerk, and the half-ruin of his nervous system, — this doubled wish to be beautiful, and this crooked-back capable of being hid or decorated into straightness, — that first set the poor man on thinking of expensive ornamentalities, and Kingships in particular? History will forgive the Nurse in that case.

Perhaps History has dwelt too much on the blind side of this expensive King. Toland, on entering his country, was struck rather with the signs of good administration everywhere. No sooner have you crossed the Prussian Border, out of Westphalia, says Toland, than smooth highways, well-tilled fields, and a general air of industry and regularity, are evident: solid milestones, brass-bound and with brass inscription, tell the traveller where he is; who finds due guidance of finger-posts, too, and the blessing of habitable inns. The people seem all to be busy, diligently occupied; villages reasonably swept and whitewashed; — never was a better set of Parish Churches; whether newbuilt or old, they are all in brand-new repair. The contrast with Westphalia is immediate and great; but indeed that was a sad country, to anybody but a patient Toland, who knows the causes of phenomena. No inns there, except of the naturally savage sort. “A man is “very happy if he finds clean straw to sleep on, with-

“out expecting sheets or coverings; let him readily dis-
“pense with plates, forks and napkins, if he can get
“anything to eat.” “He must be content to have the
“cows, swine and poultry for his fellow-lodgers, and to
“go in at the same passage that the smoke comes out
“at, for there’s no other vent for it but the door; which
“makes foreigners commonly say that the people of
“Westphalia enter their houses by the chimney.” And
observe withal: “This is the reason why their beef and
“hams are so finely prepared and ripened; for the fire-
“place being backwards, the smoke must spread over
“all the house before it gets to the door; which makes
“every thing within of a russet or sable colour, not
“excepting the hands and faces of the meaner sort.*
If Prussia yield to Westphalia in ham, in all else she
is strikingly superior.

He founded Universities, this poor King; Univer-
sity of Halle; Royal Academy of Berlin, Leibnitz pre-
siding: he fought for Protestantism; — did what he
could for the cause of Cosmos *versus* Chaos, after his
fashion. The magnificences of his Charlottenburgs,
Oranienburgs and numerous Country-houses make
Toland almost poetic. An affable kindly man withal,
though quick of temper; his word sacred to him. A man
of many troubles, and acquainted with “the infinitely
little (*l’infinement petit*),” as his Queen termed it.

* *An Account of the Courts of Prussia and Hanover*, by Mr. Toland
(cited already), p. 4.

CHAPTER XX.

DEATH OF KING FRIEDRICH I.

OLD King Friedrich I. had not much more to do in the world, after witnessing the christening of his Grandson of like name. His leading-forth or sending-forth of troops, his multiplex negotiations, solemn ceremonials, sad changes of ministry, sometimes transacted "with tears," are mostly ended; the ever-whirling dust-vortex of intrigues, of which he has been the centre for a five-and-twenty years, is settling down finally towards everlasting rest. No more will Marlborough come and dextrously talk him over, — proud to "serve as cup-bearer," on occasion, to so high a King, — for new bodies of men to help in the next campaign: we have ceased to be a King worthy of such a cupbearer; and Marlborough's campaigns too are all ended.

Much is ended. They are doing the sorrowful Treaty of Utrecht; Louis XIV. himself is ending; mournfully shrunk into the corner, with his Missal and his Maintenon; looking back, with just horror, on Europe four times set ablaze for the sake of one poor mortal in big periwig, to no purpose. Lucky if perhaps Missal-work, orthodox litanies, and even Protestant Dragonades, can have virtue to wipe out such a score against a man! Unhappy Louis: the sun-bright gold has become dim as copper; we rose in storms, and we

are setting in watery clouds. The Kaiser himself (Karl VI., Leopold's Son, Joseph I.'s younger Brother) will have to conform to this Treaty of Utrecht: what other possibility for him?

The English, always a wonderful Nation, fought and subsidied from side to side of Europe for this Spanish-Succession business; fought ten years, such fighting as they never did before or since, under "John Duke of Marlborough," who, as is well known, "beat the French thorough and thorough." French entirely beaten at last, not without heroic difficulty and as noble talent as was ever shown in diplomacy and war, are ready to do your will in all things; in this of giving-up Spain, among others: — whereupon the English turn round, with a sudden new thought, "No, we will have our *will* done; it shall be the other way, the way it *was*, — now that we bethink ourselves, after all this fighting for our will!" And make Peace on those terms, as if no War had been; and accuse the great Marlborough of many things, of theft for one. A wonderful People; and in their Continental Politics (which indeed consist chiefly of Subsidies) thrice wonderful. So the Treaty of Utrecht is transacting itself; which that of Rastadt, on the part of Kaiser and Empire, unable to get-on without Subsidies, will have to follow: and after such quantities of powder burnt, and courageous lives wasted, general *As-you-were* is the result arrived at.

Old Friedrich's Ambassadors are present at Utrecht, jangling and pleading among the rest; at Berlin too the

despatch of business goes lumbering on: but what thing, in the shape of business, at Utrecht or at Berlin, is of much importance to the old man? Seems as if Europe itself were waxing dim, and sinking to stupid sleep, — as we, in our poor royal person, full surely are. A Crown has been achieved, and diamond buttons worth 1500*l.* a-piece: but what is a Crown, and what are buttons, after all? — I suppose the tattle and *singeries* of little Wilhelmina, whom he would spend whole days with; this and occasional visits to a young Fritzchen's cradle, who is thriving moderately, and will speak and do a-eries one day, — are his main solacements in the days that are passing. Much of this Friedrich's life has gone-off like the smoke of fireworks, has faded sorrowfully, and proved phantasmal. Here is an old Autograph Note, written by him at the side of that Cradle, and touching on a slight event there; which, as it connects two venerable Correspondents and their Seventeenth Century with a grand Phenomenon of the Eighteenth, we will insert here. The old King addresses his older Mother-in-law, famed Electress Sophie of Hanover, in these terms (spelling corrected):

“Charlottenburg, den 30 August 1712.

“*Ew. Churf. Durchlaucht werden sich zweifelsohne mit uns erfreuen, dass der kleine Printz (Prinz) Fritz nuhmero (nunmehr) 6 Zehne (Zähne) hat und ohne die geringste incommoditet (-tät). Daraus kann man auch die predestination sehen, dass alle seine Brüder haben daran sterben müssen, dieser aber bekommt sie ohne Mühe wie seine Schwester. Gott erhalte ihn uns noch lange*

“zum trohst (Trost), in dessen Schutz ich dieselbe ergebe und lebenslang verbleibe,

“Ew. Churf. Durchl. gehorsamster Diener und treuer Sohn,

*“FRIEDRICH R.” **

Of which this is the literal English:

“Your Electoral Serenity will doubtless rejoice with us that the little Prince Fritz has now got his sixth tooth without the least incommodité. And therein we may trace a predestination, inasmuch as his Brothers died of teething” (Not of cannon-sound and weight of head-gear, then, your Majesty thinks? That were a painful thought!); “and this one, as his “Sister” (Wilhelmina) “did, gets them” (the teeth) “without trouble. God preserve him long for a comfort to us: — to “whose protection I commit Dieselbe” (Your Electoral Highness, in the third person), “and remain lifelong, Your Electoral Highness’s most obedient Servant and true Son,

FRIEDRICH REX.”

One of Friedrich Rex’s worst adventures was his latest; commenced some five or six years ago (1708), and now not far from terminating. He was a Widower, of weakly constitution, towards fifty: his beautiful ingenious “Serena,” with all her Theologies, pinch-of-snuff Coronations and other earthly troubles, was dead; and the task of continuing the Hohenzollern progeny, given over to Friedrich Wilhelm the Prince Royal, was thought to be in good hands. Majesty Friedrich with the weak back had retired, in 1708, to Carlsbad, to rest from his cares; to take the salutary waters, and

* Preuss: *Friedrich der Grosse (Historische Skizze*, Berlin, 1838), p. 380.

recruit his weak nerves a little. Here in the course of confidential promenadings, it was hinted, it was represented to him by some pick-thank of a courtier, That the task of continuing the Hohenzollern progeny did not seem to prosper in the present good hands; that Sophie Dorothee, Princess Royal, had already born two royal infants which had speedily died; that in fact was to be gathered from the medical men, if not from their words, then from their looks and cautious innuendos, that Sophie Dorothee, Princess Royal, would never produce a Prince or even Princess that would live; which task, therefore, did now again seem to devolve upon his Majesty, if his Majesty had not insuperable objections? Majesty had no insuperable objections; old Majesty listened to the flattering tale; and, sure enough, he smarted for it in a signal manner.

By due industry, a Princess was fixed upon for a Bride, Princess Sophie Louisa of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, age now twenty-four: she was got as Wife, and came home to Berlin in all pomp; — but good came not with her to anybody there. Not only did she bring the poor old man no children, which was a fault to be overlooked, considering Sophie Dorothee's success; but she brought a querulous, weak and self-sufficient female humour; found his religion heterodox, — he being Calvinist, and perhaps even lax-Calvinist, she Lutheran: and the Prussian Nation is, and strict to the bone: — heterodox wholly, to the length of no salvation possible; and times rose on the Berlin Court such as had never been seen before! "No salvation possible, says m

Dearest? Hah! And an innocent Court-Mask or Dancing Soirée is criminal in the sight of God and of the Queen? And we are children of wrath wholly, and a frivolous generation; and the Queen will see us all —!" —

The end was, his Majesty, through sad solitary days and nights, repented bitterly that he had wedded such a She-Dominic; grew quite estranged from her; the poor She-Dominic giving him due return in her way, — namely, living altogether in her own apartments, upon orthodoxy, jealousy and other bad nourishment. Till at length she went quite mad; and, except the due medical and other attendants, nobody saw her, or spoke of her, at Berlin. Was this a cheering issue of such an adventure to the poor old expensive Gentleman? He endeavoured to digest in silence the bitter morsel he had cooked for himself; but reflected often, as an old King might, What dirt have I eaten!

In this way stands that matter in the Schloss of Berlin, when little Friedrich, who will one day be called the Great, is born. Habits of the expensive King, hours of rising, modes of dressing, and so forth, are to be found in Pöllnitz;* but we charitably omit them all. Even from foolish Pöllnitz a good eye will gather, what was above intimated, that this feeble-

* Pöllnitz; *Memoiren zur Lebens- und Regierungs-Geschichte der Vier letzten Regenten des Preussischen Staats* (Berlin, 1791). A vague, inexact, but not quite uninteresting or uninteresting Book: Printed also in *French*, which was the Original, same place and time.

backed, heavy-laden old King was of humane and just disposition; had dignity in his demeanour; had reticence, patience; and, though hot-tempered like all the Hohenzollerns, that he bore himself like a perfect gentleman, for one thing; and tottered along his high-lying lonesome road not in an unmanful manner at all. Had not his nerves been damaged by that fall in infancy, who knows but we might have had something else to read of him than that he was regardless of expense in this world!

His last scene, of date February 1713, is the tragical ultimatum of that fine Carlsbad adventure of the Second marriage, — Third marriage in fact, though the First, anterior to “Serena,” is apt to be forgotten, having lasted short while, and produced only a Daughter, not memorable except by accident. This Third marriage, which had brought so many sorrows to him, proved at length the death of the old man. For he sat one morning, in the chill February days of the Year 1713, in his Apartment, as usual; weak of nerves, but thinking no special evil; when, suddenly with huge jingle, the glass-door of his room went to sherds; and there rushed-in — bleeding and dishevelled, the fatal “White Lady” (*Weisse Frau*), who is understood to walk that Schloss at Berlin, and announce Death to the Royal inhabitants. Majesty had fainted, or was fainting. “*Weisse Frau*? Oh no, your Majesty!” — Not that; but indeed something almost worse. — Mad Queen, in her Apartments, had been seized, that day,

when half or quarter dressed, with unusual orthodoxy or unusual jealousy. Watching her opportunity, she had whisked into the corridor, in extreme deshabelle; and gone, like the wild roe, towards Majesty's Suite of Rooms; through Majesty's glass-door, like a catapult; and emerged, as we saw, — in petticoat and shift, with hair streaming, eyes glittering, arms cut, and the other sad trimmings. O Heaven, who could laugh? There are tears due to Kings and to all men. It was deep misery; deep enough. "*Sin and misery*," as Calvin well says, on the one side and the other! The poor old King was carried to bed; and never rose again, but died in a few days. The date of the *Weisse Frau's* death, one might have hoped, was not distant either; but she lasted, in her sad state, for above twenty years coming.

Old King Friedrich's death-day was 25th February 1713; the unconscious little Grandson being then in his Fourteenth month. To whom, after this long voyage round the world, we now gladly return.

. By way of reinforcement to any recollection the reader may have of these Twelve Hohenzollern Kurfürsts, I will append a continuous list of them, with here and there an indication.

The Twelve Hohenzollern Electors..

1°. FRIEDRICH I. (as Burggraf, was Friedrich VI.): born, it is inferred, 1372 (Rentsch, p. 350); accession, 18th April 1417; died 21st September 1440. Had come to Brandenburg, 1412, as Statthalter. The Quitzows and *Heavy Peg*.

2°. FRIEDRICH II.: 19th November 1413; 21st September 1440; 10th Feb. 1471. Friedrich *Iron-teeth*; tames the Berlin

Burghers. Spoke Polish, was to have been Polish King. Cannon-shot upon his dinner-table shatters his nerves so, that he abdicates, and soon dies. *Johannes Alchymista* his elder Brother; *Albert Achilles* his younger.

3°. ALBERT (Achilles): 24th November 1414; 10th February 1471; 11th March 1486. Third son of Friedrich I.; is lineal Progenitor of all the rest.

Eldest Son, *Johann Cicero*, follows as Kurfürst; a Younger Son, *Friedrich* (by a different Mother), got Culmbach, and produced the Elder Line there. (See Genealogical Diagram, p. 102.)

4°. JOHANN (Cicero): 2d August 1455; 11th March 1486; 9th Jan. 1499. Big John. Friedrich of Culmbach's elder (Half-)Brother.

5°. JOACHIM I.: 21st February 1484; 9th January 1499; 11th July 1535. Loud in the Reformation times; finally declares peremptorily for the Conservative side. Wife (Sister of Christian II. of Denmark) runs away.

Younger Brother Albert Kur-Maintz, whom Hutten celebrated: born 1490; Archbishop of Magdeburg and Halberstadt 1518, of Maintz 1514; died 1545: set Tetzl, and the Indulgence, on foot.

6°. JOACHIM II. (Hector): 9th January 1505; 11th July 1535; 3d January 1571. Sword drawn on Alba once. *Erbrüderung* with Liegnitz. Staircase at Grimnitz. A weighty industrious Kurfürst.

Declared himself Protestant, 1539. Wife was Daughter to Duke George of Saxony, Luther's "If it rained Duke Georges." — Johann Cüstrin was a younger Brother of his: died ten days after Joachim left no Son.

7°. JOHANN GEORGE: 11th September 1525; 3d January 1571; 8th January 1598. Cannon-shot, at Siege of Wittberg, upon Kaiser Karl and him. Gera Bond.

Married a Silesian Duke of Liegnitz's Daughter (result of the *Erbrüderung* there, — *Antea*, Vol. I. p. 330). Had twenty-three children. It was to him that Baireuth and Anspach fell home: he settled

25. Feb. 1713.

on his second and his third sons, Christian and Joachim Ernst; founders of the New Line of Baireuth and Anspach. (See Genealogical Diagram, p. 103.)

8°. JOACHIM FRIEDRICH: 27th January 1546; 8th January 1598; 18th July 1608. Archbishop of Magdeburg first of all, — to keep the place filled. Joachimsthal School at old Castle of Grimnitz. Very vigilant for Preussen; which was near falling due.

Two of his Younger Sons, Johann George (1577-1624) to whom he gave *Jägerndorf*, and that Archbishop of Magdeburg, who was present in Tilly's storm, got wrecked in the Thirty-Years War; — not without results, in the *Jägerndorf* case.

9°. JOHANN SIGISMUND: 8th November 1572; 18th July 1608; 23d December 1619. Preussen: Cleve; Slap on the face to Neuburg.

10°. GEORGE WILHELM: 3d November 1595; 22d November 1619; 21st November 1640. The unfortunate of the Thirty-Years War. "*Que faire; ils ont des canons!*"

11°. FRIEDRICH WILHELM: 6th February 1620; 21st November 1640; 29th April 1688. The Great Elector.

12°. FRIEDRICH III.: 1st July 1657; 29th April 1688; 25th February 1713. First King (18th January 1701).

3d Kurfürst (1471-1486),

ALBERT ACHILLES.

ELDER CULMBACH LINE.

FRIEDRICH, second Son of Kurfürst Albert Achilles, younger Brother of Johannes Cicero, got *Culmbach*: Anspach first, then Baireuth on the death of a younger Brother. Born 1460; got Anspach 1486, Baireuth 1495; followed Max in his *Venetian Campaign*, 1508; fell *imbecile* 1516 dies 1536. Had a Polish Wife; from whom came interests in Hungary as well as Poland to his children. Friedrich had Three notable Sons,

1. CASIMIR, who got *Baireuth* (1515): born 1481; died 1527. Very truculent in the Peasants' War.

2. GEORGE THE PIOUS, who got *Anspach* (1515): born 1484; died 1543; got *Jägerndorf*, by purchase, from his Mother's Hungarian connexion, 1524. Protestant declared, 1528; and makes honourable figure in the Histories thenceforth. The George of Kaiser Karl's "*Nit-Kop-ab.*" One Son,

3. ALBERT: born 1490; Hochmeister of the Teutsch Ritters, 1511; declare himself Protestant and Duke of Prussia, 1525; died 1568

ALBERT *Alcibiades*: a man of great mark in his day (1522-1557); never married. Two Sisters, with one of whom he took shelter at last; no Brother.

GEORGE FRIEDRICH: born 1539; went to administer Preussen when Cousin became incompetent; died 1603. Heir to his Father in *Anspach* and *Jägerndorf*; also, to his Cousin Alcibiades in *Baireuth*. Had been left a minor (boy of four, as the reader sees); Alcibiades his Guardian for a little while: from which came great difficulties, and unjust ruin would have come, had not Kurfürst Joachim I. been helpful and vigorous in his behalf. George Friedrich got at length most of his Territories into hand: *Anspach* and *Baireuth* unimpaired, *Jägerndorf* too, except that *Ratibor* and *Oppeln* were much eaten into by the Imperial chicaneries in that quarter. Died 1603, without children; — upon which his Territories all reverted to the main Brandenburg line, namely, to Johann George Seventh Kurfürst, or his representatives, according to the *Gera Bond*; and the "*Elder Culmbach Line*" had ended in this manner.

One Son, ALBERT FRIEDRICH: born 1558; follows a Duke 1568, declares *melancholic* 1573 died 1618. His Cousin George Friedrich administered for him till 1603 after which Joachim Friedrich; and then, lastly, Joachim Friedrich's Son, Johann Sigismund, the Ninth Kurfürst. Had married the Heiress of Cleve (whence came a celebrated Cleve Controversy in after-times). No son; a good many daughters; one of whom was married to Kurfürst Johann Sigismund; from her came the controverted Cleve Property.

7th Kurfürst (1571-1598),
JOHANN GEORGE.

YOUNGER CULMBACH LINE.

Kurfürst Johann George settled Baireuth and Anspach on Two of his Younger Sons, who are Founders of the "Younger Culmbach Line" (*Split-Line or Pair of Lines*). Jägerndorf the new Kurfürst, Joachim Friedrich, kept; settled it on one of his younger sons. Here are the two new Founders in Baireuth and Anspach, and some indication of their "Lines" so far as important to us at present:

Baireuth.

(1.) CHRISTIAN, second son of Kurfürst Johann George: born 1581; got Baireuth 1603; died 1655. A distinguished Governor in his sphere. Had two sons; the elder died before him, but left a son, Christian Ernst; who (2.) succeeded, and (3.) whose son, George Wilhelm: 1644, 1655, 1712; 1678, 1712, 1726 (are *birth, accession, end*, of these two); the latter of whom had no son that lived.

Upon which, the posterity of Christian's *second* son succeeded. Second son of Christian notable to us in two little ways:

First, That he, George Albert, Margraf of Culmbach, is the inscrutable "Marquis de Lulembach" of Bromley's Letters (*Vide* Vol. I. p. 264, let the Commentators take comfort!):

Second and better, That from him came our little Wilhelmina's Husband, — as will be afterwards explained. It was his grandson (4.) that succeeded in Baireuth, George Friedrich Karl (1688, 1726, 1735); Father of Wilhelmina's Husband. After whom (5.) his Son Friedrich (1711, 1735, 1763), Wilhelmina's Husband; who leaving (1763) nothing but a daughter, Baireuth fell to Anspach, 1769, after an old Uncle (6.), childless, had also died.

Six Baireuth Margraves of this Line; *five* generations: and then to Anspach, in 1769.

Anspach.

(1.) JOACHIM ERNST, third son of Kurfürst Johann George: born 1583, got Anspach 1603; died 1625. Had military tendencies, experiences; did not thrive as Captain of the *Evangelical Union* (1619-1620) when *Winter-King* came up and *Thirty-Years War* along with him. Left two sons; elder of whom, (2.) Friedrich, nominally Sovereign, age still only eighteen, fell in the Battle of Nördlingen (worst battle of the Thirty-Years War, 1734); and the younger of whom, (3.) Albert, succeeded (1620, 1634, 1667); and his son, (4.) Johann Friedrich (1654, 1667, 1686): and (5, 6, 7.) no fewer than three grandsons, — children mostly, though entitled "sovereign," — in a *parallel* way (Christian Albert, 1675, 1686, 1692; George Friedrich, 1678, 1692, 1703; Wilhelm Friedrich, 1685, 1703, 1723). Two little points notable here also, and no third:

First That one of the grand-daughters, full-sister of the last of these three parallel figures, half-sister of the two former, was — Queen Caroline, George II.'s wife, who has still some fame with us.

Second, That the youngest of said three grandsons, Queen Caroline's full-brother, left a son then minor, who became major, (8.) and wedded a Sister of our dear little Wilhelmina's of whom we shall hear (Karl Wilhelm Friedrich, 1712, 1723, 1757): unmomentous Margraf otherwise. His and her one son it was (9.), Christian Friedrich Karl Alexander (1736, 1757, 1806), who inherited Baireuth, inherited Actress Clairon, Lady Craven, and at Hammer-smith (House once Bubb Duddington's, if that has any charm) ended the affair.

Nine Anspach Margraves; in *five* generations: end, 1806.

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BOOK IV.

FRIEDRICH'S APPRENTICESHIP, FIRST STAGE.

1713-1723.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD: DOUBLE EDUCATIONAL ELEMENT.

OF Friedrich's childhood, there is not, after all our reading, much that it would interest the English public to hear tell of. Perhaps not much of knowable that deserves anywhere to be known. Books on it, expressly handling it, and Books on Friedrich Wilhelm's Court and History, of which it is always a main element, are not wanting: but they are mainly of the sad sort which, with pain and difficulty, teach us nothing. Books done by pedants and tenebrific persons, under the name of men; dwelling not on things, but, at endless length, on the outer husks of things: of unparalleled confusion, too; — not so much as an Index granted you; to the poor half-peck of cinders hidden in these wagon-loads of ashes, no sieve allowed! Books tending really to fill the mind with mere dust-whirlwinds, — if the mind did not straightway blow them out again; which it does. Of these let us say nothing. Seldom had so curious a Phenomenon worse treatment from the Dryasdust species.

Among these Books, touching on Friedrich's childhood, and treating of his Father's Court, there is hardly above one that we can characterise as fairly human: the Book written by his little Sister Wilhelmina, when

she grew to size and knowledge of good and evil;* — and this, of what flighty uncertain nature it is, the world partly knows. A human Book, however, not a pedant one: there is a most shrill female soul busy with intense earnestness here; looking, and teaching us to look. We find it a *veracious* Book, done with heart, and from eyesight and insight; — of a veracity deeper than the superficial sort. It is full of mistakes, indeed; and exaggerates dreadfully, in its shrill female way; but is above intending to deceive: deduct the due subtrahend, — say perhaps twenty-five per cent, or in extreme cases as high as seventy-five, — you will get some human image of credible actualities from Wilhelmina. Practically she is our one resource on this matter. Of the strange King Friedrich Wilhelm and his strange Court, with such an Heir-Apparent growing-up in it, there is no real light to be had, except what Wilhelmina gives, — or kindles dark Books of others into giving. For that, too, on long study, is the result of her, here and there. With so flickery a wax-taper held over Friedrich's childhood, — and the other dirty tallow-dips all going out in intolerable odour, — judge if our success can be very triumphant!

We perceive the little creature has got much from Nature; not the big arena only, but fine inward gifts, for he is well-born in more senses than one; — and

* *Mémoires de Frédérique Sophie Wilhelmine de Prusse, Margrave de Bareith* (Brunswick, Paris et Londres, 1812), 2 vols. 8vo.

that in the breeding of him there are two elements noticeable, widely diverse: the French and the German. This is perhaps the chief peculiarity; best worth laying-hold of, with the due comprehension, if our means allow.

First educational Element, the French one.

His nurses, governesses, simultaneous and successive, mostly of French breed, are duly set down in the Prussian Books, and held in mind as a point of duty by Prussian men; but, in foreign parts, cannot be considered otherwise than as a group, and merely with generic features. He had a Frau von Kamecke for Head Governess, — the lady whom Wilhelmina, in her famed *Mémoires*, always writes *Kamken*; and of whom, except the floating gossip found in that Book, there is nothing to be remembered. Under her, as practical superintendent, *Sous-gouvernante* and quasi-mother, was the Dame de Roucoules, a more important person for us here. Dame de Roucoules, once de Montbail, the same respectable Edict-of-Nantes French lady who, five-and-twenty years ago, had taken similar charge of Friedrich Wilhelm; a fact that speaks well for the character of her performance in that office. She had done her first edition of a Prussian Prince in a satisfactory manner; and not without difficult accidents and singularities, as we have heard: the like of which were spared her in this her second edition (so we may call it); a second and, in all manner of ways, an improved one. The young Fritz swallowed no shoebuckles;

did not leap out of window, hanging-on by the hands; nor achieve anything of turbulent, or otherwise memorable, in his infantine history; the course of which was in general smooth, and runs, happily for it, below the ken of rumour. The Boy, it is said, and is easily credible, was of extraordinary vivacity; quick in apprehending all things, and gracefully relating himself to them. One of the prettiest vividest little boys; with eyes, with mind and ways, of uncommon brilliancy; — only he takes less to soldiering than the paternal heart could wish; and appears to find other things in the world fully as notable as loud drums, and stiff men drawn-up in rows. Moreover, he is apt to be a little unhealthy now and then, and requires care from his nurses, over whom the judicious Roucoules has to be very vigilant.

Of this respectable Madame de Roucoules I have read, at least seven times, what the Prussian Books say of her by way of Biography; but it is always given in their dull tombstone style; it has moreover next to no importance; and I, — alas, I do not yet too well remember it! She was from Normandy; of gentle blood, never very rich; Protestant, in the Edict-of-Nantes time; and had to fly her country, a young widow, with daughter and mother-in-law hanging on her; the whole of them almost penniless. However, she was kindly received at the Court of Berlin, as usual in that sad case; and got some practical help towards living in her new country. Queen Sophie Charlotte had liked her society; and finding her of prudent intelligent turn, and

with the style of manners suitable, had given her Friedrich Wilhelm to take charge of. She was at that time Madame de Montbail; widow, as we said: she afterwards wedded Roucoules, a refugee gentleman of her own Nation, who had gone into the Prussian Army, as was common for the like of him. She had again become a widow, Madame de Roucoules this time, with her daughter Montbail still about her, when by the grateful good sense of Friedrich Wilhelm, she was again intrusted as we see; — and so had the honour of governessing Frederick the Great for the first seven years of his life. Respectable lady, she oversaw his nurses, pap-boats, — “beer-soup and bread,” he himself tells us once, was his main diet in boyhood, — beer-soups, dress-frocks, first attempts at walking; and then also his little bits of intellectualities, moralities; his incipencies of speech, demeanour, and spiritual development; and did her function very honestly, there is no doubt.

Wilhelmina mentions her, at a subsequent period; and we have a glimpse of this same Roucoules, gliding about among the royal young-folk, “with only one tooth left” (figuratively speaking), and somewhat given to tattle, in Princess Wilhelmina’s opinion. Grown very old now, poor lady; and the dreadfulest bore, when she gets upon Hanover, and her experiences, and Queen Sophie Charlotte’s, in that stupendously magnificent court under Gentleman Ernst. Shun that topic, if you love your peace of mind!* — She did

* *Mémoires*, (above cited).

certainly superintend the Boy Fritzkin for his first seven years; that is a glory that cannot be taken from her. And her Pupil, too, we agreeably perceive, was always grateful for her services in that capacity. Once a-week, if he were in Berlin, during his youthful time, he was sure to appear at the Roucoules Soirée, and say and look various pleasant things to his "*cher Maman* (dear Mamma)," as he used to call her, and to the respectable small party she had. Not to speak of other more substantial services, which also were not wanting.

Roucoules and the other female souls, mainly French, among whom the incipient Fritz now was, appear to have done their part as well as could be looked for. Respectable Edict-of-Nantes French ladies, with high head-gear, wide hoops; a clear, correct, but somewhat barren and meagre species, tight-laced and high-frizzled in mind and body. It is not a very fertile element for a young soul: not very much of silent piety in it; and perhaps of vocal piety more than enough in proportion. An element founding on what they call "enlightened Protestantism," "freedom of thought," and the like, which is apt to become loquacious, and too conscious of itself; tending, on the whole, rather to contempt of the false, than to deep or very effective recognition of the true.

But it is, in some important senses, a clear and pure element withal. At lowest, there are no conscious semifalsities, or volunteer hypocrisies, taught the poor *Boy: honour, clearness, truth of word at least; a de-*

corous dignified bearing; various thin good things, are honestly inculcated and exemplified; nor is any bad, ungraceful or suspicious thing permitted there, if recognised for such. It might have been a worse element; and we must be thankful for it. Friedrich, through life, carries deep traces of this French-Protestant incipency: — a very big wide-branching royal tree, in the end; but as small and flexible a seedling once as any one of us!

The good old Dame de Roucoules just lived to witness his accession; on which grand juncture and afterwards, as he had done before, he continued to express, in graceful and useful ways, his gratitude and honest affection to her and hers. Tea-services, presents in cut-glass and other kinds, with Letters that were still more precious to the old Lady, had come always at due intervals: and one of his earliest kingly gifts was that of some suitable small Pension for Montbail, the elderly daughter of this poor old Roucoules,*

* Preuss: *Friedrich der Grosse, eine Lebensgeschichte* (5 vols. Berlin, 1832-1834), v. (Urkundenbuch, p. 4). *Œuvres de Frédéric* (same Preuss's Edition, Berlin, 1846-1850, &c.), xvi. 184, 191. — The Herr Doctor J. D. E. Preuss, "Historiographer of Brandenburg," devoted wholly to the study of Friedrich for five-and-twenty years past, and for above a dozen years busily engaged in editing the *Œuvres de Frédéric*, — has, besides that *Lebensgeschichte* just cited, three or four smaller Books, of indistinctly different titles, on the same subject. A meritoriously exact man; acquainted with the outer details of Friedrich's Biography (had he any way of arranging, organising or setting them forth) as few men ever were or will be. We shall mean always this *Lebensgeschichte* here, when no other title is given; and *Œuvres de Frédéric* shall signify his Edition, unless the contrary be stated.

who was just singing her *Dimittas*, as it were, still in a blithe and pious manner. For she saw now (in 1740) her little nurseling grown to be a brilliant man and King; King gone out to the Wars, too, with all Europe inquiring and wondering what the issue would be. As for her, she closed her poor old eyes, at this stage of the business; piously, in foreign parts, far from her native Normandy; and did not see farther what the issue was. Good old Dame, I have, as was observed, read some seven times over what they call biographical accounts of her; but have seven times (by Heaven's favour, I do partly believe) mostly forgotten them again; and would not, without cause, inflict on any reader the like sorrow. To remember one worthy thing, how many thousand unworthy things must a man be able to forget!

From this Edict-of-Nantes environment, which taught our young Fritz his first lessons of human behaviour, — a polite sharp little Boy, we do hope and understand, — he learned also to clothe his bits of notions, emotions, and garrulous utterabilities, in the French dialect. Learned to speak, and likewise, what is more important, to *think*, in French; which was otherwise quite domesticated in the Palace, and became his second mother-tongue. Not a bad dialect; yet also none of the best. Very lean and shallow, if very clear and convenient; leaving much in poor Fritz unuttered, unthought, unpractised, which might otherwise have come into activity in the course of his life. He learned to

read very soon, I presume; but he did not, now or afterwards, ever learn to spell. He spells indeed dreadfully *ill*, at his first appearance on the writing stage, as we shall see by and by; and he continued, to the last, one of the bad spellers of his day. A circumstance which I never can fully account for, and will leave to the reader's study.

From all manner of sources, — from inferior valetaille, Prussian Officials, Royal Majesty itself when not in gala, — he learned, not less rootedly, the corrupt Prussian dialect of German; and used the same, all his days, among his soldiers, native officials, common subjects and wherever it was most convenient; speaking it, and writing and misspelling it, with great freedom, though always with a certain aversion and undisguised contempt, which has since brought him blame in some quarters. It is true, the Prussian form of German is but rude; and probably Friedrich, except sometimes in Luther's Bible, never read any German Book. What, if we will think of it, could he know of his first mother-tongue? German, to this day, is a frightful dialect for the stupid, the pedant and dullard sort! Only in the hands of the gifted does it become supremely good. It had not yet been the language of any Goethe, any Lessing; though it stood on the eve of becoming such. It had already been the language of Luther, of Ulrich Hutten, Friedrich Barbarossa, Charlemagne and others. And several extremely important things had

been said in it, and some pleasant ones even sung in it, from an old date, in a very appropriate manner, — had Crown-Prince Friedrich known all that. But he could not reasonably be expected to know: — and the wiser Germans now forgive him for not knowing, and are even thankful that he did not.

CHAPTER II.

THE GERMAN ELEMENT.

So that, as we said, there are two elements for young Fritz, and highly diverse ones, from both of which he is to draw nourishment, and assimilate what he can. Besides that Edict-of-Nantes French element, and in continual contact and contrast with it, which prevails chiefly in the Female quarters of the Palace, — there is the native German element for young Fritz, of which the centre is Papa, now come to be King, and powerfully manifesting himself as such. An abrupt peremptory young King; and German to the bone. Along with whom, companions to him in his social hours, and fellow-workers in his business, are a set of very rugged German sons of Nature; differing much from the French sons of Art. Baron Grumkow, Leopold Prince of Anhalt-Dessau (not yet called the "*Old Dessauer*," being under forty yet), General Glasenap, Colonel Derschau, General Flans; these, and the other nameless Generals and Officials, are a curious counterpart to the Camases, the Hautcharmoyes and Forcades, with their nimble tongues and rapiers; still more to the Beausobres, Achards, full of ecclesiastical logic, made of Bayle and Calvin kneaded together; and to the high-frizzled ladies rustling in stiff silk, with the shadow

of Versailles and of the Dragonades alike present to them.

Born Hyperboreans these others; rough as hemp, and stout of fibre as hemp; native products of the rigorous North. Of whom, after all our reading, we know little. — O Heaven, they have had long lines of rugged ancestors, cast in the same rude stalwart mould, and leading their rough life there, of whom we know absolutely nothing! Dumb all those preceding busy generations; and this of Friedrich Wilhelm is grown almost dumb. Grim semi-articulate Prussian men; gone all to pipeclay and moustache for us. Strange blond-complexioned, not unbeautiful Prussian honourable women, in hoops, brocades, and unintelligible head-gear and hair-towers, — *ach Gott*, they too are gone; and their musical talk, in the French or German language, that also is gone; and the hollow Eternities have swallowed it, as their wont is, in a very surprising manner! —

Grumkow, a cunning, greedy-hearted, long-headed fellow, of the old Pomeranian Nobility by birth, has a kind of superficial polish put upon his Hyperboreanisms: he has been in foreign countries, doing legations, diplomacies, for which, at least for the vulpine parts of which, he has a turn. He writes and speaks articulate grammatical French; but neither in that, nor in native Pommerish Platt-Deutsch, does he show us much, except the depths of his own greed, of his own astucities and stealthy audacities. Of which we shall hear more than enough by and by.

Of the Dessauer, not yet "Old."

As to the Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, rugged man, whose very face is the colour of gunpowder, he also knows French, and can even write in it, if he like, — having duly had a Tutor of that nation, and strange adventures with him on the grand tour and elsewhere; — but does not much practise writing, when it can be helped. His children, I have heard, he expressly did not teach to read or write, seeing no benefit in that effeminate art, but left them to pick it up as they could. His Princess, all rightly ennobled now, — whom he would not but marry, though sent on the grand tour to avoid it, — was the daughter of one Fos an Apothecary at Dessau; and is still a beautiful and prudent kind of woman, who seems to suit him well enough, no worse than if she had been born a Princess. Much talk has been of her, in princely and other circles; nor is his marriage the only strange thing Leopold has done. He is a man to keep the world's tongue wagging, not too musically always; though himself of very unvocal nature. Perhaps the biggest mass of inarticulate human vitality, certainly one of the biggest, then going about in the world. A man of vast dumb faculty; dumb, but fertile, deep; no end of ingenuities in the rough head of him: — as much mother-wit there, I often guess, as could be found in whole talking parliaments, spouting themselves away in vocables and eloquent wind!

A man of dreadful impetuosity withal. Set upon

his will as the one law of Nature; storming forward with uncontrollable violence: a very whirlwind of a man. He was left a minor; his Mother guardian. Nothing could prevent him from marrying this Fos the Apothecary's Daughter; no tears nor contrivances of his Mother, whom he much loved, and who took skilful measures. Fourteen months of travel in Italy; grand tour, with eligible French Tutor, — whom he once drew sword upon, getting some rebuke from him one night in Venice, and would have killed, had not the man been nimble, at once dextrous and sublime: — it availed not. The first thing he did on reëntering Dessau, with his Tutor, was to call at Apothecary Fos's, and see the charming Mamsell; to go and see his Mother, was the second thing. Not even his grand passion for war could eradicate Fos: he went to Dutch William's wars; the wise Mother still counselling, who was own Aunt to Dutch William, and liked the scheme. He besieged Namur; fought and besieged up and down, — with insatiable appetite for fighting and sieging; with great honour, too, and ambitions awakening in him; — campaign after campaign: but along with the flamy-thunderly ideal bride, figuratively called Bellona, there was always a soft real one, Mamsell Fos of Dessau, to whom he continued constant. The Government of his Dominions he left cheerfully to his Mother, even when he came of age: "I am for learning War, as the one right trade; do with all things as you please, Mamma, — only not with Mamsell, not with her!" —

Readers may figure this scene too, and shudder

over it. Some rather handsome male Cousin of Mamsell, Medical Graduate or whatever he was, had appeared in Dessau: — “Seems to admire Mamsell much; of course, in a Platonic way,” said rumour. — “He? Admire?” thinks Leopold; — thinks a good deal of it, not in the philosophic mood. As he was one day passing Fos’s, Mamsell and the Medical Graduate are visible, standing together at the window inside. Pleasantly looking-out upon Nature, — of course quite casually, say some Histories with a sneer. In fact, it seems possible this Medical Graduate may have been set to act shoeing-horn; but he had better not. Leopold storms into the House, “Draw, scandalous canaille, and defend yourself!” — And in this, or some such way, a confident tradition says, he killed the poor Medical Graduate there and then. One tries always to hope not: but Varnhagen is positive, though the other Histories say nothing of it. God knows. The man was a Prince; no Reichshofrath, Speyer-Wetzlar *Kammer*, or other Supreme Court, would much trouble itself, except with formal shakings of the wig, about such a peccadillo. In fine, it was better for Leopold to marry the Miss Fos; which he actually did (1698, in his twenty-second year), “with the left-hand,” — and then with the right and both hands; having got her properly ennobled before long, by his splendid military services. She made, as we have hinted, an excellent Wife to him, for the fifty or sixty ensuing years.

This is a strange rugged specimen, this inarticulate Leopold; already getting mythic, as we can perceive,

to the polished vocal ages; which mix all manner of fables with the considerable history he has. Readers will see him turn-up again in notable forms. A man hitherto unknown except in his own country; and yet of very considerable significance to all European countries whatsoever; the fruit of his activities, without his name attached, being now manifest in all of them. He invented the iron ramrod; he invented the equal step; in fact he is the inventor of modern military tactics. Even so, if we knew it: the Soldiery of every civilized country still receives from this man, on parade-fields and battle-fields, its word of command; out of his rough head proceeded the essential of all that the innumerable Drill-sergeants, in various languages, daily repeat and enforce. Such a man is worth some transient glance from his fellow-creatures, — especially with a little Fritz trotting at his foot, and drawing inferences from him.

Dessau, we should have said for the English reader's behoof, was and still is a little independent Principality; about the size of Huntingdonshire, but with woods instead of bogs; — revenue of it, at this day, is 60,000*l.*, was perhaps not 20, or even 10,000 in Leopold's first time. It lies some four-score miles south-west of Berlin, attainable by post-horses in a day. Leopold, as his Father had done, stood by Prussia as if wholly native to it. Leopold's Mother was Sister of that fine Louisa, the Great Elector's first Wife; his Sister is wedded to the Margraf of Schwedt, Friedrich Wilhelm's half-uncle. Lying in such neighbourhood,

and being in such affinity to the Prussian House, the Dessauers may be said to have, in late times, their headquarters at Berlin. Leopold and Leopold son's, as his Father before him had done, without neglecting their Dessau and Principality, hold by the Prussian Army as their main employment. Not neglecting Dessau either; but going thither in winter, or on call otherwise; Leopold least of all neglecting it, who neglects nothing that can be useful to him.

He is General Field-Marshal of the Prussian Armies, the foremost man in war-matters with this new King; and well worthy to be so. He is inventing, or brooding in the way to invent, a variety of things, — “iron ramrods” for one; a very great improvement on the fragile ineffective wooden implement, say all the Books, but give no date to it: — that is the first thing; and there will be others, likewise undated, but posterior, requiring mention by and by. Inventing many things; — and always well practising what is already invented, and known for certain. In a word, he is drilling to perfection, with assiduous rigour, the Prussian Infantry to be the wonder of the world. He has fought with them, too, in a conclusive manner; and is at all times ready for fighting.

He was in Malplaquet with them, if only as volunteer on that occasion. He commanded them in Blenheim itself; stood, in the right or Eugene wing of that famed Battle of Blenheim, fiercely at bay, when the Austrian Cavalry had all fled; — fiercely volleying, charging, dextrously wheeling and manœuvring;

sticking to his ground with a mastiff-like tenacity, — till Marlborough, and victory from the left, relieved him and others. He was at the Bridge of Cassano; where Eugene and Vendôme came to handgrips; — where Mirabeau's Grandfather, *Col-d'Argent*, got his six-and-thirty wounds, and was "killed" as he used to term it.* "The hottest fire I ever saw," said Eugene, who had not seen Malplaquet at that time. While Col-d'Argent sank collapsed upon the Bridge, and the horse charged over him, and again charged, and beat and were beaten three several times, — Anhalt-Dessau impatient of such fiddling hither and thither, swashed into the stream itself with his Prussian Foot; swashed through it, waistdeep or breastdeep; and might have settled the matter, had not his cartridges got wetted. Old King Friedrich rebuked him angrily for his impetuosity in this matter, and the sad loss of men.

Then again he was at the Storming of the Lines of Turin, — Eugene's feat of 1706, and a most volcanic business; — was the first man that got over the entrenchment there. Foremost man; face all black with the smoke of gunpowder, only channelled here and there with rivulets of sweat; — not a lovely phenomenon to the French in the interior! Who still fought like madmen, but were at length driven into heaps, and obliged to run. A while before they ran, Anhalt-Dessau, noticing some Captain posted with his company in a likely situation, stepped aside to him for a moment, and asked, "Am I wounded, think you? — No? Then

* Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, iv. § Mirabeau.

have you anything to drink?" and deliberately "drank a glass of aquavitæ," the judicious Captain carrying a pocket-pistol of that sort, in case of accident; and likewise "eat, with great appetite, a bit of bread from one of the soldiers' havresacks; saying, He believed the heat of the job was done, and that there was no fear now."* —

A man that has been in many wars; in whose rough head are schemes hatching. Any religion he has is of Protestant nature; but he has not much, — on the doctrinal side, very little. Luther's Hymn, *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*, he calls "God Almighty's grenadier-march." On joining battle, he audibly utters, with bared head, some growl of rugged prayer, far from orthodox at times, but much in earnest: that lifting of his hat, for prayer, is his last signal on such occasions. He is very cunning as required, withal; not disdaining the serpentine method when no other will do. With Friedrich Wilhelm, who is his second-cousin (Mother's grand-nephew, if the reader can count that), he is from of old on the best footing, and contrives to be his Mentor in many things besides War. Till his quarrel with Grumkow, of which we shall hear, he took the lead in political advising, too; and had schemes, or was thought to have, of which Queen Sophie was in much terror.

A tall, strongboned, hairy man; with cloudy brows, vigilant swift eyes; has "a bluish tint of skin," says

* *Des weltberühmten Leopoldi &c.* (Anonymous, by Ranft, cited above), pp. 42-45, 52, 65.

Wilhelmina, "as if the gunpowder still stuck to him." He wears long moustaches; triangular hat, plume and other equipments, are of thrifty practical size. Can be polite enough in speech; but hides much of his meaning, which indeed is mostly inarticulate, and not always joyful to the by-stander. He plays rough pranks, too, on occasion; and has a big horse-laugh in him, where there is a fop to be roasted, or the like. We will leave him for the present, in hope of other meetings.

Remarkable men, many of those old Prussian soldiers: of whom one wishes, to no purpose, that there had more knowledge been attainable. But the Books are silent; no painter, no genial seeing-man to paint with his pen, was there. Grim hirsute Hyperborean figures, they pass mostly mute before us: burly, surly; in moustaches, in dim uncertain garniture, of which the buff-belts and the steel are alone conspicuous. Growling in guttural Teutsch what little articulate meaning they had: spending, of the inarticulate, a proportion in games of chance, probably too in drinking beer; yet having an immense overplus which they do not so spend, but endeavour to utter in such working as there may be. So have the Hyperboreans lived from of old. From the times of Tacitus and Pytheas, not to speak of Odin and Japhet, what hosts of them have marched across Existence, in that manner; — and where is the memory that would, even if it could, speak of them all! —

We will hope the mind of our little Fritz has powers of assimilation. Bayle-Calvin logics, and shadows of Versailles, on this hand, and gunpowder Leopolds and inarticulate Hyperboreans on that: here is a wide diversity of nutriment, all rather tough in quality, provided for the young soul. Innumerable unconscious inferences he must have drawn in his little head! Prince Leopold's face, with the whiskers and blue skin, I find he was wont, at after-periods, to do in caricature, under the figure of a Cat's; — horror and admiration not the sole feelings raised in him by the Field-Marshal. — For bodily nourishment he had "beer-soup;" a decided Spartan tone prevailing, wherever possible, in the breeding and treatment of him.

And we need not doubt, by far the most important element of his education was the unconscious Apprenticeship he continually served to such a Spartan as King Friedrich Wilhelm. Of whose works and ways he could not help taking note, angry or other, every day and hour; nor in the end, if he *were* intelligent, help understanding them, and learning from them. A harsh Master and almost half-mad, as it many times seemed to the poor Apprentice; yet a true and solid one, whose real wisdom was worth that of all the others, as he came at length to recognise.

CHAPTER III.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM IS KING.

WITH the death of old King Friedrich, there occurred at once vast changes in the Court of Berlin; a total and universal change in the mode of living and doing business there. Friedrich Wilhelm, out of filial piety, wore at his Father's funeral the grand French peruke and other sublimities of French costume; but it was for the last time: that sad duty once done, he flung the whole aside, not without impatience, and on no occasion wore such costume again. He was not a friend to French fashions, nor had ever been; far the contrary. In his boyhood, say the Biographers, there was once a grand embroidered cloth-of-gold, or otherwise supremely magnificent, little Dressing-gown given him; but he would at no rate put it on, or be concerned with it; on the contrary, stuffed it indignantly "into the fire;" and demanded wholesome useful duffel instead.

He began his reform literally at the earliest moment. Being summoned into the apartment where his poor Father was in the last struggle, he could scarcely get across for *Kammerjunker*, *Kammerherrn*, Goldsticks, Silversticks, and the other solemn histrionic functionaries, all crowding there to do their sad mimicry on the

occasion: not a lovely accompaniment in Friedrich Wilhelm's eyes. His poor Father's death-struggle once done, and all reduced to everlasting rest there, Friedrich Wilhelm looked in silence over the Unutterable, for a short space, disregarding of the Goldsticks and their eager new homaging; walked swiftly away from it to his own room, shut the door with a slam; and there, shaking the tears from his eyes, commenced by a notable duty, — the duty nearest hand, and therefore first to be done, as it seemed to him. It was about one in the afternoon, 25th February 1713; his Father dead half-an-hour before: "Tears at a Father's deathbed, must they be dashed with rage by such a set of greedy Histrios?" thought Friedrich Wilhelm. He summoned these his Court-people, that is to say, summoned their *Ober-Hofmarschall* and representative; and through him signified to them, That, till the Funeral was over, their service would continue; and that, on the morrow after the Funeral, they were, every soul of them, discharged; and from the highest Goldstick down to the lowest Page-in-waiting, the King's House should be swept entirely clean of them; — said House intending to start afresh upon a quite new footing.* Which spread such a consternation among the courtier people, say the Histories, as was never before.

The thing was done, however; and nobody durst whisper discontent with it; this rugged young King, with his plangent metallic voice, with his steady-beam-

* Förster, i. 174; Pöllnitz, *Memoiren*, ii. 4.

ing eyes, seeming dreadfully in earnest about it, and a person that might prove dangerous if you crossed him. He reduced his Household accordingly, at once, to the lowest footing of the indispensable; and discharged a whole regiment of superfluous official persons, court-flunkies, inferior, superior and supreme, in the most ruthless manner. He does not intend keeping any *Ober-Hofmarschall*, or the like idle person, henceforth; thinks a minimum of Goldsticks ought to suffice every man.

Eight Lackeys, in the ante-chambers and elsewhere, these, with each a *Jägerbursch* (what we should call an *Under-keeper*) to assist when not hunting, will suffice: Lackeys at "eight *thalers* monthly," which is six shillings a week. Three active Pages, sometimes two, instead of perhaps three-dozen idle that there used to be. In King Friedrich's time, there were wont to be a Thousand saddle-horses at corn and hay: but how many of them were in actual use? Very many of them were mere imaginary quadrupeds; their price and keep pocketed by some knavish *Stallmeister*, Equerry or Head-groom. Friedrich Wilhelm keeps only Thirty horses; but these are very actual, not imaginary at all; their corn not running into any knave's pocket, but lying actually in the mangers here; getting ground for you into actual fourfooted speed, when, on turf or highway, you require such a thing. About thirty for the saddle, with a few carriage-teams, are what Friedrich Wilhelm can employ in any reasonable measure; and more he will not have about him.

In the like ruthless humour he goes over his Pension-list; strikes three-fourths of that away, reduces the remaining fourth to the very bone. In like humour, he goes over every department of his Administrative, Household and other Expenses; shears every thing down, here by the Hundred thalers, there by the Ten, willing even to save *half a thaler*. He goes over all this three several times; — his Papers, the three successive Lists he used on that occasion, have been printed.* He has satisfied himself, in about two months, what the effective minimum is; and leaves it so. Reduced to below the fifth of what it was; 55,000 *thalers*, instead of 276,000.**

By degrees he went over, went into and through, every department of Prussian Business, in that fashion; steadily, warily, irresistibly compelling every item of it, large and little, to take that same character of perfect economy and solidity, of utility pure and simple. Needful work is to be rigorously well done; needless work, and ineffectual or imaginary workers, to be rigorously pitched out of doors. What a blessing on this Earth; worth purchasing almost at any price! The money saved is something, nothing if you will: but the amount of mendacity expunged, has any one computed that? Mendacity not of tongue; but the far feller sort, of hand, and of heart, and of head; short summary of all Devil's-worship whatsoever. Which

* Rödénbeck: *Beiträge zur Bereicherung der Lebensbeschreibungen Friedrich Wilhelms I. und Friedrichs des Grossen* (Berlin, 1836), pp. 99-127.

** Stenzel, lii. 237.

spreads silently along, once you let it in, with full purse or with empty; some fools even praising it: the quiet *dry-rot* of Nations! To expunge such is greatly the duty of every man, especially of every King. Unconsciously, not thinking of Devil's-worship, or spiritual dry-rot, but of money chiefly, and led by Nature and the ways she has with us, it was the task of Friedrich Wilhelm's life to bring about this beneficent result in all departments of Prussian Business, great and little, public and even private. Year after year, he brings it to perfection; pushes it unweariedly forward every day and hour. So that he has Prussia, at last, all a Prussia made after his own image; the most thrifty, hardy, rigorous and Spartan country any modern King ever ruled over; and himself (if he thought of that) a King indeed. He that models Nations according to his own image, he is a King, though his sceptre were a walking-stick; and properly no other is.

Friedrich Wilhelm was wondered at, and laughed at, by innumerable mortals for his ways of doing; which indeed were very strange. Not that he figured much in what is called Public History, or desired to do so; for, though a vigilant ruler, he did not deal in protocolling and campaigning, — he let a minimum of that suffice him. But in court soirées, where elegant empty talk goes on, and of all materials for it scandal is found incomparably the most interesting, I suppose there turned-up no name oftener than that of his Prussian Majesty; and during these Twenty-seven years of his

Reign, his wild pranks and explosions gave food for continual talk in such quarters.

For he was like no other King that then existed, or had ever been discovered. Wilder Son of Nature seldom came into the artificial world; into a royal throne there, probably never. A wild man; wholly in earnest, veritable as the old rocks, — and with a terrible volcanic fire in him, too. He would have been strange anywhere; but among the dapper Royal gentlemen of the Eighteenth Century, what was to be done with such an Orson of a King? — Clap him in Bedlam, and bring out the ballot-boxes instead? The modern generation, too, still takes its impression of him from these rumours, — still more now from Wilhelmina's Book; which paints the outside savagery of the royal man, in a most striking manner; and leaves the inside vacant, undiscovered by Wilhelmina or the rumours.

Nevertheless it appears there were a few observant eyes, even of contemporaries, who discerned in him a surprising talent for "National Economics" at least. One Leipzig Professor, Saxon, not Prussian by nation or interest, recognises in Friedrich Wilhelm "*den grossen Wirth* (great Manager, Husbandry-man, or Landlord) of the epoch;" and lectures on his admirable "works, arrangements and institutions" in that kind.* Nay the dapper Royal gentlemen saw, with envy, the indubitable growth of this mad savage Brother; and ascribed it to "his avarice," to his mean ways, which were in

* Rödénbeck's *Beiträge* (p. 14), — Year, or Name of Lecturer, not mentioned.

such contrast to their sublime ones. That he understood National Economics, has now become very certain. His grim semiarticulate Papers and Rescripts, on these subjects, are still almost worth reading, by a lover of genuine human talent in the dumb form. For spelling, grammar, penmanship and composition, they resemble nothing else extant; are as if done by the paw of a bear: indeed the utterance generally sounds more like the growling of a bear, than anything that could be handily spelt or parsed. But there is a decisive human sense in the heart of it; and there is such a dire hatred of empty bladders, unrealities and hypocritical forms and pretences, what he calls "wind and humbug (*Wind und blauer Dunst*)," as is very strange indeed. Strange among all mankind; doubly and trebly strange among the unfortunate species called Kings in our time. To whom, — for sad reasons that could be given, — "wind and blue vapour (*blauer Dunst*)," artistically managed by the rules of Acoustics and Optics, seem to be all we have left us! —

It must be owned that this man is inflexibly, and with a fierce slow inexorable determination, set upon having realities round him. There is a divine-idea of fact put into him; the genus *sham* was never hatefuller to any man. Let it keep out of his way, well beyond the swing of that rattan of his, or it may get something to remember! A just man, too; would not wrong any man, nor play false in word or deed to any man. What is Justice but another form of the *reality* we love;

a truth acted out? Of all the humbugs or "painted vapours" known, Injustice is the least capable of profiting men or kings! A just man, I say; and a valiant and veracious: but rugged as a wild-bear; entirely inarticulate, as if dumb. No bursts of parliamentary eloquence in him, nor the least tendency that way. His talent for Stump-Oratory may be reckoned the minimum conceivable, or practically noted as *zero*. A man who would not have risen in modern Political Circles; man unchoosable at hustings or in caucus; man forever invisible, and very unadmirable if seen, to the Able-Editor and those that hang by him. In fact a kind of savage man, as we say; but highly interesting, if you can read dumb human worth; and of inexpressible profit to the Prussian Nation.

For the first ten years of his reign, he had a heavy continual struggle, getting his finance and other branches of administration extricated from their strangling imbroglios of coiled nonsense, and put upon a rational footing. His labour in these years, the first of little Fritz's life, must have been great; the pushing and pulling strong and continual. The good plan itself, this comes not of its own accord; it is the fruit of "genius" (which means transcendent capacity of taking trouble, first of all): given a huge stack of tumbled thrums, it is not in your sleep that you will find the vital centre of it, or get the first thrum by the end! And then the execution, the realising, amid the contradiction, silent or expressed, of men and things? Ex-

plosive violence was by no means Friedrich Wilhelm's method; the amount of slow stubborn broad-shouldered strength, in all kinds, expended by the man, strikes us as very great. The amount of patience even, though patience is not reckoned his forte.

That of the *Ritter-Dienst* (Knights'-Service), for example, which is but one small item of his business; the commuting of the old feudal duty of his Landholders to do Service in War-time, into a fixed money payment: nothing could be fairer, more clearly advantageous to both parties; and most of his "Knights" gladly accepted the proposal: yet a certain factious set of them, the Magdeburg set, stirred-up by some seven or eight of their number, "hardly above seven or eight really against me," saw good to stand out; remonstrated, recalcitrated; complained in the Diet (Kaiser too happy to hear of it, that he might have a hook on Friedrich Wilhelm); and for long years that paltry matter was a provocation to him.* But if your plan is just, and a bit of Nature's plan, persist in it like a law of Nature. This secret too was known to Friedrich Wilhelm. In the space of ten years, by actual human strength loyally spent, he had managed many things; saw all things in a course towards management. All things, as it were fairly on the road; the multiplex team pulling one way in rational human harness, not in imbroglios of coile thrums made by the Nightmares.

* 1717-'25. Förster, ii. 162-165, iv. 31-34; Stenzel, iii. 316-319; Sam Buchholz, *Neueste Preussisch-Brandenburgische Geschichte* (Berlin, 17 i. 197.

How he introduced a new mode of farming his Domain Lands, which are a main branch of his revenue, and shall be farmed on regular lease henceforth, and not wasted in speculation and indolent mismanagement as heretofore;* new modes of levying his taxes and revenues of every kind:** How he at last concentrated, and harmonised into one easy-going effective *General Directory*,*** the multifarious conflicting Boards, that were jolting and jangling in a dark use-and-wont manner, and leaving their work half-done, when he first came into power:† How he insisted on having daylight introduced to the very bottom of every business, fair-and-square observed as the rule of it, and the shortest road adopted for doing it: How he drained bogs, planted colonies, established manufactures, made his own uniforms of Prussian wool, in a *Lagerhaus* of his own: How he dealt with the Jew Gompert about farming his Tobacco; — how, from many a crooked case and character he, by slow or short methods, brought out something straight; would take no denial of what was his, nor make any demand of what was not; and did prove really a terror to evil-doers of various kinds, especially to prevaricators, defalcators, imaginary workers, and slippery unjust persons: How he urged diligence on all mortals, would not have the very Applewomen sit “without knitting” at their stalls; and brandished his

* Förster, ii. 206, 216.

** Ib. ii. 190, 195.

*** Completed 19th January 1723 (Ib. ii. 172).

† Dohm: *Denkwürdigkeiten meiner Zeit* (Lemgo und Hannover, 1814-1819), iv. 88.

stick, or struck it fiercely down, over the incorrigibly idle: — All this, as well as his ludicrous explosions and unreasonable violences, is on record concerning Friedrich Wilhelm, though it is to the latter chiefly that the world has directed its unwise attention, in judging of him. He was a very arbitrary King. But then a good deal of his *arbitrium*, or sovereign will, was that of the Eternal Heavens as well; and did exceedingly behove to be done, if the Earth would prosper. Which is an immense consideration in regard to his sovereign will and him! He was prompt with his rattan, in urgent cases; had his gallows also, prompt enough, where needful. Let him see that no mistakes happen, as certainly he means that none shall!

Yearly he made his country richer; and this not in money alone (which is of very uncertain value, and sometimes has no value at all, and even less), but in frugality, diligence, punctuality, veracity, — the grand fountains from which money, and all real *values* and valours, spring for men. To Friedrich Wilhelm, in his rustic simplicity, money had no lack of value; rather the reverse. To the homespun man it was a success of most excellent quality, and the chief symbol of success in all kinds. Yearly he made his own revenues, and his people's along with them, and as the source of them, larger: and in all states of his revenue, he had contrived to make his expenditure less than it; and yearly saved masses of coin, and "reposited them in barrels in the cellars of his Schloss," — where they proved very useful, one day. Much in Friedrich Wil-

helm proved useful, beyond even his expectations. As a Nation's *Husband* he seeks his fellow among Kings, ancient and modern. Happy the Nation which gets such a Husband, once in the half-thousand years. The Nation, as foolish wives and Nations do, repines and grudges a good deal, its weak whims and will being thwarted very often; but it advances steadily, with consciousness or not, in the way of welldoing; and after long times, the harvest of this diligent sowing becomes manifest to the Nation and to all Nations.

Strange as it sounds in the Republic of Letters, we are tempted to call Friedrich Wilhelm a man of genius; — genius fated and promoted to work in National Husbandry, not in writing Verses or three-volume Novels. A silent genius. His melodious stanza, which he cannot bear to see halt in any syllable, is a rough fact reduced to order; fact made to stand firm on its feet, with the world-rocks under it, and looking free towards all the winds and all the stars. He goes about suppressing platitudes, ripping-off futilities, turning deceptions inside-out. The realm of Disorder, which is Unveracity, Unreality, what we call Chaos, has no fiercer enemy. Honest soul, and he seemed to himself such a stupid fellow often; no tongue-learning at all; little capable to give a reason for the faith that was in him. He cannot argue in articulate logic, only in inarticulate bellowings, or worse. He must *do* a thing, leave it undemonstrated; once done, it will itself tell what kind of thing it is, by and by. Men of genius have a hard time, I perceive, whether born on the throne or off it;

and must expect contradictions next to unendurable, — the plurality of blockheads being so extreme!

I find, except Samuel Johnson, no man of equal veracity with Friedrich Wilhelm in that epoch: and Johnson too, with all his tongue-learning, had not logic *enough*. In fact, it depends on how much conviction you have. Blessed be Heaven, there is here and there a man born who loves truth as truth should be loved, with all his heart and all his soul; and hates untruth with a corresponding perfect hatred. Such men, in polite circles, which understand that certainly truth is better than untruth, but that you must be polite to both, are liable to get to the end of their logic. Even Johnson had a bellow in him; though Johnson could at any time withdraw into silence, *his* kingdom lying all under his own hat. How much more Friedrich Wilhelm, who had no logic whatever; and whose kingdom lay without him, far and wide, a thing he could not withdraw from. The rugged Orson, he needed to be right. From utmost Memel down to Wesel again, ranked in a straggling manner round the half-circumference of Europe, all manner of things and persons were depending on him, and on his being right, not wrong, in his notion.

A man of clear discernment, very good natural eyesight; and irrefragably confident in what his eyes told him, in what his belief was; — yet of huge simplicity withal. Capable of being coaxed about, and led by the nose, to a strange degree, if there were an artist dextrous enough, daring enough! His own natural

judgment was good, and, though apt to be hasty and headlong, was always likely to come right in the end; but internally, we may perceive, his modesty, anxiety and other unexpected qualities, must have been great. And then his explosiveness, impatience, excitability; his conscious dumb ignorance of all things beyond his own small horizon of personal survey! An Orson capable enough of being coaxed and tickled, by some first-rate conjuror; — first-rate; a second-rate might have failed, and got torn to pieces for his pains. But Seckendorf and Grumkow, what a dance they led him on some matters, — as we shall see, and as poor Fritz and others will see!

He was full of sensitiveness, rough as he was and shaggy of skin. His wild imaginations drove him hither and thither at a sad rate. He ought to have the privileges of genius. His tall Potsdam Regiment, his mad-looking passion for enlisting tall men: this also seems to me one of the whims of genius, — an exaggerated notion to have his “stanza” polished to the last punctilio of perfection; — and might be paralleled in the history of Poets. Stranger “man of genius,” or in more peculiar circumstances, the world never saw!

Friedrich Wilhelm, in his Crown-Prince days, and now still more when he was himself in the sovereign place, had seen all along, with natural arithmetical intellect, That his strength in this world, as at present situated, would very much depend upon the amount of potential-battle that lay in him, — on the quantity and

quality of Soldiers he could maintain, and have ready for the field at any time. A most indisputable truth, and a heartfelt one in the present instance. To augment the quantity, to improve the quality, in this thrice-essential particular: here lay the keystone and crowning summit of all Friedrich Wilhelm's endeavours; to which he devoted himself, as only the best Spartan could have done. Of which there will be other opportunities to speak in detail. For it was a thing world-notable; world-laughable, as was then thought; the extremely serious fruit of which did at length also become notable enough.

In the Malplaquet time, once on some occasion, it is said, two English Officers, not well informed upon the matter, and provoking enough in their contemptuous ignorance, were reasoning with one another in Friedrich Wilhelm's hearing, as to the warlike powers of the Prussian State, and Whether the King of Prussia could on his own strength maintain a standing army of 15,000? Without subsidies, do you think, so many as 15,000? Friedrich Wilhelm, incensed at the thing and at the tone, is reported to have said with heat: "Yes, 30,000!"* whereat the military men slightly wagged their heads, letting the matter drop for the present. But he makes it good by degrees; twofold or threefold; — and will have an army of from seventy to a hundred-thousand before he dies,** the best-drilled of fighting men; and

* Förster, i. 138.

** "72,000 field-troops, 30,000 garrison-troops" (*Geständnisse eines Oesterreichischen Veterans*, Breslau, 1788, i. 64).

what adds much to the wonder, a full Treasury withal. This is the Brandenburg Spartan King; acquainted with National Economics. Alone of existing Kings, he lays-by money annually; and is laying-by many other and far more precious things, for Prussia and the little Boy he has here.

Friedrich Wilhelm's passion for drilling, recruiting and perfecting his Army attracted much notice: laughing satirical notice, in the hundred mouths of common rumour, which he regarded little; and notice iracund and minatory, when it led him into collision with the independent portions of mankind, now and then. This latter sort was not pleasant, and sometimes looked rather serious; but this too he contrived always to digest in some tolerable manner. He continued drilling and recruiting, — we may say not his Army only, but his Nation in all departments of it, — as no man before or since ever did; increasing, by every devisable method, the amount of potential-battle that lay in him and it.

In a military, and also in a much deeper sense, he may be defined as the great Drill-sergeant of the Prussian Nation. Indeed this had been the function of the Hohenzollerns all along; this difficult, unpleasant and indispensable one of drilling. From the first appearance of Burggraf Friedrich, with good words and with *Heavy Peg*, in the wreck of anarchic Brandenburg, and downwards ever since; this has steadily enough gone on. And not a little good drilling these populations have

had, first and last; just orders given them (wise and just, which to a respectable degree were Heaven's orders as well): and certainly Heavy Peg, for instance, — Heavy Peg, bringing Quitzow's strong House about his ears, — was a respectable drummer's-cat to enforce the same. This has been going on these Three-hundred years. But Friedrich Wilhelm completes the process; finishing it off to the last pitch of perfection. Friedrich Wilhelm carries it through every fibre and cranny of Prussian Business, and so far as possible, of Prussian Life; so that Prussia is all a drilled phalanx, ready to the word of command; and what we see in the Army is but the last consummate essence of what exists in the Nation everywhere. That was Friedrich Wilhelm's function, made ready for him, laid to his hand by his Hohenzollern foregoers; and indeed it proved a most beneficent function.

For I have remarked that, of all things, a Nation needs first to be drilled; and no Nation that has not first been governed by so-called "Tyrants," and held tight to the curb till it became perfect in its paces and thoroughly amenable to rule and law, and heartily respectful of the same, and totally abhorrent of the want of the same, ever came to much in this world. England itself, in foolish quarters of England, still howls and execrates lamentably over its William Conqueror, and rigorous line of Normans and Plantagenets; but without them, if you will consider well, what had it ever been? A gluttonous race of Jutes and Angles, capable of no grand combinations; lumbering about in potbellied

equanimity; not dreaming of heroic toil and silence and endurance, such as leads to the high places of this Universe, and the golden mountain-tops where dwell the Spirits of the Dawn. Their very ballotboxes and suffrages, what they call their "Liberty," if these mean "Liberty," and are such a road to Heaven, Anglo-Saxon highroad thither, — could never have been possible for them on such terms. How could they? Nothing but collision, intolerable interpressure (as of men *not* perpendicular), and consequent battle often supervening, could have been appointed those undrilled Anglo-Saxons; their potbellied equanimity itself continuing liable to perpetual interruptions, as in the Heptarchy time. An enlightened Public does not reflect on these things, at present; but will again, by and by. Looking with human eyes over the England that now is, and over the America and the Australia, from pole to pole; and then listening to the Constitutional litanies of Dryasdust, and his lamentations on the old Norman and Plantagenet Kings, and *his* recognition of departed merit and causes of effects, — the mind of man is struck dumb!

CHAPTER IV.

HIS MAJESTY'S WAYS.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM'S History is one of *Economics*; which study, so soon as there are Kings again in this world, will be precious to them. In that happy state of matters, Friedrich Wilhelm's History will well reward study; and teach by example, in a very simple and direct manner. In what is called the Political, Diplomatic, "Honour-to-be" department, there is not, nor can ever be, much to be said of him; this Economist King having always kept himself well at home, and looked steadily to his own affairs. So that, for the present, he has, as a King, next to nothing of what is called History: and it is only as a fellow-man, of singular faculty, and in a most peculiar and conspicuous situation, that he can be interesting to mankind. To him he has, as Father and daily teacher and master of young Fritz, a continual interest; and we must see the master's ways, and the main phenomena of his workshop as they successively turned-up, for the of the notable Apprentice serving there.

He was not tall of stature, this arbitrary King; florid-complexioned stout-built man; of serious, authoritative face; his attitudes and equipment Spartan in type. Man of short firm stature; st-

Pesne's best Portraits of him) at his ease, and yet like a tower. Most solid; "plumb and rather more;" eyes steadfastly awake; cheeks slightly compressed, too, which fling the mouth rather forward; as if asking silently, "Anything astir, then? All right here?" Face, figure and bearing, all in him is expressive of robust insight, and direct determination; of healthy energy, practicality, unquestioned authority, — a certain air of royalty reduced to its simplest form. The face, in Pictures by Pesne and others, is not beautiful or agreeable; healthy, genuine, authoritative, is the best you can say of it. Yet it may have been, what it is described as being, originally handsome. High-enough arched brow, rather copious cheeks and jaws; nose smallish, inclining to be stumpy; large gray eyes, bright with steady fire and life, often enough gloomy and severe, but capable of jolly laughter too. Eyes "naturally with a kind of laugh in them," says Pöllnitz; — which laugh can blaze-out into fearful thunderous rage, if you give him provocation. Especially if you lie to him; for that he hates above all things. Look him straight in the face: he fancies he can see in *your* eyes, if there is an internal mendacity in you: wherefore you must look at him in speaking; such is his standing order.

His hair is flaxen, falling into the ashgray or darker; fine copious flowing hair, while he wore it natural. But it soon got tied into clubs, in the military style; and at length it was altogether cropped away, and replaced by brown, and at last by white, round

wigs. Which latter also, though bad wigs, became him not amiss, under his cocked-hat and cockade, says Pöllnitz.* The voice, I guess, even when not loud, was of clangorous and penetrating, quasi-metallic nature; and I learn expressly once, that it had a nasal quality in it.** His majesty spoke through the nose; snuffled his speech, in an earnest ominously plangent manner. In angry moments, which were frequent, it must have been — unpleasant to listen to. For the rest, a handsome man of his inches; conspicuously well-built in limbs and body, and delicately finished-off to the very extremities. His feet and legs, says Pöllnitz, were very fine. The hands, if he would have taken care of them, were beautifully white; fingers long and thin; a hand at once nimble to grasp, delicate to feel, and strong to clutch and hold: what may be called a beautiful hand, because it is the usefullest.

Nothing could exceed his Majesty's simplicity of habitudes. But one loves especially in him his scrupulous attention to cleanliness of person and of environment. He washed like a very Mussulman, five times a day; loved cleanliness in all things, to a superstitious extent; which trait is pleasant in the rugged man, and indeed of a piece with the rest of his character. He is gradually changing all his silk and other cloth room-furniture; in his hatred of dust, he will not suffer a floor-carpet, even a stuffed chair; but insists on having all of wood, where the dust may be prosecuted

* Pöllnitz: *Memoiren* (Berlin, 1791), ii. 568.

** Büsching: *Beiträge*, i. 568.

to destruction.* Wife and womankind, and those that take after them, let such have stuffing and sofas: he, for his part, sits on mere wooden chairs; — sits, and also thinks and acts, after the manner of a Hyperborean Spartan, which he was. He ate heartily, but as a rough farmer and hunter eats; country messes, good roast and boiled; despising the French Cook, as an entity without meaning for him. His favourite dish at dinner was bacon and greens, rightly dressed; what could the French Cook do for such a man? He ate with rapidity, almost with indiscriminate violence; his object not quality but quantity. He drank too, but did not get drunk; at the Doctor's order he could abstain; and had in later years abstained. Pöllnitz praises his fineness of complexion, the originally eminent whiteness of his skin, which he had tanned and bronzed by hard riding and hunting, and otherwise worse discoloured by his manner of feeding and digesting: alas, at last his waistcoat came to measure, I am afraid to say how many Prussian ells, — a very considerable diameter indeed!**

For some years after his accession, he still appeared occasionally in "burgher dress," or unmilitary clothes; "brown English coat, yellow waistcoat" and the other indispensables. But this fashion became rarer with him every year; and ceased altogether (say Chronologists) about the year 1719: after which he appeared always simply as Colonel of the Potsdam Guards (his own Lifeguard Regiment) in simple Prussian uni-

* Förster, i. 208.

** Förster, i. 163.

form: close military coat; blue, with red cuffs and collar, buff waistcoat and breeches, white linen gaiters to the knee. He girt his sword about the loins, well out of the mud; walked always with a thick bamboo in his hand. Steady, not slow of step; with his triangular hat, cream-white round wig (in his older days), and face tending to purple, — the eyes looking-out mere investigation, sharp swift authority, and dangerous readiness to rebuke and set the cane in motion: — it was so he walked abroad in this earth; and the common run of men rather fled his approach than courted it.

For, in fact, he was dangerous; and would ask in an alarming manner, "Who are you?" Any fantastic, much more any suspicious-looking person, might fare the worse. An idle loungee at the street-corner he has been known to hit over the crown; and peremptorily despatch: "Home, Sirrah, and take to some work!" That the Apple-women be encouraged to knit, while waiting for custom; — encouraged and quietly constrained, and at length packed away, and their stalls taken from them, if unconstrainable, — there has, as we observed, an especial rescript been put forth; very curious to read.*

Dandiacal figures, nay people looking like Frenchmen, idle flaunting women even, — better for them to be going. "Who are you?" and if you lied or prevaricated ("*Er blicke mich gerade an*, Look me in the face, then!"), or even stumbled, hesitated, and gave

* In Rödénbeck: *Beiträge*, p. 15.

suspicion of prevaricating, it might be worse for you. A soft answer is less effectual than a prompt clear one, to turn away wrath. "A *Candidatus Theologiæ*, your Majesty," answered a handfast threadbare youth one day, when questioned in this manner. — "Where from?" "Berlin, your Majesty." — "Hm, na, the Berliners are a good-for-nothing set." "Yes, truly, too many of them; but there are exceptions; I know two." — "Two? which then?" "Your Majesty and myself!" — Majesty burst into a laugh: the *Candidatus* was got examined by the Consistoriums, and Authorities proper in that matter, and put into a chaplaincy.

This King did not love the French, or their fashions, at all. We said he dismissed the big Peruke, — put it on for the last time at his Father's funeral, so far did filial piety go; and then packed it aside, dismissing it, nay banishing and proscribing it, never to appear more. The Peruke, and, as it were, all that the Peruke symbolised. For this was a King come into the world with quite other aims than that of wearing big perukes, and, regardless of expense, playing burst-frog to the ox of Versailles, which latter is itself perhaps a rather useless animal. Of Friedrich Wilhelm's taxes upon wigs; of the old "Wig-inspectors," and the feats they did, plucking-off men's periwigs on the street, to see if the government-stamp were there, and to discourage wiggery, at least all but the simple scratch or useful Welsh-wig, among mankind:

of these, and of other similar things, I could speak; but do not. This little incident, which occurred once in the review-ground on the outskirts of Berlin, will suffice to mark his temper in that respect. It was in the spring of 1719; our little Fritz then six years old, who of course heard much temporary confused commentary, direct and oblique, triumphant male laughter, and perhaps rebellious female sighs, on occasion of such a feat.

Count Rothenburg, Prussian by birth,* an accomplished and able person in the diplomatic and other lines of business, but much used to Paris and its ways, had appeared lately in Berlin, as French Envoy, — and, not unnaturally, in high French costume; cocked-hat, peruke, laced coat, and the other trimmings. He, and a group of dashing followers and adherents, were accustomed to go about in that guise; very capable of proving infectious to mankind. What is to be done with them? thinks the anxious Father of his People. They were to appear at the ensuing grand Review, as Friedrich Wilhelm understood. Whereupon Friedrich Wilhelm took his measures in private. Dressed-up, namely, his Scavenger-Executioner people (what they call *Profösse* in Prussian regiments) in an enormous exaggeration of that costume; cocked-hats about an ell in diameter, wigs reaching to the houghs, with other fittings to match: these, when Count Rothenburg and his company appeared upon the ground, Friedrich Wilhelm summoned out, with some trumpet-peal or burst

* Buchholz: *Neueste Preussisch-Brandenburgische Geschichte*, i. 28.

of field-music; and they solemnly crossed Count Rothenburg's field of vision; the strangest set of Phantasms he had seen lately. Awakening salutary reflections in him.* Fancy that scene in History; Friedrich Wilhelm for comic-symbolic Dramaturgist. Gods and men (or at least Houyhnhnm horses) might have saluted it with a Homeric laugh, — so huge and vacant is it, with a suspicion of real humour too: — but the men were not permitted, on parade, more than a silent grin, or general irrepressible rustling murmur; and only the gods laughed inextinguishably, if so disposed. The Scavenger-Executioners went back to their place; and Count Rothenburg took a plain German costume, so long as he continued in those parts.

Friedrich Wilhelm has a dumb rough wit and mockery, of that kind, on many occasions; not without geniality in its Brobdignag exaggeration and simplicity. Like a wild-bear of the woods taking his sport; with some sense of human in the rough skin of him. Very capable of seeing through sumptuous costumes; and respectful of realities alone. Not in French sumptuousness, but in native German thrift, does this King see his salvation; so has Nature constructed him: and the world, which has long lost its Spartans, will see again an original North-German Spartan; and shriek a good deal over him; Nature keeping her own counsel the while, and as it were, laughing in her sleeve at the

* Förster, i. 165; Fassmann, *Leben und Thaten des allerdurchlduchtigsten &c. Königs von Preussen Frederici Wilhelmi* (Hamburg und Breslau, 1735), pp. 223, 319.

shrieks of the flunkey world. For Nature, when she makes a Spartan, means a good deal by it; and does not expect instant applauses, but only gradual and lasting.

“For my own part,” exclaims a certain Editor once, “I
“perceive well there was never yet any great Empire founded,
“Roman, English, down to Prussian or Dutch, nor in fact any
“great mass of work got achieved under the Sun, but it was
“founded even upon this humble-looking quality of Thrift,
“and became achievable in virtue of the same. Which will
“seem a strange doctrine, in these days of gold-nuggets, rail-
“way-fortunes, and miraculous sumptuosities regardless of
“expense. Earnest readers are invited to consider it, never-
“theless. Though new, it is very old; and a sad meaning
“lies in it to us of these times! That you have squandered in
“idle fooleries, building where there was no basis, your Hun-
“dred-thousand Sterling, your Eight-hundred Million Sterling,
“is to me a comparatively small matter. You may still again
“become rich, if you have at last become wise. But if you
“have wasted your capacity of strenuous devoutly valiant
“labour, of patience, perseverance, self-denial, faith in the
“causes of effects; alas, if your once just judgment of what is
“worth something and what is worth nothing, has been
“wasted, and your silent steadfast reliance on the general
“veracities, of yourself and of things, is no longer there, —
“then indeed you have had a loss! You are, in fact, an entirely
“bankrupt individual; as you will find by and by. Yes; and
“though you had California in fee-simple; and could buy all
“the upholsteries, groceries, funded-properties, temporary
“(very temporary) landed-properties of the world, at one
“swoop, it would avail you nothing. Henceforth for you no
“harvests in the Seedfield of this Universe, which reserves its

“salutary bounties, and noble heaven-sent gifts, for quite
“other than you; and I would not give a pin’s value for all
“you will ever reap there. Mere imaginary harvests, sacks of
“nuggets and the like; empty as the east-wind; — with all
“the Demons laughing at you! Do you consider that Nature
“too is a swollen flunkey, hungry for vails; and can be taken-
“in with your sublime airs of sumptuousity, and the large bal-
“ance you actually have in Lombard-street? Go to the —
“General Cesspool, with your nuggets and your ducats!”

The flunkey world, much stript of its plush and fat perquisites, accuses Friedrich Wilhelm bitterly of avarice and the cognate vices. But it is not so; intrinsically, in the main, his procedure is to be defined as honourable thrift, — verging towards avarice here and there; as poor human virtues usually lean to one side or the other! He can be magnificent enough too, and grudges no expense, when the occasion seems worthy. If the occasion is inevitable, and yet not quite worthy, I have known him have recourse to strange shifts. The Czar Peter, for example, used to be rather often in the Prussian Dominions, oftenest on business of his own: such a man is to be royally defrayed while with us; yet one would wish it done cheap. Posthorses, “two-hundred and eighty-seven at every station,” he has from the Community; but the rest of his expenses, from Memel all the way to Wessel? Friedrich Wilhelm’s marginal response to his *Finanz-Directorium*, requiring orders once on that subject, runs in the following strange tenour: “Yes, all the way (except Berlin, which I take upon myself);

and observe, you contrive to do it for 6,000 thalers (900/.)," — which is uncommonly cheap, about 1*l.* per mile; — "won't allow you one other penny (*nit einen Pfennig gebe mehr dazu*); but you are (*sollen Sie*)," this is the remarkable point, "to give out in the world that it costs me from Thirty to Forty Thousand!"* So that here is the Majesty of Prussia, who beyond all men abhors lies, giving orders to tell one? Alas, yes; a kind of lie, or fib (white fib, or even *gray*), the pinch of Thrift compelling! But what a window into the artless inner-man of his Majesty, even that *gray* fib; — not done by oneself, but ordered to be done by the servant, as if that were cheaper!

"Verging upon avarice," sure enough: but, unless we are unjust and unkind, he can by no means be described as a *Miser* King. He collects what is his; gives you accurately what is yours. For wages paid he will see work done: he will ascertain more and more that the work done be work needful for him; and strike it off, if not. A Spartan man, as we said, — though probably he knew as little of the Spartans as the Spartans did of him. But Nature is still capable of such products: if in Hellas long ages since, why not in Brandenburg now?

* 1717: Förster, i. 213.

CHAPTER V.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM'S ONE WAR.

ONE of Fritz's earliest strong impressions from the outer world chanced to be of War, — so it chanced, though he had shown too little taste that way, and could not, as yet, understand such phenomena; — and there must have been much semi-articulate questioning and dialoguing with Dame de Roucoules, on his part, about the matter now going on.

In the year 1715, little Fritz's third year, came grand doings, not of drill only, but of actual war and fighting: the "Stralsund Expedition," Friedrich Wilhelm's one feat in that kind. Huge rumour of which fills naturally the maternal heart, the Berlin Palace drawing-rooms; and occupies, with new vivid interests, all imaginations young and old. For the actual battle-drums are now beating, the big cannon-wains are creaking under way; and military men take farewell, and march, tramp, tramp; Majesty in grenadier-guard uniform at their head: horse, foot and artillery; northward to Stralsund on the Baltic shore, where a terrible human Lion has taken-up his lair lately. Charles XII. of Sweden, namely; he has broken-out of Turkish Bender or Demotica, and ended his obstinate torpor, at last; has ridden fourteen or sixteen days, he and a groom or two, through desolate steppes and mountain

wildernesses, through crowded dangerous cities; — “came by Vienna and by Cassel; then through Pommern;” leaving his “royal train of two-thousand persons” to follow at its leisure. He, for his part, has ridden without pause, forward, ever forward, in darkest incognito, the indefatigable man; — and finally, on Old-Hallowmas Eve (22d-11th November 1714), far in the night, a Horseman, with two others still following him, travel-splashed, and “white with snow,” drew bridle at the gate of Stralsund; and, to the surprise of the Swedish sentinel there, demanded instant admission to the Governor. The Governor, at first a little surly of humour, saw gradually how it was; sprang out of bed, and embraced the knees of the snowy man; Stralsund in general sprang out of bed, and illuminated itself, that same Hallow-Eve: — and in brief, Charles XII., after five years of eclipse, has reappeared upon the stage of things; and menaces the world, in his old fashion, from that City. From which it becomes urgent to many parties, and at last to Friedrich Wilhelm himself, that he be dislodged.

The root of this Stralsund story belongs to the former reign, as did the grand apparition of Charles XII. on the theatre of European History, and the terror and astonishment he created there. He is now thirty-three years old; and only the winding-up, both of him and of the Stralsund story, falls within our present field. Fifteen years ago, it was like the bursting of a cataract of bombshells in a dull ballroom, the sudden appearance

of this young fighting Swede among the luxurious Kings and Kinglets of the North, all lounging about and languidly minuetting in that manner, regardless of expense! Friedrich IV. of Denmark rejoicing over red-wine; August the Strong gradually producing his "three-hundred and fifty-four bastards;"* these and other neighbours had confidently stepped in, on various pretexts; thinking to help themselves from the young man's properties, who was still a minor; when the young minor suddenly developed himself as a major and maximus, and turned-out to be such a Fire-King among them!

In consequence of which there had been no end of Northern troubles; and all through the Louis-Fourteenth or Marlborough grand "Succession War," a special "Northern War" had burnt or smouldered on its own score; Swedes *versus* Saxons, Russians and Danes, bickering in weary intricate contest, and keeping those Northern regions in smoke if not on fire. Charles XII., for the last five years (ever since Pultawa, and the summer of 1709), had lain obstinately dormant in Turkey; urging the Turks to destroy Czar Peter. Which they absolutely could not, though they now and then tried; and Viziers not a few lost their heads in consequence. Charles lay sullenly dormant; Danes meanwhile operating upon his Holstein interests and adjoining territories; Saxons, Russians battering continually at Swedish Pommern, continually marching thither, and then marching home again, without suc-

* *Mémoires de Bareith* (Wilhelmina's Book, Londres, 1812), i. 111.

cess, — always through the Brandenburg Territory, as they needs must. Which latter circumstance Friedrich Wilhelm, while yet only Crown-Prince, had seen with natural displeasure, could that have helped it. But Charles XII. would not yield a whit; sent orders peremptorily, from his bed at Bender or Demotica, that there must be no surrender. Neither could the sluggish enemy compel surrender.

So that, at length, it had grown a feeble wearisome welter of inextricable strifes, with worn-out combatants, exhausted of all but their animosity; and seemed as if it would never end. Inveterate ineffective war; ruinous to all good interests in those parts. What miseries had Holstein from it, which last to our own day! Mecklenburg also it involved in sore troubles, which lasted long enough, as we shall see. But Brandenburg, above all, may be impatient; Brandenburg, which has no business with it except that of unlucky neighbourhood. One of Friedrich Wilhelm's very first operations, as King, was to end this ugly state of matters, which he had witnessed with impatience, as Prince, for a long while.

He had hailed even the Treaty of Utrecht with welcome, in hopes it might at least end these Northern brabbles. This the Treaty of Utrecht tried to do, but could not: however, it gave him back his Prussian Fighting Men; — which he has already increased by six regiments, raised, we may perceive, on the ruins of his late court-flunkies and dismissed goldsticks: — with these Friedrich Wilhelm will try to end it himself.

These he at once ordered to form a Camp on his frontier, close to that theatre of contest; and signified now with emphasis, in the beginning of 1713, that he decidedly wished there were peace in those Pommern regions. Negotiations in consequence;* very wide negotiations, Louis XIV. and the Kaiser lending hand, to pacify these fighting Northern Kings and their Czar: at length the Holstein Government, representing their sworn ally, Charles XII., on the occasion, made an offer which seemed promising. They proposed that Stettin and its dependencies, the strong frontier Town, and, as it were, key of Swedish Pommern, should be evacuated by the Swedes, and be garrisoned by neutral troops, Prussians and Holsteiners in equal number; which neutral troops shall prohibit any hostile attack of Pommern from without, Sweden engaging not to make any attack through Pommern from within. That will be as good as peace in Pommern, till we get a general Swedish Peace. With which Friedrich Wilhelm gladly complies.**

Unhappily, however, the Swedish Commandant in Stettin would not give-up the place, on any representative or secondary authority; not without an express order in his King's own hand. Which, as his King was far away, in abstruse Turkish circumstances and localities, could not be had at the moment; and involved new difficulties and uncertainties, new delay which might itself be fatal. The end was, the Russians and

* 10th June 1713: Buchholz, i. 21.

** 22d June 1713: Buchholz, i. 21.

Saxons had to cannonade the man out by regular siege: they then gave-up the Town to Prussia and Holstein; but required first to be paid their expenses incurred in sieging it, — 400,000 thalers, as they computed and demonstrated, or somewhere about 60,000*l.* of our money.

Friedrich Wilhelm paid the money (Holstein not having a groschen); took possession of the Town, and dependent towns and forts; intending well to keep them till repaid. This was in October 1713; and ever since, there has been actual tranquillity in those parts: the embers of the Northern War may still burn or smoulder elsewhere, but here they are quite extinct. At first, it was a joint possession of Stettin, Holsteiners and Prussians in equal number; and if Friedrich Wilhelm had been sure of his money, so it would have continued. But the Holsteiners had paid nothing; Charles XII.'s sanction never could be expressly got, and the Holsteiners were mere dependents of his. Better to increase our Prussian force, by degrees; and in some good way, with a minimum of violence, get the Holsteiners squeezed out of Stettin? Friedrich Wilhelm has so ordered, and contrived. The Prussian force having now gradually increased to double in this important garrison, the Holsteiners are quietly disarmed, one night, and ordered to depart, under penalties; — which was done. Holding such a pawn-ticket as Stettin, buttoned in our own pocket, we count now on being paid our 60,000*l.* before parting with it.

Matters turned-out as Friedrich Wilhelm had dreaded

they might. Here is Charles XII. come back; inflexible as cold Swedish Iron; will not hear of any Treaty dealing with his properties in that manner: Is he a bankrupt, then, that you will sell his towns by auction? Charles does not, at heart, believe that Friedrich Wilhelm ever really paid the 60,000*l.*; Charles demands. for his own part, to have his own Swedish Town of Stettin restored to him; and has not the least intention, or indeed ability, to pay money. Vain to answer: "Stettin, for the present, is not a Swedish Town; it is a Prussian Pawn-ticket!" — There was much negotiation, correspondence; Louis XIV. and the Kaiser stepping-in again to produce settlement. To no purpose. Louis, gallant old Bankrupt, tried hard to take Charles's part with effect. But he had, himself, no money now; could only try finessing by ambassadors, try a little menacing by them; neither of which profited. Friedrich Wilhelm, wanting only peace on his borders, after fifteen years of extraneous uproar there, has paid 60,000*l.* in hard cash to have it: repay him that sum, with promise of peace on his borders, he will then quit Stettin; till then not. Big words, from a French Ambassador in big wig, will not suffice: "Bullying goes for nothing (*Bange machen gilt nicht*)," — the thing covenanted-for will need to be done! Poor Louis the Great, whom we now call "*Bankrupt-Great*," died while these affairs were pending; while Charles, his ally, was arguing and battling against all the world, with only a grandiloquent Ambassador to help him from Louis. "*J'ai trop aimé la guerre*," said Louis at

his death, addressing a new small Louis (five-years old), his great-grandson and successor: "I have been too fond of war; do not imitate me in that, *ne m'imitiez pas en celà*." * Which counsel also, as we shall see, was considerably lost in air.

Friedrich Wilhelm had a true personal regard for Charles XII., a man made in many respects after his own heart; and would fain have persuaded him into softer behaviour. But it was to no purpose. Charles would not listen to reasons of policy; or believe that his estate was bankrupt, or that his towns could be put in pawn. Danes, Saxons, Russians, even George I. of England (George having just bought, of the Danish King, who had got hold of it, a great Hanover bargain, Bremen and Verden, on cheap terms, from the quasi-bankrupt estate of poor Charles), — have to combine against him, and see to put him down. Among whom Prussia, at length actually attacked by Charles in the Stettin regions, has reluctantly to take the lead in that repressive movement. On the 28th of April 1715, Friedrich Wilhelm declares war against Charles; is already on march, with a great force, towards Stettin, to coerce and repress said Charles. No help for it, so sore as it goes against us: "Why will the very King whom I most respect compel me to be his enemy?" said Friedrich Wilhelm.**

One of Friedrich Wilhelm's originalities is his fare-

* 1st September 1715.

** *Œuvres de Frédéric (Histoire de Brandebourg)*, i. 132; Buchholz, i. 28.

well Order and Instruction, to his Three chief Ministers, on this occasion. Ilgen, Dohna, Prinzen, tacit dusky figures, whom we meet in Prussian Books, and never gain the least idea of, except as of grim, rather cunning, most reserved antiquarian gentlemen, — a kind of human iron-safes, solemnly filled (under triple and quadruple patent-locks) with what, alas, has now all grown waste-paper, dust and cobweb, to us: — these Three reserved cunning Gentlemen are to keep a thrice-watchful eye on all subordinate boards and persons, and see well that nobody nod or do amiss. Brief weekly report to his Majesty will be expected; staf-fettes, should cases of hot haste occur: any questions of yours are “to be put on a sheet of paper folded-down, to which I can write marginalia:” if nothing particular is passing, “*nit schreiben*, you don’t write.” Pay-out no money, except what falls due by the Books; none; — if an extraordinary case for payment arise, consult my Wife, and she must sign her order for it. Generally in matters of any moment, consult my Wife; but her only, “except her and the Privy Councillors, “no mortal is to poke into my affairs:” I say no mortal, “*sonst kein Mensch*.”

“My Wife shall be told of all things,” he says elsewhere, “and counsel asked of her.” The rugged Pater-familias, but the human one! “And as I am a man,” continues he, “and may be shot dead, I command you “and all to take care of Fritz (*für Fritz zu sorgen*), as “God shall reward you. And I give you all, Wife to “begin with, my curse (*meinen Fluch*), that God may

"punish you in Time and Eternity, if you do not, after
 "my death," — do what, O Heavens? — "bury me
 "in the vault of the Schlosskirche," Palace-Church at
 Berlin! "And you shall make no grand to-do (*kein*
"Festin) on the occasion. On your body and life, no
 "festivals and ceremonials, except that the regiments
 "one after the other fire a volley over me." Is not
 this an ursine man-of-genius, in some sort, as we once
 defined him? He adds suddenly, and concludes: "I am
 "assured you will manage everything with all the ex-
 "actness in the world; for which I shall ever zealously,
 "as long as I live, be your friend."*

Russians, Saxons affected to intend joining Fried-
 rich Wilhelm in his Pommern expedition; and of the
 latter there did, under a so-called Field-Marshal von
 Wackerbarth, of high plumes and titles, some four-
 thousand, — of whom only Colonel von Seckendorf,
 commanding one of the horse-regiments, is remarkable
 to us, — come and serve. The rest, and all the Rus-
 sians, he was as well pleased to have at a distance.
 Some sixteen-thousand Danes joined him, too, with the
 King of Denmark at their head; very furious, all,
 against the Swedish-iron Hero; but they were remarked
 to do almost no real service, except at sea a little
 against the Swedish ships. George I. also had a fleet
 in the Baltic; but only "to protect English commerce."
 On the whole, the Siege of Stralsund, to which the
 Campaign pretty soon reduced itself, was done mainly

* 26th April 1715: Cosmars und Klaproths *Staatsrath*, s. 223 (in Stenzel,
 ii. 269).

by Friedrich Wilhelm. He staid two months in Stettin, getting all his preliminaries completed: his good Queen, Wife "Feeekin," was with him, for some time, I know not whether now or afterwards. In the end of June, he issued from Stettin; took the interjacent outpost places; and then opened ground before Stralsund, where, in a few days more, the Danes joined him. It was now the middle of July: a combined army of well-nigh Forty-thousand against Charles; who, to man his works, musters about the fourth part of that number.*

Stralsund, with its outer lines and inner, with its marshes, ditches, ramparts and abundant cannon to them, and leaning, one side of it, on the deep sea, which Swedish ships command as yet, is very strong. Wallenstein, we know, once tried it with furious assault, with bombardment, sap and storm; swore he would have it, "though it hung by a chain from Heaven;" but could not get it, after all his volcanic raging; and was driven away, partly by the Swedes and armed Townsfolk, chiefly by the marsh-fevers and continuous rains. Stralsund has been taken, since that, by Prussian sieging; as old men, from the Great Elector's time, still remember.** To Louis Fourteenth's menacing Ambassador, Friedrich Wilhelm seems to intimate that indeed big bullying words will not take it, but that Prussian guns and men, on a just ground, still may.

* Pauli, viii. 85-101; Buchholz, i. 31-39; Förster, ii. 34-39; Stenzel, iii. 272-278.

** 10th-15th October 1678 (Pauli, v. 203, 205).

The details of this Siege of Stralsund are all on record, and had once a certain fame in the world; but except as a distant echo, must not concern us here. It lasted till mid-winter, under continual fierce counter-movements and desperate sallies from the Swedish Lion, standing at bay there against all the world. But Friedrich Wilhelm was vigilance itself; and he had his Anhalt-Dessaus with him, his Borcks, Buddenbrocks, Finkensteins, veteran men and captains, who had learned their art under Marlborough and Eugene. The Lion King's fierce sallies, and desperate valour, could not avail. Point after point was lost for him. Köppen, a Prussian Lieutenant-Colonel, native to the place, who has bathed in those waters in his youth, remembers that, by wading to the chin, you could get round the extremity of Charles's main outer line. Köppen states his project, gets it approved of; — wades accordingly, with a select party, under cloud of night (4th of November, eve of Gunpowder-day, a most cold-hot job); other ranked Prussian battalions awaiting intently outside, with shouldered firelock, invisible in the dark, what will become of him. Köppen wades successfully; seizes the first battery of said line, — masters said line with its batteries, the outside battalions and he. Irrepressibly, with horrible uproar from without and from within; the flying Swedes scarcely getting-up the Town-drawbridge, as he chased them. That important line is lost to Charles.

Next they took the Isle of Rügen from him, which shuts-up the harbour. Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau, our

rugged friend, in Danish boats, which were but ill navigated, contrives, about a week after that Köppen feat, to effect a landing on Rügen, at nightfall; beats off the weak Swedish party; — entrenches, palisades himself to the teeth, and lies down under arms. That latter was a wise precaution. For, about four in the morning, Charles comes in person, with eight pieces of cannon and four-thousand horse and foot: Charles is struck with amazement at the palisade and ditch (“*Mein Gott*, who would have expected this!” he was heard murmuring); dashes, like a fire-flood, against ditch and palisade; tears at the pales himself, which prove impregnable to his cannon and him. He storms and rages forward, again and again, now here, now there; but is met everywhere by steady deadly musketry; and has to retire, fruitless, about daybreak, himself wounded, and leaving his eight cannons, and four-hundred slain.

Poor Charles, there had been no sleep for him that night, and little for very many nights: “on getting to horse, on the shore at Stralsund, he fainted repeatedly; fell out of one faint into another; but such was his rage, he always recovered himself, and got on horseback again.”* Poor Charles: a bit of right royal Swedish-German stuff, after his kind; and tragically ill bested now at last! This is his exit he is now making, — still in a consistent manner. It is fifteen years now since he waded ashore at Copenhagen, and first heard the bullets whistle round him.

* Buchholz, i. 86.

Since which time, what a course has he run; crushing athwart all manner of ranked armies, diplomatic combinations, right onward, like a cannon-ball; tearing-off many solemn wigs in those Northern parts, and scattering them upon the winds, — even as he did his own full-bottom wig, impatiently, on that first day at Copenhagen, finding it unfuthersome for actual business in battle.*

In about a month hence, the last important hornwork is forced; Charles, himself seen fiercely fighting on the place, is swept back from his last hornwork; and the general storm, now altogether irresistible, is evidently at hand. On entreaty from his followers, entreaty often renewed, with tears even (it is said) and on bended knees, Charles at last consents to go. He left no orders for surrender; would not name the word; "left only ambiguous vague orders." But on the 19th December 1715, he does actually depart; gets on board a little boat, towards a Swedish frigate, which is lying above a mile out; the whole road to which, between Rügen and the mainland, is now solid ice, and has to be cut as he proceeds. This slow operation, which lasted all day, was visible, and its meaning well known, in the besiegers' lines. The King of Denmark saw it; and brought a battery to bear upon it; his thought had always been, that Charles should be captured or killed in Stralsund, and not allowed to get away. Friedrich Wilhelm was of quite another mind, and had even used secret influences to that effect;

* Köhler: *Münzbelustigungen*, xiv. 213.

eager that Charles should escape. It is said, he remonstrated very passionately with the Danish King and this battery of his; nay, some add, since remonstrances did not avail, and the battery still threatened to fire, Friedrich Wilhelm drew-up a Prussian regiment or two at the muzzles of it, and said, You shall shoot us first, then.* Which is a pleasant myth at least; and symbolical of what the reality was.

Charles reached his frigate about nightfall, but made little way from the place, owing to defect of wind. They say, he even heard the chamade beating in Stralsund next day, and that a Danish frigate had nearly taken him; both which statements are perhaps also a little mythical. Certain only that he vanished at this point into Scandinavia; and general Europe never saw him more. Vanished into a cloud of untenable schemes, guided by Alberoni, Baron Görtz and others; wild schemes, financial, diplomatic, warlike, nothing not chimerical in them but his own unquenchable real energy; — and found his death (by assassination, as appears) in the trenches of Frederickshall, among the Norway Hills, one winter night, three years hence. Assassination instigated by the Swedish Official Persons, it is thought. The bullet passed through both his temples; he had clapt his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and was found leant against the parapet, in that attitude, — gone upon a long march now. So vanished Charles Twelfth; the distressed Official Persons and Nobility exploding upon him in that rather damnable

* Buchholz, p. 138 n.

way, — anxious to slip their muzzles at any cost whatever. A man of antique character; true as a child, simple, even bashful, and of a strength and valour rarely exemplified among men. Open-hearted Antique populations would have much worshipped such an Appearance; — Voltaire, too, for the artificial Moderns, has made a myth of him, of another type; one of those impossible cast-iron gentlemen, heroically mad, such as they show in the Playhouses, pleasant but not profitable, to an undiscerning Public.* The last of the Swedish Kings died in this way; and the unmuzzled Official Persons have not made much of kinging it in his stead. Charles died; and, as we may say, took the life of Sweden along with him; for it has never shone among the Nations since, or been much worth mentioning, except for its misfortunes, spasmodic impotences and unwisdoms.

Stralsund instantly beat the chamade, as we heard; and all was surrender and subjection in those regions. Surrender; not yet pacification, not while Charles lived: nor for half-a-century after his death, could Mecklenburg, Holstein-Gottorp, and other his confederates, escape a sad coil of calamities bequeathed by him to them. Friedrich Wilhelm returned to Berlin, victorious from his first, which was also his last, Prussian War, in January 1716; and was doubtless a happy man, *not* "to be buried in the Schlosskirche (under penalty of

* See Alderfeld (*Military History of Charles XII.* London, 1740, 2 vols., "from the Swedish," thro' gh the French) and Köhler (*Münzbelustigungen, ubi supra*), for some authentic traits of his life and him.

God's curse)," but to find his little Fritz and Feekin, and all the world, merry to see him, and all things put square again, abroad as at home. He forbade the "triumphal entry" which Berlin was preparing for him; entered privately; and ordered a thanksgiving-sermon in all the churches next Sunday.

The Devil in harness: Creutz the Finance-Minister.

In the King's absence nothing particular had occurred, — except indeed the walking of a dreadful Spectre, three nights over, in the corridors of the Palace at Berlin; past the doors where our little Prince and Wilhelmina slept: bringing with it not airs from Heaven, we may fear, but blasts from the Other place! The stalwart sentries shook in their paces, and became "half-dead" from terror. "A horrible noise, one night," says Wilhelmina, "when all were buried in sleep: all the world started up, thinking it was fire; but they were much surprised to find that it was a Spectre." Evident Spectre, seen to pass this way, "and glide along that gallery, as if towards the apartments of the Queen's Ladies." Captain of the Guard could find nothing in that gallery, or anywhere, and withdrew again: — but lo, it returns the way it went! Stalwart sentries were found melted into actual deliquium of swooning, as the Preternatural swept-by this second time. "They said, 'It was the Devil in person; raised by Swedish wizards to kill the Prince-Royal.'" * Poor Prince-Royal; sleep-

* Wilhelmina: *Mémoires de Bareith*, 1. 18.

ing sound, we hope; little more than three years old at this time, and knowing nothing of it! — All Berlin talked of the affair. People dreaded it might be a "Spectre" of Swedish tendencies; aiming to burn the Palace, spirit-off the Royal Children, and do one knew not what?

Not that at all, by any means! The Captain of the Guard, reinforcing himself to defiance even of the Preter-natural, does, on the third or fourth apparition, clutch the Spectre; finds him to be — a prowling Scullion of the Palace, employed here he will not say how; who is straight-way locked in prison, and so exorcised at least. Exorcism is perfect; but Berlin is guessing as to the rest, — secret of it discoverable only by the Queen's Majesty and some few most interior parties. To the following effect.

Spectre-Scullion, it turns out, had been employed by Grumkow, as spy upon one of the Queen's Maids of Honour, — suspected by him to be a No-maid of Dishonour, and of ill-intentions too, — who lodges in that part of the Palace; of whom Herr Grumkow wishes intensely to know, "Has she an intrigue with Creutz the new Finance-Minister, or has she not?" "Has, beyond doubt!" the Spectre-Scullion hopes he has discovered, before exorcism. Upon which Grumkow, essentially illuminated as to the required particular, manages to get the Spectre-Scullion loose again, not quite hanged; glozing the matter off to his Majesty on his return: for the rest, ruins entirely the Creutz speculation: and has the No-maid called of Honour, — with

whom Creutz thought to have seduced the young King also, and made the young King amenable, — dismissed from Court in a peremptory irrefragable manner. This is the secret of the Spectre-Scullion, fully revealed by Wilhelmina many years after.

This one short glance into the Satan's Invisible-World of the Berlin Palace, we could not but afford the reader, when an actual Goblin of it happened to be walking in our neighbourhood. Such an Invisible-World of Satan exists in most human Houses, and in all human Palaces; — with its imps, familiar-demons, spies, go-betweens, and industrious bad-angels, continually mounting and descending by *their* Jacob's-Ladder, or Palace Backstairs: operated upon by Conjurors of the Grumkow-Creutz or other sorts. Tyrannous Mamsell Leti,* treacherous Mamsell Ramen, valet-surgeon Eversmann, and plenty more: readers of Wilhelmina's Book are too well acquainted with them. Nor are expert Conjurors wanting; capable to work strange feats with so plastic an element as Friedrich Wilhelm's mind. Let this one short glimpse of such Subterranean World be sufficient indication to the reader's fancy.

Creutz was not dismissed, as some people had ex-

* Leti, Governess to Wilhelmina, but soon dismissed for insolent cruelty and other bad conduct, was daughter of that Gregorio Leti ("Protestant Italian" Refugee, "Historiographer of Amsterdam," &c. &c.), who once had a pension in this country; and who wrote History Books, a *Life of Cromwell* one of them, so regardless of the difference between true and false.

pected he might be. Creutz continues Finance-Minister; makes a great figure in the fashionable Berlin world in these coming years, and is much talked-of in the old Books, — though, as he works mostly underground, and merely does budgets and finance-matters with extreme talent and success, we shall hope to hear almost nothing more of him. Majesty, while Crown-Prince, when he first got his regiment from Papa, had found this Creutz "Auditor" in it; a poor but handsome fellow, with perhaps seven shillings a week to live upon; but with such a talent for arranging, for reckoning and recording, in brief for controlling finance, as more and more charmed the royal mind.*

One of Majesty's first acts was to appoint him Finance-Minister;** and there he continued steady, not to be upset by little flaws of wind like this of the Spectre-Scullion's raising. It is certain he did, himself, become rich; and helped well to make his Majesty so. We are to fancy him his Majesty's bottleholder in that battle with the Finance Nightmares and Imbroglios, when so much had to be subjugated, and drilled into step, in that department. Evidently a longheaded cunning fellow; much of the Grumkow type; — standing very low in Wilhelmina's judgment; and ill-seen, when not avoidable altogether, by the Queen's Majesty. "The man was a poor Country Bailiff's (*Amtmann's*,

* Mauvillon ("Elder Mauvillon," *Anonymous*): *Histoire de Frédéric Guillaume I*, par M. de M*** (Amsterdam et Leipzig, 1741), i. 47. A vague flimsy Compilation; — gives abundant "State Papers" (to such as want them), and echoes of old Newspaper rumour. Very copious on Creutz.

** 4th May 1713: *Preuss*, i. 349 n.

kind of Tax-manager's) son: from Auditor of a regiment," Papa's own regiment, "he had risen to be Director of Finance, and a Minister of State. His "soul was as low as his birth; it was an assemblage of "all the vices," * says Wilhelmina, in the language of exaggeration. — Let him stand by his budgets; keep well out of Wilhelmina's and the Queen's way; — and very especially beware of coming on Grumkow's field again.

* Wilhelmina, i. 16.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

THIS Siege of Stralsund, the last military scene of Charles XII., and the *first* ever practically heard-of by our little Fritz, who is now getting into his fourth year, and must have thought a great deal about it in his little head, — Papa and even Mamma being absent on it, and such a marching and rumouring going on all round him, — proved to be otherwise of some importance to little Fritz.

Most of his Tutors were picked-up by the careful Papa in this Stralsund business. Duhan de Jandun, a young French gentleman, family-tutor to General Count Dohna (a cousin of our Minister Dohna's), but fonder of fighting than of teaching grammar; whom Friedrich Wilhelm found doing soldier's work in the trenches, and liked the ways of; he, as the foundation-stone of tutorage, is to be first mentioned. And then Count Fink von Finkenstein, a distinguished veteran, high in command (of whose qualities as Head-Tutor, or occasional travelling-guardian, Friedrich Wilhelm had experience in his own young days*); and Lieutenant-

* *Biographisches Lexikon aller Helden und Militairpersonen, welche sich in Preussischen Diensten berühmt gemacht haben* (4 vols. Berlin, 1788), i. 418, § Finkenstein. — A praiseworthy, modest, highly correct Book, of its kind; which we shall, in future, call *Militair-Lexikon*, when referring to it.

Colonel Kalkstein, a prisoner-of-war from the Swedish side, whom Friedrich Wilhelm, judging well of him, adopts into his own service with this view: these Three come all from Stralsund Siege; and were of vital moment to our little Fritz in the subsequent time. Colonel Seckendorf, again, who had a command in the Four-thousand Saxons here, and refreshed into intimacy a transient old acquaintance with Friedrich Wilhelm, — is not he too of terrible importance to Fritz and him? As we shall see in time! —

For the rest, here is another little incident. We said it had been a disappointment to Papa that his little Fritz showed almost no appetite for soldiering, but found other sight more interesting to him than the drill-ground. Sympathise, then, with the earnest Papa, as he returns home one afternoon, — date not given, but to all appearance, of that year 1715, when there was such war-rumouring, and marching towards Stralsund; — and found the little Fritz, with Wilhelmina looking over him, strutting about, and assiduously beating a little drum.

The paternal heart ran-over with glad fondness, invoking Heaven to confirm the omen. Mother was told of it; the phenomenon was talked of, — beautifullest, hopefullest of little drummers. Painter Pesne, a French Immigrant, or Importee, of the last reign, a man of great skill with his brush, whom History yet thanks on several occasions, was sent for; or he heard of the incident, and volunteered his services. A Portrait of

little Fritz drumming, with Wilhelmina looking on; to which, probably for the sake of colour and pictorial effect, a Blackamoor, aside with tray in hand, grinning approbation, has been added, — was sketched, and dextrously worked-out in oil, by Painter Pesne. Picture approved by mankind there and then. And it still hangs on the wall, in a perfect state in Charlottenburg Palace; where the judicious tourist may see it without difficulty, and institute reflections on it.

A really graceful little Picture; and certainly, to Prussian men, not without weight of meaning. Nor perhaps to Picture-Collectors and Cognoscenti generally, of whatever country, — if they could forget, for a moment, the coreggiosity of Coreggio, and the learned babble of the Sale-room and varnishing Auctioneer; and think, “Why it is, probably, that Pictures exist in this world, and to what end the divine art of Painting was bestowed, by the earnest gods, upon poor mankind?” I could advise it, once, for a little! Flaying of Saint Bartholomew, Rape of Europa, Rape of the Sabines, Piping and Amours of goat-footed Pan, Romulus suckled by the Wolf: all this, and much else of fabulous, distant, unimportant, not to say impossible, ugly and unworthy, shall pass without undue severity of criticism, in a Household of such opulence as ours, where much goes to waste, and where things are not on an earnest footing for this long while past! As Created Objects, or as Phantasms of such, pictorially done, all this shall have much worth, or shall have little. But I say, Here withal is one not phantasmal,

of indisputable certainty, homegrown, just commencing business, who carried it far!

Fritz is still, if not in "long-clothes," at least in longish and flowing clothes, of the petticoat sort, which look as of dark-blue velvet, very simple, pretty and appropriate; in a cap of the same; has a short raven's feather in the cap; and looks up, with a face and eyes full of beautiful vivacity and child's enthusiasm, one of the beautifullest little figures, while the little drum responds to his bits of drum-sticks. Sister Wilhelmina, taller by some three years, looks on in pretty stooping attitude, and with a graver smile. Blackamoor, and room-furniture elegant enough; and finally the figure of a grenadier, on guard, seen far off through an open window, — make-up the background.

We have Engravings of this Picture; which are of clumsy poor quality, and misrepresent it much: an excellent Copy in oil, what might be called almost a facsimile and the perfection of a Copy, is now (1854) in Lord Ashburton's Collection here in England. In the Berlin Galleries, — which are made-up, like other Galleries, of goat-footed Pan, Europa's Bull, Romulus's She-Wolf, and the coreggiosity of Coreggio; and contain, for instance, no Portrait of Friedrich the Great; no Likenesses at all, or next to none at all, of the noble series of Human Realities, or of any part of them, who have sprung *not* from the idle brains of dreaming Dilettanti, but from the Head of God Almighty, to make this poor authentic Earth a little memorable for us, and to do a little work that may be eternal

there: — in those expensive Halls of “High Art” at Berlin, there were, to my experience, few Pictures more agreeable than this of Pesne's. Welcome, like one tiny islet of Reality amid the shoreless sea of Phantasms, to the reflective mind, seriously loving and seeking what is worthy and memorable, seriously hating and avoiding what is the reverse, and intent not to play the dilettante in this world.

The same Pesne, an excellent Artist, has painted Friedrich as Prince-Royal: a beautiful young man; with *moist*-looking enthusiastic eyes of extraordinary brilliancy, smooth oval face; considerably resembling his Mother. After which period, authentic Pictures of Friedrich are sought-for to little purpose. For, it seems, he never sat to any Painter, in his reigning days; and the Prussian Chodowiecki,* Saxon Graff, English Cunningham, had to pick-up his physiognomy from the distance, intermittently, as they could. Nor is Rauch's grand equestrian Sculpture a thing to be believed, or perhaps pretending much to be so. The commonly-received Portrait of Friedrich, which all German limners can draw at once, — the cocked-hat, big eyes and alert air, reminding you of some uncommonly brisk Invalid Drill-sergeant or Greenwich Pensioner, as much as of a Royal Hero, — is nothing but a general extract and average of all the faces of Friedrich, such as has been tacitly agreed upon; and is definable as a received

* Pronounce *Kodov-yetski*; — and endeavour to make some acquaintance with this ‘Prussian Hogarth,’ who has real worth and originality.

pictorial-myth, by no means as a fact, or credible resemblance of life.

But enough now of Pictures. This of the Little Drummer, the painting and the thing painted which remain to us, may be taken as Friedrich's first appearance on the stage of the world; and welcomed accordingly. It is one of the very few visualities or definite certainties we can lay hold of, in those young years of his, and bring conclusively home to our imagination, out of the waste Prussian dustclouds of unconstructive garrulity which pretend to record them for us. Whether it came into existence as a shadowy emanation from the Stralsund Expedition, can only be matter of conjecture. To judge by size, these figures must have been painted about the year 1715; Fritz some three or four years old, his sister Wilhelmina seven.

It remains only to be intimated, that Friedrich Wilhelm, for his part, had got all he claimed from this Expedition: namely, Stettin with the dependent Towns, and quietness in Pommern. Stettin was, from of old, the capital of his own part of Pommern; thrown in, along with the other part of Pommern, and given to Sweden (from sheer necessity, it was avowed), at the Peace of Westphalia, sixty years ago or more: — and now, by good chance, it has come back. Wait another hundred years, and perhaps Swedish Pommern altogether will come back! But from all this Friedrich Wilhelm is still far. Stettin and quiet are all he dreams of demanding there.

Stralsund he did not reckon his; left it with the Danes, to hold in pawn till some general Treaty. Nor was there farther outbreak of war in those regions; though actual Treaty of Peace did not come till 1720, and make matters sure. It was the new Queen of Sweden, Ulrique Eleonora (Charles's younger Sister, wedded to the young Landgraf of Hessen-Cassel), — much aided by an English Envoy, — who made this Peace with Friedrich Wilhelm. A young English Envoy, called Lord Carteret, was very helpful in this matter; one of his first feats in the diplomatic world. For which Peace* Friedrich Wilhelm was so thankful, good pacific armed-man, that, happening to have a Daughter born to him just about that time, he gave the little creature her Swedish Majesty's name; a new "Ulrique," who grew to proper stature, and became notable in Sweden, herself, by and by.**

* Stockholm, 21st January 1720: in Mauvillon (i. 380-417) the Document itself at large.

** Louisa Ulrique, born 24th July 1720; Queen of Sweden in time coming.

CHAPTER VII.

TRANSIT OF CZAR PETER.

IN the autumn of 1717, Peter the Great, coming home from his celebrated French journey, paid Friedrich Wilhelm a visit; and passed four days at Berlin. Of which let us give one glimpse, if we can with brevity.

Friedrich Wilhelm and the Czar, like in several points, though so dissimilar in others, had always a certain regard for one another; and at this time, they had been brought into closer intercourse by their common peril from Charles XII., ever since that Stralsund business. The peril was real, especially with a Görtz and Alberoni putting hand to it; and the alarm, the rumour, and uncertainty were great in those years. The wounded Lion driven indignant into his lair, with Plotting Artists now operating upon the rage of the noble animal: who knows what spring he will next take?

George I. had a fleet cruising in the Baltic Sounds, and again a fleet; — paying, in that oblique way, for Bremen and Verden; which were got, otherwise, such a bargain to his Hanover. Czar Peter had marched an Army into Denmark; united Russians and Danes count Fifty-thousand there; for a conjunct invasion, and probable destruction, of Sweden: but that came

to nothing; Charles looking across upon it too dangerously, "visible in clear weather over from the Danish side."* So Peter's troops have gone home again; Denmark too glad to get them away. Perhaps they would have staid in Denmark altogether; much liking the green pastures and convenient situation, — had not Admiral Norris with his cannon been there! Perhaps? And the Pretender is coming again, they say? And who knows what is coming? — How Görtz, in about a year hence, was laid hold of, and let go, and then ultimately tried and beheaded (once his lion Master was disposed of);** how, Ambassador Cellamare, and the Spanish part of the Plot, having been discovered in Paris, Cardinal Alberoni at Madrid was discovered, and the whole mystery laid bare: all that mad business, of bringing the Pretender into England, throwing-out George I., throwing-out the Regent d'Orleans, and much more, — is now sunk silent enough, not worthy of reawakening; but it was then a most loud matter; filling the European Courts, and especially that of Berlin, with rumours and apprehensions. No wonder Friedrich Wilhelm was grateful for that Swedish Peace of his, and named his little Daughter "Ulrique" in honour of it. Tumultuous cloud-world of Lapland Witchcraft had ceased hereby, and daylight had begun: old women (or old Cardinals) riding through the sky, on broomsticks, to meet Satan, where now

* 1716: Fassmann, p. 171.

** 19th March 1719: see Köhler (*Münzbelustigungen*, vi. 233-240, xvii. 297-304) for many curious details of Görtz and his end.

are they? The fact still dimly perceptible is, Europe, thanks to that pair of Black-Artists, Görtz and Alberoni, not to mention Law the Finance-Wizard and his French incantations, had been kept generally, for those three or four years past, in the state of a Haunted House; riotous Goblins, of unknown dire intent, walking now in this apartment of it, now in that; no rest anywhere for the perturbed inhabitants.

As to Friedrich Wilhelm, his plan, in 1717, as all along in this bewitched state of matters, was: To fortify his Frontier Towns; Memel, Wesel, to the right and left; especially to fortify Stettin, his new acquisition; — and to put his Army, and his Treasury (or *Army-Chest*), more and more in order. In that way we shall better meet whatever goblins there may be, thinks Friedrich Wilhelm. Count Lottum, hero of the Prussians at Malplaquet, is doing his scientific uttermost in Stettin and those Frontier Towns. For the rest, his Majesty, invited by the Czar and France, has been found willing to make paction with them, as he is with all pacific neighbours. In fact, the Czar and he had their private Conference, at Havelberg, last year, — Havelberg, some sixty miles from Berlin, on the road towards Denmark, as Peter was passing that way; — ample Conference of five days;* — privately agreeing there, about many points conducive to tranquillity.

And it was on that same errand, though ostensibly

* 23-28th November 1716: Fassmann, p. 172.

to look after Art and the higher forms of Civilisation so-called, that Peter had been to France on this celebrated occasion of 1717. We know he saw much Art withal; saw Marly, Trianon and the grandeurs and politenesses; — saw, among other things “a Medal of “himself fall accidentally at his feet;” polite Medal “just getting struck in the Mint, with a Rising Sun on “it; and the motto, VIRES ACQUIRIT EUNDO.”* Ostensibly it was to see *cette belle France*; but privately withal the Czar wished to make his bargain, with the Régent d'Orléans, as to these goblins walking in the Northern and Southern parts, and what was to be done with them. And the result has been, the Czar, Friedrich Wilhelm and the said Regent have just concluded an Agreement;** undertaking, in general, that the goblins shall be well watched; that they Three will stand-by one another in watching them. And now the Czar will visit Berlin in passing homewards again. That is the position of affairs, when he pays this visit. Peter had been in Berlin more than once before; but almost always in a succinct rapid condition; never with his “Court” about him till now. This is his last, and by far his greatest, appearance in Berlin.

Such a transit, of the Barbaric semi-fabulous Sovereignities, could not but be wonderful to everybody

* Voltaire: *Œuvres Complètes (Histoire du Czar Pierre)*, xxxi. 336. — Köhler, in *Münzbelustigungen*, xvii. 386-392 (this very Medal the subject), gives authentic account, day by day, of the Czar's visit there.

** 4th August 1717: Buchholz, i. 43.

there. It evidently struck Wilhelmina's fancy now in her ninth year, very much. What her little Brother did in it, or thought of it, I nowhere find hinted; conclude only that it would remain in his head too, visible occasionally to the end of his life. Wilhelmina's Narrative, very loose, dateless or misdated, plainly wrong in various particulars, has still its value for us: human eyes, even a child's, are worth something, in comparison to human want-of-eyes, which is too frequent in History-books and elsewhere! — Czar Peter is now fifty-five, his Czarina Catherine about thirty-three. It was in 1698 that he first passed this way, going towards Sardam and practical Shipbuilding: within which twenty years, what a spell of work done! Victory of Pultawa is eight years behind him;* victories in many kinds are behind him: by this time he is to be reckoned a triumphant Czar; and is certainly the strangest mixture of heroic virtue and brutish Samoiedic savagery the world at any time had.

It was Sunday, 19th September 1717, when the Czar arrived in Berlin. Being already sated with scenic parades, he had begged to be spared all ceremony; begged to be lodged in Monbijou, the Queen's little Garden-Palace, with river and trees round it, where he hoped to be quietest. Monbijou has been set apart accordingly; the Queen, not in the benignantest humour, sweeping all her crystals and brittle things away; knowing the manners of the Muscovites. Nor in the way of ceremony was there much: King and

* 27th June 1709.

Queen drove-out to meet him; rampart-guns gave three big salvoes, as the Czarish Majesty stept forth. "I am glad to see you, my Brother Friedrich," said Peter, in German, his only intelligible language; shaking hands with the Brother Majesty, in a cordial human manner. The Queen he, still more cordially, "would have kissed;" but this she evaded, in some graceful, effective way. As to the Czarina, — who, for *obstetric* and other reasons, of no moment to us, had staid in Wesel all the time he was in France, — she followed him now at two-days distance; not along with him, as Wilhelmina has it. Wilhelmina says, she kissed the Queen's hand, and again and again kissed it; begged to present her Ladies, — "about four-hundred so-called Ladies, who were of her Suite." — Surely not so many as Four-hundred, you too-witty Princess? "Mere German 'serving-maids for most part," says the witty Princess; "Ladies when there is occasion, then acting as chamber-maids, cooks, washerwomen, when that is over."

Queen Sophie was averse to salute these creatures; but the Czarina Catherine making reprisals upon our Margravines, and the King looking painfully earnest in it, she prevailed upon herself. Was there ever seen such a travelling tagraggery of a Sovereign Court before? "Several of these creatures" (*presque toutes*, says the exaggerative Princess) "had, in their arms, a 'baby in rich dress; and if you asked, 'Is that yours, 'then?' they answered, making salaams in Russian 'style, 'The Czar did me the honour (*m'a fait l'honneur* 'de me faire cet enfant)!'" —

Which statement, if we deduct the due 25 per-cent, is probably not mythic, after all. A day or two ago, the Czar had been at Magdeburg, on his way hither, intent upon inspecting matters there; and the Official Gentlemen, — President Cocceji (afterwards a very celebrated man) at the head of them, — waited on the Czar, to do what was needful. On entering, with the proper Address or complimentary Harangue, they found his Czarish Majesty “standing between two Russian Ladies,” clearly Ladies of the above sort; for they stood close by him, one of his arms was round the neck of each, and his hands amused themselves by taking liberties in that posture, all the time Cocceji spoke. Nay, even this was as nothing among the Magdeburg phenomena. Next day, for instance, there appeared in the audience-chamber a certain Serene high-pacing Duke of Mecklenburg, with his Duchess; — thrice-unfortunate Duke, of whom we shall too often hear again; who after some adventures, under Charles XII. first of all, and then under the enemies of Charles, had, about a year ago, after divorcing his first Wife, married a Niece of Peter’s: — Duke and Duchess arrive now, by order or gracious invitation of their Sovereign Uncle, to accompany him in those parts; and are announced to an eager Czar, giving audience to his select Magdeburg public. At sight of which most desirable Duchess and Brother’s Daughter, how Peter started up, satyr-like, clasping her in his arms, and snatching her into an inner room, with the door left ajar, and there — It is too Samoiedic for human speech; and would excel

belief, were not the testimony so strong.* A Duke of Mecklenburg, it would appear, who may count himself the *Non-plus-ultra* of Husbands, in that epoch; — as among Sovereign Rulers, too, in a small or great way, he seeks his fellow for ill luck!

Duke and Duchess accompanied the Czar to Berlin, where Wilhelmina mentions them, as presentees; part of these "four-hundred" anomalies. They took the Czar home with them to Mecklenburg: where indeed some Russian Regiments of his, left here on their return from Denmark, had been very useful in coercing the rebellious Rittershaft (*Knightage*, or Landed-Gentry) of this Duke, — till at length the general outcry, and voice of the Reich itself, had ordered the said Regiments to get on march again, and take themselves away.** For all is rebellion, passive-rebellion, in Mecklenburg; taxes being so indispensable; and the Knights so disinclined; and this Duke a Sovereign, — such as we may construe from his quarrelling with almost everybody, and his *not* quarrelling with an Uncle Peter of that kind.*** His troubles as Sovereign Duke, his flights to Dantzic, oustings, returns, law-pleadings and foolish confusions, lasted all his life, thirty years to come; and were bequeathed as a sorrowful legacy to Posterity and

* Pöllnitz (*Memoiren*, ii. 95) gives Friedrich Wilhelm as voucher, "who used to relate it as from eye-and-ear witnesses."

** The *last* of them, "July 1717;" two months ago. (*Michaelis*, ii. 418.)

*** One poor hint, on his behalf, let us not omit: "*Wife* quitted him in 1719, and lived at Moscow afterwards!" (General Mannstein: *Memoirs of Russia*, London, 1770, p. 27 n.)

the neighbouring Countries. Voltaire says, the Czar wished to buy his Duchy from him.* And truly, for this wretched Duke, it would have been good to sell it at any price: but there were other words than his to such a bargain, had it ever been seriously meditated. By this extraordinary Duchess, he becomes Father (real or putative) of a certain Princess, whom we may hear of; and through her again is Grandfather of an unfortunate Russian Prince, much bruited about, as "the murdered Iwan," in subsequent times. With such a Duke and Duchess let our acquaintance be the *minimum* of what necessity compels.

Wilhelmina goes by hearsay hitherto; and, it is to be hoped, had heard nothing of these Magdeburg-Mecklenburg phenomena; but after the Czarina's arrival, the little creature saw with her own eyes:

"Next day," that is Wednesday 22d, "the Czar and his Spouse came to return the Queen's visit; and I saw the Court "myself." Palace Grand-Apartments; Queen advancing a due length, even to the outer guard-room; giving the Czarina her right hand, and leading her into her audience-chamber in that distinguished manner: King and Czar followed close; — and here it was that Wilhelmina's personal experiences began. "The Czar at once recognised me, having seen me before five "years ago" (March 1713). "He caught me in his arms; fell "to kissing me, like to flay the skin off my face. I boxed his "ears, sprawled, and struggled with all my strength; saying "I would not allow such familiarities, and that he was dishonouring me. He laughed greatly at this idea; made

* Ubi suprà, xxxi. 414.

“peace, and talked a long time with me. I had got my lesson: “I spoke of his fleet and his conquests; — which charmed him “so much, that he said more than once to the Czarina, ‘If he “could have a child like me, he would willingly give one of his “Provinces in exchange.’ The Czarina also caressed me a “good deal. The Queen” (Mamma) “and she placed them- “selves under the dais, each in an arm-chair” of proper dignity; “I was at the Queen’s side, and the Princesses of the “Blood,” Margravines above spoken of, “were opposite to “her,” — all in a standing posture, as is proper.

“The Czarina was a little stumpy body, very brown, and “had neither air nor grace; you needed only look at her, to “guess her low extraction.” It is no secret, she had been a kitchen-wench in her Lithuanian native country; afterwards a female of the kind called unfortunate, under several figures. however, she saved the Czar once, by her ready-wit and courage, from a devouring Turkish Difficulty, and he made her fortunate and a Czarina, to sit under the dais as now. “With her huddle of clothes, she looked for all the world like “a German Playactress; her dress, you would have said, had “been bought at a second-hand shop; all was out of fashion, “all was loaded with silver and greasy dirt. The front of her “bodice she had ornamented with jewels in a very singular “pattern: A double-eagle in embroidery, and the plumes of it “set with poor little diamonds, of the smallest possible carat, “and very ill mounted. All along the facing of her gown were “Orders and little things of metal; a dozen Orders, and as “many Portraits of saints, of relics and the like; so that when “she walked, it was with a jingling, as if you heard a mule “with bells to its harness.” — Poor little Czarina; shifty nut-brown fellow-creature, strangely chased-about from the bottom to the top of this world; it is evident she does not succeed at Queen Sophie Dorothee’s Court! —

“The Czar, on the other hand, was very tall, and might be “called handsome,” continues Wilhelmina: “his countenance “was beautiful, but had something of savage in it which put “you in fear.” Partly a kind of Milton’s-Devil physiognomy? The Portraits give it rather so. Archangel not quite ruined, yet in sadly ruinous condition; its heroism so bemired, — with a turn for strong-drink, too, at times! A physiognomy to make one reflect. “His dress was of sailor fashion, coat altogether “plain.”

“The Czarina, who spoke German very ill herself, and did “not understand well what the Queen said, beckoned to her “Fool to come near,” — a poor female creature, who had once been a Princess Galitzin, but having got into mischief, had been excused to the Czar by her high relations as mad, and saved from death or Siberia, into her present strange harbour of refuge. With her the Czarina talked in unknown Russ, evidently “laughing much and loud,” till Supper was announced.

“At table,” continues Wilhelmina, “the Czar placed himself beside the Queen. It is understood this Prince was “tempted with poison in his youth, and that something of it “had settled on his nerves ever after. One thing is certain, “there took him very often a sort of convulsion, like Tic or St.-Vitus, which it was beyond his power to control. That happened at table now. He got into contortions, gesticulations; “and as the knife was in his hand, and went dancing about “within armslength of the Queen, it frightened her, and she “motioned several times to rise. The Czar begged her not to “mind, for he would do her no ill; at the same time he took “her by the hand, which he grasped with such violence that “the Queen was forced to shriek-out. This set him heartily “laughing; saying she had not bones of so hard a texture as “his Catherine’s. Supper done, a grand Ball had been got

“ready; but the Czar escaped at once, and walked home by himself to Monbijou, leaving the others to dance.”

Wilhelmina's story of the Cabinet of Antiques; of the Indecent little Statue there, and of the orders Catherine got to kiss it, with a “*Kopf ab* (Head off, if you won't)!” from the bantering Czar, whom she had to obey, — is not incredible, after what we have seen. It seems, he begged this bit of Antique Indecency from Friedrich Wilhelm; who, we may fancy, would give him such an article with especial readiness. That same day, fourth of the Visit, Thursday, 23d of the month, the august Party went its ways again; Friedrich Wilhelm convoying “as far as Potsdam;” Czar and Suite taking that route towards Mecklenburg, where he still intends some little pause before proceeding homeward. Friedrich Wilhelm took farewell; and never saw the Czar again.

It was on this Journey, best part of which is now done, that the famous Order bore, “Do it for six-thousand thalers; won't allow you one other penny (*nicht einen Pfennig gebe mehr dazu*); but give out to the world “that it costs me thirty or forty thousand!” Nay, it is on record that the sum proved abundant, and even superabundant, near half of it being left as overplus.* The hospitalities of Berlin, Friedrich Wilhelm took upon himself, and he has done them as we see. You shall defray his Czarish Majesty, to the last Prussian milestone; punctually, properly, though with thrift!

* Förster, i. 215.

Peter's *viaticum*, the Antique Indecency, Friedrich Wilhelm did not grudge to part with; glad to purchase the Czar's goodwill by coin of that kind. Last year, at Havelberg, he had given the Czar an entire Cabinet of Amber Articles, belonging to his late Father. Amber Cabinet, in the lump; and likewise such a Yacht, for shape, splendour and outfit, as probably Holland never launched before; — Yacht also belonging to his late Father, and without value to Friedrich Wilhelm. The old King had got it built in Holland, regardless of expense, — 15,000*l.*, they say, perhaps as good as 50,000*l.* now; — and it lay at Potsdam: good for what? Friedrich Wilhelm sent it down the Havel, down the Elbe, silk sailors and all, towards Hamburg and Petersburg, with a great deal of pleasure. For the Czar, and peace and goodwill with the Czar, was of essential value to him. Neither, at any rate, is the Czar a man to take gifts without return. Tall fellows for soldiers: that is always one prime object with Friedrich Wilhelm; for already these Potsdam Guards of his are getting ever more gigantic. Not less an object, though less an ideal or *poetic* one (as we once defined), was this other, To find buyers for the Manufactures, new and old, which he was so bent on encouraging. "It is astonishing, what quantities of cloth, of "hardware, salt, and all kinds of manufactured articles "the Russians buy from us," say the old Books; — "see how our 'Russian Company' flourishes!" In both these objects, not to speak of peace and goodwill in general, the Czar is our man.

Thus, this very Autumn, there arrive, astonished and astonishing, no fewer than a Hundred-and-fifty human figures (one-half *more* than were promised), probably from seven to eight feet high; the tallest the Czar could riddle out from his Dominions: what a windfall to the Potsdam Guard and its Colonel-King! And all succeeding Autumns the like, so long as Friedrich Wilhelm lived; every Autumn, out of Russia a Hundred of the tallest mortals living. Invaluable, — to a “man of genius” mounted on his hobby! One’s “stanza” can be polished at this rate.

In return for these Russian sons of Anak, Friedrich Wilhelm grudged not to send German smiths, millwrights, drill-sergeants, cannoneers, engineers; having plenty of them. By whom, as Peter well calculated, the inert opaque Russian mass might be kindled into luminosity and vitality; and drilled to know the Art of War, for one thing. Which followed accordingly. And it is observable, ever since, that the Russian Art of War has a tincture of *German* in it (solid German, as contradistinguished from unsolid Revolutionary-French); and hints to us of Friedrich Wilhelm and the Old-Dessauer, to this hour. — *Exeant* now the Barbaric semi-fabulous Sovereignties, till wanted again.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CROWN-PRINCE IS PUT TO HIS SCHOOLING.

IN his seventh year, young Friedrich was taken out of the hands of the women; and had Tutors and Sub-Tutors of masculine gender, who had been nominated for him some time ago, actually set to work upon their function. These we have already heard of; they came from Stralsund Siege, all the principal hands.

Duhan de Jandun, the young French gentleman who had escaped from grammar-lessons to the trenches, he is the practical teacher. Lieutenant-General Graf Fink von Finkenstein, and Lieutenant-Colonel von Kalkstein, they are Head Tutor (*Oberhofmeister*) and Sub-Tutor; military men both, who had been in many wars besides Stralsund. By these Three he was assiduously educated, subordinate schoolmasters working under them when needful, in such branches as the paternal judgment would admit; the paternal object and theirs being to infuse useful knowledge, reject useless, and wind-up the whole into a military finish. These appointments, made at different precise dates, took effect, all of them, in the year 1719.

Duhan, independently of his experience in the trenches, appears to have been an accomplished, ingenious and conscientious man; who did credit to Friedrich Wilhelm's judgment; and to whom Friedrich professed

himself much indebted in after-life. Their progress in some of the technical branches, as we shall perceive, was indisputably unsatisfactory. But the mind of the Boy seems to have been opened by this Duhan, to a lively, and in some sort genial, perception of things round him; — of the strange confusedly opulent Universe he had got into; and of the noble and supreme function which Intelligence holds there; supreme, in Art as in Nature, beyond all other functions whatsoever. Duhan was now turned of thirty: a cheerful amiable Frenchman; poor, though of good birth and acquirements; originally from Champagne. Friedrich loved him very much; always considered him his spiritual father; and to the end of Duhan's life, twenty years hence, was eager to do him any good in his power. Anxious always to repair, for poor Duhan, the great sorrows he came to on his account, as we shall see.

Of Graf Fink von Finkenstein, who has had military experiences of all kinds and all degrees, from marching as prisoner into France, "wounded and without his hat," to fighting at Malplaquet, at Blenheim, even at Steenkirk, as well as Stralsund; who is now in his sixtieth year, and seems to have been a gentleman of rather high solemn manners, and indeed of undeniable perfections, — of this supreme Count Fink we learn almost nothing farther in the Books, except that his little Pupil did not dislike him either. The little Pupil took not unkindly to Fink; welcoming any benignant human ray, across these lofty gravities of the *Oberhof-*

meister; went often to his house in Berlin; and made acquaintance with Two young Finks about his own age, whom he found there, and who became important to him, especially the younger of them, in the course of the future.* This Pupil, it may be said, is creditably known for his attachment to his Teachers and others; an attached and attaching little Boy.

Of Kalkstein, a rational, experienced and earnest kind of man, though as yet but young, it is certain also that the little Fritz loved him; and furthermore that the Great Friedrich was grateful to him, and had a high esteem of his integrity and sense. "My master, Kalkstein," used to be his designation of him, when the name chanced to be mentioned in after-times. They continued together, with various passages of mutual history, for forty years afterwards, till Kalkstein's death. Kalkstein is at present twenty-eight, the youngest of the three Tutors; then, and ever after, an altogether downright correct soldier and man. He is of Preussen, or Prussia Proper, this Kalkstein; — of the same kindred as that mutinous Kalkstein, whom we once heard of, who was "rolled in a carpet," and kidnapped out of Warsaw, in the Great Elector's time. Not a direct descendant of that beheaded Kalkstein's, but, as it were, his *nephew* so many times removed. Preussen is now far enough from mutiny; subdued, with all its Kalksteins, into a respectful silence, not lightly using the right even of petition, or submissive remonstrance,

* Zedlitz-Neukirch: *Preussisches Adels-Lexikon* (Leipzig, 1836), ii. 168. *Militair-Lexikon*, i. 420.

which it may still have. Nor, except on the score of parliamentary eloquence, and newspaper copyright, does it appear that Preussen has suffered by the change.

How these Fink-Kalkstein functionaries proceeded in the great task they had got, — very great task, had they known what Pupil had fallen to them, — is not directly recorded for us, with any sequence or distinctness. We infer only that everything went by inflexible routine; not asking at all, *What* pupil? — nor much, *Whether* it would suit any pupil? Duhan, with the tendencies we have seen in him, who is willing to soften the inflexible when possible, and to “guide Nature” by a rather loose rein, was probably a genial element in the otherwise strict affair. Fritz had one unspeakable advantage, rare among princes and even among peasants in these ruined ages: that of *not* being taught, or in general not, by the kind called “Hypocrites, and even Sincere-Hypocrites,” — fatallest species of the class *Hypocrite*. We perceive he was lessoned, all along, not by enchanted Phantasms of that dangerous sort, breathing mendacity of mind, unconsciously, out of every look; but by real Men, who believed from the heart outwards, and were daily doing, what they taught. To which unspeakable advantage we add a second, likewise considerable: That his masters, though rigorous, were not unlovable to him; — that his affections, at least, were kept alive; that whatever of seed (or of chaff and hail, as was likelier) fell on his mind, had *sunshine* to help in dealing with it. These are two ad-

vantages still achievable, though with difficulty, in our epoch, by an earnest father in behalf of his poor little son. And these are, at present, nearly all; with these well achieved, the earnest father and his son ought to be thankful. Alas, in matter of education, there are no highroads at present; or there are such only as do *not* lead to the goal. Fritz, like the rest of us, had to struggle his way, Nature and Didactic Art differing very much from one another; and to do battle, incessant partial battle, with his schoolmasters for any education he had.

A very rough Document, giving Friedrich Wilhelm's regulations on this subject, from his own hand, has come down to us. Most dull, embroiled, heavy Document; intricate, gnarled, and, in fine, rough and stiff as natural bullheadedness helped by Prussian pipeclay can make it; — contains some excellent hints, too; and will show us something of Fritzchen and of Friedrich Wilhelm both at once. That is to say, always, if it can be read! If by aid of abridging, elucidating and arranging, we can get the reader engaged to peruse it patiently; — which seems doubtful. The points insisted on, in a ponderous but straggling confused manner, by his didactic Majesty, are chiefly these:

1^o. “Must impress my Son with a proper love and fear of
“God, as the foundation and sole pillar of our temporal and
“eternal welfare. No false religions, or sects of Atheist, Arian
“(Arrian), Socinian, or whatever name the poisonous things

“have, which can so easily corrupt a young mind, are to be
“even named in his hearing: on the other hand, a proper ab-
“horrence (*Abscheu*) of Papistry, and insight into its baseless-
“ness and nonsensicality (*Ungrund und Absurdität*), is to be
“communicated to him:” — Papistry, which is false enough,
like the others, but impossible to be ignored like them; men-
tion that, and give him due abhorrence for it. For we are
Protestant to the bone in this country; and cannot stand *Ab-*
surdität, least of all hypocritically-religious ditto! But the
grand thing will be, “To impress on him the true religion,
“which consists essentially in this, That Christ died for all
“men,” and generally that the Almighty’s justice is eternal
and omnipresent, — “which consideration is the only means
“of keeping a sovereign person (*souveraine Macht*), or one
“freed from human penalties, in the right way.”

2°. “He is to learn no Latin;” observe that, however it
may surprise you. What has a living German man and King,
of the eighteenth Christian *Sæculum*, to do with dead old
Heathen Latins, Romans, and the lingo *they* spoke their
fraction of sense and nonsense in? Frightful, how the young
years of the European Generations have been wasted, for ten
centuries back; and the Thinkers of the world have become
mere walking Sacks of Marine-stores, ‘*Gelehrten*, Learned,’
as they call themselves; and gone *lost* to the world, in that
manner, as a set of confiscated Pedants; — babbling about
said Heathens, and *their* extinct lingo and fraction of sense and
nonsense, for the thousand years last past! Heathen Latins,
Romans; — who perhaps were no great things of Heathen,
after all, if well seen into? I have heard judges say, they were
inferior, in real worth and grist, to German homegrowths we
have had, if the confiscated Pedants could have discerned it!
At any rate, they are dead, buried deep, these two-thousand
years; well out of our way; — and nonsense enough of our

own left, to keep sweeping into corners. Silence about their lingo and them, to this new Crown-Prince! "Let the Prince learn French and German," so as to write and speak, "with brevity and propriety," in these two languages, which may be useful to him in life. That will suffice for languages, — provided he have anything effectually rational to say in them. For the rest,

3^o. "Let him learn Arithmetic, Mathematics, Artillery, — Economy to the very bottom." And, in short, useful knowledge generally; useless ditto not at all. "History in particular; — Ancient History only slightly (*nur überhin*); — but the History of the last Hundred-and-fifty Years to the exactest pitch. The *Jus Naturale* and *Jus Gentium*," by way of handlamp to History, "he must be completely master of; as also of Geography, whatever is remarkable in each Country. And in Histories, most especially the History of the House of Brandenburg; where he will find domestic examples, which are always of more force than foreign. And along with Prussian History, chiefly that of the Countries which have been connected with it, as England, Brunswick, Hessen and the others. And in reading of wise History-books there must be considerations made (*sollen beym Lesen kluger Historiarum Betrachtungen gemacht werden*) upon the causes of the events." — Surely, O King!

4^o. "With increasing years, you will more and more, to a most especial degree, go upon Fortification," — mark you! — "the Formation of a Camp, and the other War-Sciences; that the Prince may, from youth upwards, be trained to act as Officer and General, and to seek all his glory in the soldier profession." This is whither it must all tend. You, Finkenstein and Kalkstein, "have both of you, in the highest measure, to make it your care to infuse into my Son" (*einzuprägen*, stamp into him) "a true love for the Soldier business,

"and to impress on him that, as there is nothing in the world
 "which can bring a Prince renown and honour like the sword,
 "so he would be a despised creature before all men, if he did
 "not love it, and seek his sole glory (*die einzige Gloria*)
 "therein."* Which is an extreme statement of the case;
 showing how much we have it at heart.

These are the chief Friedrich-Wilhelm traits; the rest of the Document corresponds in general to what the late Majesty had written for Friedrich Wilhelm himself on the like occasion.** Ruthless contempt of Useless Knowledge; and passionate insight into the distinction between Useful and Useless, especially into the worth of Soldiering as a royal accomplishment, are the chief peculiarities here. In which latter point too Friedrich Wilhelm, himself the most pacific of men, unless you pulled the whiskers of him, or broke into his goods and chattels, knew very well what he was meaning, — much better than we of the "Peace Society," and "Philanthropic Movement," could imagine at first sight! It is a thing he, for his part, is very decided upon.

Already, a year before this time,*** there had been instituted, for express behoof of little Fritz, a miniature Soldier Company, above a hundred strong; which grew afterwards to be near three-hundred, and indeed rose to be a permanent Institution by degrees; called *Kompagnie der Kronprinzlichen Kadetten* (Company of Crown-Prince Cadets). A hundred-and-ten boys about his own

* Preuss, i. 11-14 (of date 13th August 1718).

** Stenzel, iii. 572.

*** 1st September 1717: Preuss, i. 13.

age, sons of noble families, had been selected from the three Military Schools then extant, as a kind of tiny regiment for him; where, if he was by no means commander all at once, he might learn his exercise in fellowship with others. Czar Peter, it is likely, took a glance of this tiny regiment just getting into rank and file there; which would remind the Czar of his own young days. An experienced Lieutenant-Colonel was appointed to command in chief. A certain handy and correct young fellow, Rentzel by name, about seventeen, who already knew his fugling to a hairs-breadth, was Drill-master; and exercised them all, Fritz especially, with due strictness; till, in the course of time and of attainments, Fritz could himself take the head charge. Which he did duly, in a year or two: a little soldier thenceforth; properly strict, though of small dimensions; in tight blue bit of coat and cocked hat: — miniature image of Papa (it is fondly hoped and expected), resembling him as a sixpence does a half-crown. In 1721 the assiduous Papa set-up a “little arsenal” for him, “in the Orange Hall of the Palace:” there let him, with perhaps a chosen comrade or two, mount batteries, fire exceedingly small brass ordnance, — his Engineer-Teacher, one Major von Senning, limping about (on corkleg), and superintending if needful.

Rentzel, it is known, proved an excellent Drill-sergeant; — had good talents everyway, and was a man of probity and sense. He played beautifully on the flute too, and had a cheerful conversible turn; which naturally recommended him still farther to Fritz; and

awoke or encouraged, among other faculties, the musical faculty, in the little Boy. Rentzel continued about him, or in sight of him, through life; advancing, gradually, not too fast, according to real merit and service (Colonel in 1759); and never did discredit to the choice Friedrich Wilhelm had made of him. Of Senning, too, Engineer-Major von Senning, who gave Fritz his lessons in Mathematics, Fortification and the kindred branches, the like, or better, can be said. He was of graver years; had lost a leg in the Marlborough Campaigns, poor gentleman; but had abundant sense, native worth and cheery rational talk, in him: so that he too could never be parted with by Friedrich, but was kept on hand to the last, a permanent and variously serviceable acquisition.

Thus, at least, is the military education of our Crown-Prince cared-for. And we are to fancy the little fellow, from his tenth year or earlier, going-about in miniature soldier figure, for most part; in strict Spartan-Brandenburg costume, of body as of mind. Costume little flattering to his own private taste for finery; yet by no means unwholesome to him, as he came afterwards to know. In October 1723, it is on record, when George I. came to visit his Son-in-law and Daughter at Berlin, his Britannic Majesty, looking-out from his new quarters on the morrow, saw Fritzchen "drilling his Cadet Company;" a very pretty little phenomenon. Drilling, with clear voice, military sharpness, and the precision of clock-work, on the Esplanade (*Lustgarten*) there; — and doubtless the Britannic Majesty gave

some grunt of acquiescence, perhaps even a smile, rare on that square heavy-laden countenance of his. That is the record: * and truly it forms for us by far the liveliest little picture we have got, from those dull old years of European History. Years already sunk, or sinking, into lonesome unpeopled Dusk for all men; and fast verging towards vacant Oblivion and eternal Night; — which (if some few articles were once saved out of them) is their just and inevitable portion from afflicted human nature.

Of riding-masters, fencing-masters, swimming-masters; much less of dancing-masters, music-masters (celebrated Graun, "on the organ," with Psalm-tunes), we cannot speak; but the reader may be satisfied they were all there, good of their kind, and pushing-on at a fair rate. Nor is there lack anywhere of paternal supervision to our young Apprentice. From an early age, Papa took the Crown-Prince with him on his annual Reviews. From utmost Memel on the Russian border, down to Wesel on the French, all Prussia, in every nook of it, garrison, marching-regiment, board of management, is rigorously reviewed by Majesty once a year. There travels little military Fritz, beside the military Majesty, amid the generals and official persons, in their hardy Spartan manner; and learns to look into everything like a Rhadamanthine Argus, and how the eye of the master, more than all other appliances, fattens the cattle.

On his Hunts, too, Papa took him. For Papa was

* Förster, i. 215.

a famous hunter, when at Wusterhausen in the season: — hot Beagle-chase, hot Stag-hunt, your chief game deer; huge "Force-Hunt" (*Parforce-Jagd*, the woods all beaten, and your wild-beasts driven into straits and caudine-forks for you); Boar-hunting (*Sauhetze*, "sow-baiting," as the Germans call it), Partridge shooting, Fox-and-wolf hunting: — on all grand expeditions of such sort, little Fritz shall ride with Papa and party. Rough furious riding; now on swift steed, now at places on *Wurstwagen* — *Wurstwagen*, "Sausage-Car" so-called, most Spartan of vehicles, a mere *stuffed pole* or, "sausage" with wheels to it, on which you sit astride, a dozen or so of you, and career; — regardless of the summer heat and sandy dust, of the winter's frost-storms and muddy rain. All this the little Crown-Prince is bound to do; — but likes it less and less, some of us are sorry to observe! In fact he could not take to hunting at all, or find the least of permanent satisfaction in shooting partridges and baiting sows, — "with such an expenditure of industry and such damage to the seedfields," he would sometimes allege in extenuation. In later years he has been known to retire into some glade of the thickets, and hold a little Flute-Hautbois Concert with his musical comrades, while the sows were getting baited. Or he would converse with Mamma and her Ladies, if her Majesty chanced to be there, in a day for open-driving. Which things by no means increase his favour with Papa, a sworn hater of "effeminate practices."

He was "nourished on beer-soup," as we said be-

fore. Frugality, activity, exactitude were lessons daily and hourly brought home to him, in everything he did and saw. His very sleep was stingily meted-out to him: "Too much sleep stupefies a fellow!" Friedrich Wilhelm was wont to say; — so that the very Doctors had to interfere, in this matter, for little Fritz. Frugal enough, hardy enough; urged in every way to look with indifference on hardship, and take a Spartan view of life.

Money-allowance completely his own, he does not seem to have had till he was seventeen. Exiguous pocket-money, counted in *groschen* (English *pence*, or hardly more), only his Kalkstein and Finkenstein could grant as they saw good; — about eighteen-pence in the month, to start with, as would appear. The other small incidental moneys, necessary for his use, were likewise all laid-out under sanction of his Tutors, and accurately entered in Daybooks by them, audited by Friedrich Wilhelm; of which some specimens remain, and one whole month, September 1719 (the Boy's eighth year), has been published. Very singular to contemplate, in these days of gold-nuggets, and irrational man-mountains fattened by mankind at such a price! The monthly amount appears to have been some 3*l.* 10*s.*; — and has gone, all but the eighteen-pence of sovereign pocket-money, for small furnishings and very minute necessary luxuries; — as thus:

"To putting his Highness's shoes on the last;" for stretching them to the little feet, — and only one "last," as we per-

ceive. "To twelve yards of Hairsape" (*Haarband*, for our little queue, which becomes visible here). "For drinkmoney "to the Postillions." "For the Housemaids at Wusterhausen" (Don't I pay them myself? objects the auditing Papa, at that latter kind of items: No more of that). "For mending the "flute, four *groschen* (or pence);" "Two Boxes of Colours, "sixteen ditto;" "For a live snipe, twopence;" "For grinding "the hanger" (little swordkin); "To a Boy whom the dog "bit;" — and chiefly of all, "To the *Klingbeutel*" (Collection-plate, or bag, at Church), which comes upon us once, nay twice, and even thrice a week, eighteenpence each time, and eats deep into our straitened means.*

On such terms can a little Fritz be nourished into a Friedrich the Great; while irrational man-mountains, of the beaverish or beaverish-vulpine sort, take such a price to fatten them into monstrosity! The Art-manufacture of your Friedrich can come very cheap, it would appear, if once Nature have done her part in regard to him, and there be mere honest will on the part of the bystanders. Thus Samuel Johnson, too, cost next to nothing in the way of board and entertainment in this world. And a Robert Burns, remarkable modern Thor, a Peasant-god of these sunk ages, with a touch of melodious *runes* in him (since all else lay under ban for the poor fellow), was raised on frugal oatmeal, at an expense of perhaps half-a-crown a week. Nuggets and ducats are divine; but they are not the most divine. I often wish the Devil had the lion's share of them, — at once, and not circuitously

* Preuss, i. 17.

as now. It would be an unspeakable advantage to the bewildered sons of Adam, in this epoch!

But with regard to our little Crown-Prince's intellectual culture, there is another Document, specially from Papa's hand, which, if we can redact, adjust and abridge it, as in the former case, may be worth the reader's notice, and elucidate some things for him. It is of date, Wusterhausen, 3d September 1721; little Fritz now in his tenth year, and out there, with his Duhans and Finkensteins, while Papa is rusticating for a few weeks. The essential Title is, or might be:

*To Head-Governor von Finkenstein, Sub-Governor von Kalkstein, Preceptor Jacques Egide Duhan de Jandun, and others whom it may concern: Regulations for schooling, at Wusterhausen, 3d September 1721; * — in greatly abridged form.*

Sunday. "On Sunday he is to rise at 7; and as soon as he "has got his slippers on, shall kneel down at his bedside, and "pray to God, so as all in the room may hear it" (that there be no deception or short-measure palmed upon us), "in these "words: 'Lord God, blessed Father, I thank thee from my "heart that thou hast so graciously preserved me through this "night. Fit me for what thy holy will is; and grant that I do "nothing this day, nor all the days of my life, which can "divide me from thee. For the Lord Jesus my Redeemer's "sake. Amen.' After which the Lord's Prayer. Then "rapidly and vigorously (*geschwinde und hurtig*) wash himself

* Preuss, i. 19.

"clean, dress and powder and comb himself:" we forget to say, that while they are combing and queuing him, he breakfasts, with brevity, on tea: "Prayer, with washing, breakfast "and the rest, to be done pointedly within fifteen minutes," — that is, at a quarter-past 7.

"This finished, all his Domestics and Duhan shall come in, "and do family worship (*das grosse Gebet zu halten*): Prayer "on their knees, Duhan withal to read a Chapter of the Bible, "and sing some proper Psalm or Hymn" (as practised in well-regulated families): — "it will then be a quarter to 8. All the "Domestics then withdraw again; and Duhan now reads with "my Son the Gospel of the Sunday; expounds it a little, ad- "ducing the main points of Christianity;" — "questioning "from Noltenius's Catechism" (which Fritz knows by heart): — "it will then be 9 o'clock.

"At 9 he brings my Son down to me; who goes to Church, "and dines, along with me" (dinner at the stroke of Noon): "the rest of the day is then his own" (Fritz's and Duhan's). "At half-past 9 in the evening, he shall come and bid me good- "night. Shall then directly go to his room; very rapidly " (*sehr geschwind*) get-off his clothes, wash his hands" (get-into some tiny dressing-gown or *cassaquin*, no doubt); "and so "soon as that is done, Duhan makes a prayer on his knees, "and sings a hymn; all the Servants being again there. "Instantly after which, my Son shall get into bed; shall be *in* "bed at half-past 10;" — and fall asleep how soon, your Majesty? This is very strict work.

Monday. "On Monday, as on all weekdays, he is to be "called at 6; and so soon as called he is to rise, you are to "stand to him (*anhalten*) that he do not loiter or turn in bed, "but briskly and at once get up; and say his prayers, the "same as on Sunday morning. This done, he shall as rapidly "as possible get-on his shoes and spatterdashes; also wash

“his face and hands, but not with soap. Farther shall put-on “his *cassaquin*” (short dressing-gown), “have his hair combed-out and queued, but not powdered. While getting combed “and queued, he shall at the same time take breakfast of tea, “so that both jobs go-on at once: and all this shall be ended “before half-past 6.” Then enter Duhan and the Domestics, with worship, Bible, Hymn, all as on Sunday; this is done by 7, and the Servants go again.

“From 7 till 9 Duhan takes him on History; at 9 comes “Noltenius” (a sublime Clerical Gentleman from Berlin) with the “Christian Religion, till a quarter to 11. Then Fritz “rapidly (*geschwind*) washes his face with water, hands with “soap-and-water; clean shirt; powders, and puts-on his coat; “—about 11 comes to the King. Stays with King till 2,” — perhaps promenading a little; dining always at Noon; after which Majesty is apt to be slumberous, and light amusements are over.

“Directly at 2, he goes back to his room. Duhan is there, “ready; takes him upon the Maps and Geography, from 2 to “3, — giving account” (gradually!) “of all the European “Kingdoms; their strength and weakness; size, riches and “poverty of their towns. From 3 to 4, Duhan treats of Morality “(*soll die Moral tractiren*). From 4 to 5, Duhan shall write “German Letters with him, and see that he gets a good “*stylum*” (which he never in the least did). “About 5, Fritz “shall wash his hands, and go to the King; — ride out; divert “himself, in the air and not in his room; and do what he likes, “if it is not against God.”

There, then, is a Sunday, and there is one Weekday; which latter may serve for all the other five; — though they are strictly specified in the royal monograph, and every hour of

them marked out: How, and at what points of time, besides this of *History*, of *Morality*, and *Writing in German*, of Maps and *Geography* with the strength and weakness of Kingdoms, you are to take-up *Arithmetic* more than once; *Writing of French Letters*, so as to acquire a good *stylum*: in what nook you may intercalate "a little getting by heart of something, in order to strengthen the memory:" how instead of Noltenius, Panzendorf (another sublime Reverend Gentleman from Berlin, who comes out express) gives the clerical drill on Tuesday morning; — with which two onslaughts, of an hour-and-half each, the Clerical Gentlemen seem to withdraw for the week, and we hear no more of them till Monday and Tuesday come round again.

On Wednesday we are happy to observe a liberal slice of holiday come in. At half-past 9, having done his *History*, and "got something by heart to strengthen the memory" (very little, it is to be feared), "Fritz shall rapidly dress himself, and come to the King. And the rest of the day belongs to little Fritz (*gehört vor Fritzchen*)."

On Saturday, too, there is some fair chance of half-holiday:

"*Saturday*, forenoon till half-past 10, come *History*, "Writing and CIPHERING; especially repetition of what was "done through the week, and in *Morality* as well" (adds the rapid Majesty), "to see whether he has profited. And General "Graf von Finkenstein, with Colonel von Kalkstein, shall be "present during this. If Fritz has profited, the afternoon "shall be his own. If he has not profited, he shall, from 2 to "6, repeat and learn rightly what he has forgotten on the past "days." And so the labouring week winds itself up. Here, however, is one general rule which cannot be too much impressed upon you, with which we conclude:

"In undressing and dressing, you must accustom him to

“get out of, and into, his clothes as fast as is humanly possible
“(hur^{tig} so viel als menschenmöglich ist). You will also look
“that he learn to put-on and put-off his clothes himself, with-
“out help from others; and that he be clean and neat, and not
“so dirty (*nicht so schmutzig*).” “Not so dirty,” that is my last
word; and here is my sign-manual.

“FRIEDRICH WILHELM.”*

* Preuss, i. 21.

CHAPTER IX.

WUSTERHAUSEN.

WUSTERHAUSEN, where for the present these operations go on, lies about twenty English miles south-east of Berlin, as you go towards Schlesien (Silesia); — on the old Silesian road, in a flat moory country made of peat and sand; — and is not distinguished for its beauty at all among royal Hunting-lodges. The Göhrde at Hanover, for example, what a splendour there in comparison! But it serves Friedrich Wilhelm's simple purposes: there is game abundant in the scraggy woodlands, otter-pools, fish-pools, and miry thickets, of that old "Schenkenland" (belonged all once to the "*Schenken* Family," till old King Friedrich bought it for his Prince); retinue sufficient find nooks for lodgment in the poor old Schloss so called; and Noltenius and Panzendorf drive out each once a week, in some light vehicle, to drill Fritz in his religious exercises.

One Zöllner, a Tourist to Silesia, confesses himself rather pleased to find even Wusterhausen in such a country of sandy bent-grass, lean cattle, and flat desolate languor.

"Getting to the top of the ridge" (most insignificant "ridge," made by hand, Wilhelmina satirically says), Tourist Zöllner can discern with pleasure "a considerable Brook," — visible, not audible, smooth Stream, or chain of meres and

lakelets, flowing languidly northward towards Köpenik. Inaudible big Brook or Stream; which, we perceive, drains a slightly hollowed Tract; too shallow to be called valley, — of several miles in width, of several yards in depth; — Tract with wood here and there on it; and signs of grass and culture, welcome after what you have passed. On the foreground close to you is the Hamlet of Königs-Wusterhausen, with tolerable Lime-tree Avenue leading to it, and the air of something silvan from your Hilltop. Königs-Wusterhausen was once *Wendish-Wusterhausen*, and not far off is *Deutsch-Wusterhausen*, famed, I suppose, by faction-fights in the Vandalic times: both of them are now *King's-Wusterhausen* (since the King came thither), to distinguish them from other Wusterhausens that there are.

Descending, advancing through your Lime-tree Avenue, you come upon the backs of officehouses, outhouses, stables or the like, — on your left hand I have guessed, — extending along the Highway. And in the middle of these you come at last to a kind of Gate or vaulted passage (*Art von Thor*, says Zöllner), where, if you have liberty, you face to the left, and enter. Here, once through into the free light again, you are in a Court: four-square space, not without prospect; right side and left side are lodgings for his Majesty's gentlemen; behind you, well in their view, are stables and kitchens: in the centre of the place is a Fountain "with hewn steps and iron railings;" where his simple Majesty has been known to sit, and smoke, on summer evenings. The fourth side of your square, again, is a palisade; beyond which, over bridge and moat and intervening apparatus, you perceive, on its trim terraces, the respectable old Schloss itself. A rectangular mass, not of vast proportions, with tower in the centre of it (tower for screw-stair, the general roadway of the House); and looking though weatherbeaten yet weathertight, and as dignified as it can.

This is Wusterhausen; Friedrich Wilhelm's Hunting-seat from of old.

A dreadfully crowded place, says Wilhelmina, where you are stuffed into garrets, and have not room to turn. The terraces are of some magnitude, trimmed all round with a row of little clipped trees, one big limetree at each corner; — under one of these big limetrees, aided by an awning, it is his Majesty's delight to spread his frugal but substantial dinner, four-and-twenty covers, at the stroke of 12, and so dine *sub dio*. If rain come on, says Wilhelmina, you are wet to midleg, the ground being hollow in that place, — and indeed in all weathers, your situation everyway, to a vehement young Princess's idea, is rather of the horrible sort. After dinner, his Majesty sleeps, stretched perhaps on some wooden settle or garden-chair, for about an hour; regardless of the flaming heat, under his awning or not; and we poor Princesses have to wait, praying all the Saints that they would resuscitate him soon. This is about 2 p.m.; happier Fritz is gone to his lessons, in the interim.

These four Terraces, this rectangular Schloss with the four big lindens at the corners, are surrounded by a Moat: black abominable ditch, Wilhelmina calls it; of the hue of Tartarean Styx, and of a far worse smell, in fact enough to choke one, in hot days after dinner, thinks the vehement Princess. Three Bridges cross this Moat or ditch, from the middle of three several Terraces or sides of the Schloss; and on the fourth it is impassable. Bridge first, coming from the palisade and Office-house Court, has not only human sentries walking at it; but two white Eagles perch near it, and two black ditto, symbols of the heraldic Prussian Eagle, screeching about in their littery way: item two black Bears, ugly as Sin, which are vicious wretches withal, and many times do passengers a mischief. As perhaps we shall see, on some occasion. This is

Bridge first, leading to the Court and to the outer Highway; a King's gentleman, going to bed at night, has always to pass these Bears. Bridge second leads us southward to a common Mill which is near by; its clacking audible upon the common Stream of the region, and not unpleasant to his Majesty, among its meadows fringed with alders, in a country of mere and moor. Bridge third, directly opposite to Bridge first and its Bears, leads you to the Garden; whither Mamma, playing tocadille all day with her women, will not, or will not often enough, let us poor girls go.*

Such is Wusterhausen, as delineated by a vehement Princess, some years hence, — who becomes at last intelligible, by study and the aid of our Silesian Tourist. It is not distinguished among Country Palaces: but the figure of Friedrich Wilhelm asleep there after dinner, regardless of the flaming sun (should he sleep too long and the shadow of his Linden quit him), — this is a sight which no other Palace in the world can match; this will long render Wusterhausen memorable to me. His Majesty, early always as the swallows, hunts, I should suppose, in the morning; dines and sleeps, we may perceive, till towards 3 or later. His Official business he will not neglect, nor shirk the hours due to it; towards sunset there may be a walk or ride with Fritz, or Feekin and the womankind: and always, in the evening, his Majesty holds *Tabagie*, *Tabaks-Collegium* (Smoking College, kind of Tobacco-Parliament, as we might name it), an Institution punc-

* Zöllner: *Briefe über Schlesien* (Berlin, 1792), i. 2, 3. Wilhelmina, L. 364, 365.

tually attended-to by his Majesty, of which we shall by and by speak more. At Wusterhausen his Majesty holds his Smoking Session mostly in the open air, oftenest "on the steps of the great Fountain" (how arranged, as to seating and canvas-screening, I cannot say); — smokes there, with his Grumkows, Derschaus, Anhalt-Dessaus, and select Friends, in various slow talk; till Night kindle her mild starlights, shake-down her dark curtains over all Countries, and admonish weary mortals that it is now bedtime.

Not much of the Picturesque in this autumnal life of our little Boy. But he has employments in abundance; and these make the permitted open air, under any terms, a delight. He can rove-about with Duhan among the gorse and heath, and their wild summer tenantry winged and wingless. In the woodlands are wild swine, in the meres are fishes, otters; the drowsy Hamlets, scattered round, awaken in an interested manner at the sound of our pony-hoofs and dogs. Mittenwalde, where are shops, is within riding distance; we could even stretch to Köpenik, and visit in the big Schloss there; if Duhan were willing, and the cattle fresh. From some church-steeple or sand-knoll, it is to be hoped, some blue streak of the Lausitz Hills may be visible: the Sun and the Moon and the Heavenly Hosts, these full certainly are visible; and on an Earth which everywhere produces miracles of all kinds, from the daisy or heather-bell up to the man, one place is nearly equal to another for a brisk little Boy.

Fine Palaces, if Wusterhausen be a sorry one, are not wanting to our young Friend: whatsoever it is in the power of architecture and upholstery to do for him, may be considered, withal, as done. Wusterhausen is but a Hunting-lodge for some few Autumn weeks: the Berlin Palace and the Potsdam, grand buildings both, few Palaces in the world surpass them; and there, in one or the other of these, is our usual residence. — Little Fritz, besides his young Finkensteins and others of the like, has Cousins, children of his Grandfather's Half-brothers, who are comrades of his. For the Great Elector, as we saw, was twice wedded, and had a second set of sons and daughters: two of the sons had children; certain of these are about the Crown-Prince's own age, "Cousins" of his (strictly speaking, Half-cousins of *his Father's*), who are much about him in young days, — and more or less afterwards, according to the worth they proved to have. Margraves and Margravines of Schwedt, — there are five or six of such young Cousins. Not to mention the eldest, Friedrich Wilhelm by name, who is now come to manhood (born, 1700); — who wished much in after-years to have had Wilhelmina to wife; but had to put-up with a younger Princess of the House, and ought to have been thankful. This one has a younger Brother, Heinrich, slightly Fritz's senior, and much his comrade at one time; of whom we shall transiently hear again. Of these two the Old Dessauer is Uncle: if both his Majesty and the Crown-Prince should die, one of these

would be king. A circumstance which Wilhelmina and the Queen have laid well to heart, and build many wild suspicions upon, in these years! As that the Old Dessauer, with his gunpowder face, has a plot one day to assassinate his Majesty, — plot evident as sunlight to Wilhelmina and Mamma, which providentially came to nothing; — and other spectral notions of theirs.* The Father of these two Margraves (elder of the two Half-brothers that have children) died in the time of old King Friedrich, eight or nine years ago. Their Mother, the scheming old Margravine, whom I always fancy to dress in high colours, is still living, — as Wilhelmina well knows!

Then, by another, the younger of those old Half-brothers, there is a Karl, a second Friedrich Wilhelm, Cousin-Margraves: plenty of Cousins; — and two young Margravines among them,** the youngest about Fritz's own age.*** No want of Cousins; the Crown-Prince

* Wilhelmina, i. 35, 41.

** Michaelis, i. 425.

*** *Note of the Cousin Margraves.* — Great Elector, by his Second Wife, had Five Sons, Two of whom left Children; — as follows (so far as they concern us, — the others omitted):

1°. Son *Philip's* Children (Mother the Old-Dessauer's Sister) are: Friedrich Wilhelm (1700), who wished much, but in vain, to marry Wilhelmina. Heinrich Friedrich (1709), a comrade of Fritz's in youth; sometimes getting into scrapes; — misbehaved, some way, at the Battle of Molwitz (first of Friedrich's Battles), 1741, and was inexorably cut by the new King, and continued under a cloud thenceforth. — This *Philip* ("Philip Wilhelm") died 1711, his forty-third year; Widow long survived him.

2°. Son *Albert's* Children (Mother a Courland Princess) are: Karl (1705); lived near Cüstrin; became a famed captain, in the Silesian Wars, under his Cousin. Friedrich (1701); fell at Molwitz, 1741. Friedrich

seeing much of them all; and learning pleasantly their various qualities, which were good in most, in some not so good, and did not turn-out supreme in any case. But, for the rest, Sister Wilhelmina is his grand confederate and companion; true in sport and in earnest, in joy and in sorrow. Their truthful love to one another, now and till death, is probably the brightest element their life yielded to either of them.

What might be the date of Fritz's first appearance in the Roucoules "Soiree held on Wednesdays," in the Finkenstein or any other Soiree, as an independent figure, I do not know. But at the proper time, he does appear there, and with distinction not extrinsic alone; — talks delightfully in such places; can discuss, even with French Divines, in a charmingly ingenious manner. Another of his elderly consorts I must mention: Colonel Camas, a highly cultivated Frenchman (French altogether by parentage and breeding, though born on Prussian land), who was Tutor, at one time, to some of those young Margraves. He has lost an arm, — left it in those Italian Campaigns, under Anhalt-Dessau and Eugene; — but by the aid of a cork substitute, dextrously managed, almost hides the want. A gallant soldier, fit for the diplomacies too; a man of fine high ways.* And then his Wife — In

Wilhelm (a Margraf Friedrich Wilhelm "No. 2," — *namesake* of his now Majesty, it is like; born 1714; killed at Prag, by a cannon-shot (at King Friedrich's hand, reconnoitring the place), 1744. — This *Albert* ("Albert Friedrich") died suddenly 1731, age fifty-nine.

* *Militair-Lexikon*, i. 308.

Carlyle, Frederic the Great. II.

fact, the Camas House, we perceive, had from an early time been one of the Crown-Prince's haunts. Madam Camas is a German Lady; but for genial elegance, for wit and wisdom and goodness, could not readily be paralleled in France or elsewhere. Of both these Camases there will be honourable and important mention by and by; especially of the Lady, whom he continues to call "Mamma" for fifty years to come, and corresponds with in a very beautiful and human fashion.

Under these auspices, in such environment, dimly visible to us, at Wusterhausen and elsewhere, is the remarkablest little Crown-Prince of his Century growing up, — prosperously as yet.

CHAPTER X.

THE HEIDELBERG PROTESTANTS.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM holds Tabagie nightly; but at Wusterhausen or wherever he may be, there is no lack of intricate Official Labour, which, even in the Tabagie, Friedrich Wilhelm does not forget. At the time he was concocting those Instructions for his little Prince's Schoolmasters, and smoking meditative under the stars, with Magdeburg "*Ritter-Dienst*" and much else of his own to think of, — there is an extraneous Political Intricacy, making noise enough in the world, much in his thoughts withal, and no doubt occasionally murmured-of amid the tobacco-clouds. The Business of the Heidelberg Protestants; which is just coming to a height in those Autumn months of 1719.

Indeed this Year 1719 was a particularly noisy one for him. This is the year of the "nephritic cholic," which befell at Brandenburg on some journey of his Majesty's; with alarm of immediate death; Queen Sophie sent-for by express; testament made in her favour; and intrigues, very black ones, Wilhelmina thinks, following thereupon.* And the "Affair of Clement," on which the old Books are so profuse, falls likewise, the crisis of it falls, in 1719. Of Clement the "Hungarian Nobleman," who was a mere Hunga-

* *Mémoires de Bareith*, i. 26-29.

rian Swindler, and Forger of Royal Letters; sowing mere discords, black suspicions, between Friedrich Wilhelm and the neighbouring Courts, Imperial and Saxon: "Your Majesty to be snapt up, some day, by hired ruffians, and spirited-away, for behoof of those treacherous Courts:" so that Friedrich Wilhelm fell into a gloom of melancholy, and for long weeks "never slept but with a pair of loaded pistols under his pillow:" — of this Clement, an adroit Phenomenon of the kind, and intensely agitating to Friedrich Wilhelm; — whom Friedrich Wilhelm had at last to lay hold-of, try, this very year, and ultimately hang,* amid the rumour and wonder of mankind: — of him, noisy as he was, and still filling many pages of the old Books, a hint shall suffice, and we will say nothing further. But this of the Heidelberg Protestants, though also rather an extinct business, has still some claims on us. This, in justice to the "inarticulate man of genius," and for other reasons, we must endeavour to resuscitate a little.

Of Kur-Pfalz Karl Philip: How he got a Wife long since, and did Feats in the World.

There reigns, in these years, at Heidelberg, as Elector Palatine, a kind-tempered but abrupt and some-

* Had arrived in Berlin, "end of 1717;" staid about a year, often privately in the King's company, poisoning the royal mind; withdrew to the Hague, suspecting Berlin might soon grow dangerous; — is wiled out of that Territory into the Prussian, and arrested, by one of Friedrich Wilhelm's Colonels, "end of 1718;" lies in Spandau, getting tried, for seventeen months; hanged, with two Accomplices, 18th April 1720. (See, in succession, Stenzel, iii. 298, 302; Fassmann, p. 321; Förster, ii. 272, and iii. 320-324.)

what unreasonable old gentleman, now verging towards sixty, Karl Philip by name; who has come athwart the Berlin Court and its affairs more than once; and will again do so, in a singularly disturbing way. From before Friedrich Wilhelm's birth, all through Friedrich Wilhelm's life and farther, this Karl Philip is a stone-of-stumbling there. His first feat in life was that of running-off with a Prussian Princess from Berlin; the rumour of which was still at its height when Friedrich Wilhelm, a fortnight after, came into the world, — the gossips still talking of it, we may fancy, when Friedrich Wilhelm was first swaddled. An unheard-of thing; the manner of which was this.

Readers have perhaps forgotten, that old King Friedrich I. once had a Brother; elder Brother, who died, to the Father's great sorrow, and made way for Friedrich as Crown-Prince. This Brother had been married a short time; he left a Widow without children; a beautiful Lithuanian Princess, born Radzivil, and of great possessions in her own country: she, in her crapes and closecap, remained an ornament to the new Berlin Court for some time; — not too long. The mourning-year once out, a new marriage came on foot for the brilliant Widow; the Bridegroom, a James Sobieski, eldest Prince of the famous John, King Sobieski; Prince with fair outlooks towards Polish Sovereignty, and handy for those Lithuanian Possessions of hers: altogether an eligible match.

This marriage was on foot, not quite completed;

when Karl Philip, Cadet of the Pfalz, came to Berlin; — a rather idle young man, once in the clerical way; now gone into the military, with secular outlooks, his elder Brother, Heir-apparent of the Pfalz, “having no children:” — came to Berlin, in the course of visiting, and roving about. The beautiful Widow-Princess seemed very charming to Karl Philip; he wooed hard; threw the Princess into great perplexity. She had given her Yes to James Sobieski; inevitable wedding-day was coming-on with James; and here was Karl Philip wooing so: — in brief, the result was, she galloped-off with Karl Philip, on the eve of said wedding-day; married Karl Philip (24th July 1688); and left Prince James standing there, too much like Lot's Wife, in the astonished Court of Berlin.* Judge if the Berlin public talked, — unintelligible to Friedrich Wilhelm, then safe in swaddling-clothes.

King Sobieski, the Father, famed Deliverer of Vienna, was in high dudgeon. But Karl Philip apologised, to all lengths; made his peace at last, giving a Sister of his own to be Wife to the injured James. This was Karl Philip's first outbreak in life; and it was not his only one. A man not ill-disposed, all grant; but evidently of headlong turn, with a tendency to leap fences in this world. He has since been soldiering about, in a loose way; governing Innspruck, fighting the Turks. But, lately, his elder Brother died childless (year 1716); and left him Kurfürst of the Pfalz. His fair Radzivil is dead long ago; she, and a

* Michaelis, ii. 93.

successor, or it may be two. Except one Daughter, whom the fair Radzivil left him, he has no children; and in these times, I think, lives with a third Wife, of the *left-hand* kind.

His scarcity of progeny is not so indifferent to my readers as they might suppose. This new *Kur-Pfalz* (Elector-Palatine) Karl Philip is 'by genealogy — who, thinks the reader? *Pfalz-Neuburg* by line; own Grandson of that Wolfgang Wilhelm, who got the slap on the face, long since, on account of the Cleve-Jülich matter! So it has come round. The Line of Simmern died out, Winter-King's Grandson the last of that; and then, as right was, the Line of Neuburg took the top place, and became *Kur-Pfalz*. The first of these was this Karl Philip's Father, son of the Beslapped; an old man when he succeeded. Karl Philip is the third *Kur-Pfalz* of the Neuburg Line; his childless elder Brother (he who collected the Pictures at Düsseldorf, once notable there) was second of the Neuburgs. They now, we say, are Electors Palatine, Head of the House; — and, we need not add, along with their Electorate and Neuburg Country, possess the Cleve-Jülich Moiety of Heritage, about which there was such worrying in time past. Nay the last *Kur-Pfalz* resided there, and collected the "Düsseldorf Gallery," as we have just said; though Karl Philip prefers Heidelberg hitherto.

To Friedrich Wilhelm the scarcity of progeny is a thrice-interesting fact. For if this actual Neuburg should leave no male heir, as is now humanly probable, — the Line of Neuburg too is out; and then great things

ought to follow for our Prussian House. Then, by the last Bargain, made in 1666, with all solemnity, between the Great Elector, our Grandfather of famous memory, and your serene Father the then Pfalz-Neuburg, subsequently Kur-Pfalz, likewise of famous memory, son of the Beslapped, — the whole Heritage falls to Prussia, no other Pfalz Branch having thenceforth the least claim to it. Bargain was express; signed, sealed, sanctioned, drawn-out on the due extent of sheepskin, which can still be read. Bargain clear enough: but will this Karl Philip incline to keep it?

That may one day be the interesting question. But that is not the question of controversy at present: not that, but another; for Karl Philip, it would seem, is to be a frequent stone-of-stumbling to the Prussian House. The present question is of a Protestant-Papist matter; into which Friedrich Wilhelm has been drawn by his public-spirit alone.

Karl Philip and his Heidelberg Protestants.

The Pfalz population was, from of old, Protestant-Calvinist; the Electors-Palatine used to be distinguished for their forwardness in that matter. So it still is with the Pfalz population; but with the Electors, now that the House of Simmern is out, and that of Neuburg in, it is not so. The Neuburgs, ever since that slap on the face, have continued Popish; a sore fact for this Protestant population, when it got them for Sovereigns. Karl Philip's Father, an old soldier at Vienna, and the

elder Brother, a collector of Pictures at Düsseldorf, did not outwardly much molest the creed of their subjects. Protestants, and the remnant of Catholics (remnant naturally rather expanding now that the Court shone on it), were allowed to live in peace, according to the Treaty of Westphalia, or nearly so; dividing the churches and church-revenues equitably between them, as directed there. But now that Karl Philip is come in, there is no mistaking his procedures. He has come home to Heidelberg with a retinue of Jesuits about him; to whom the poor old gentleman, looking before and after on this troublous world, finds it salutary to give ear.

His nibblings at Protestant rights, his contrivances to slide Catholics into churches which were not theirs, and the like foul-play in that matter, had been sorrowful to see, for some time past. The Elector of Maintz, Chief-Priest of Germany, is busy in the same bad direction; he and others. Indeed, ever since the Peace of Ryswick, where Louis XIV. surreptitiously introduced a certain "Clause," which could never be got rid-of again,* nibbling aggressions of this kind have

* "*Clause of the Fourth Article*" is the technical name of it. *Fourth Article* stipulates that King Louis XIV. shall punctually restore all manner of towns and places, in the Palatinate &c. (much *burnt*, somewhat *be-jesuited* too, in late Wars, by the said King, during his occupancy): *Clause of Fourth Article* (added to it, by a quirk, "at midnight," say the Books) contains merely these words, "*Religione tamen Catholicâ Romanâ, in locis sic restitutis, in statu quo nunc est remanente*: Roman Catholic religion to continue as it now is" (as we have made it to be) "in such towns and places." — Which *Clause* gave rise to very great but ineffectual lamenting and debating. (Schöll, *Traité de Paix* (Par. 1817), i. 433-8; Buchholz; Spittler, *Geschichte Württembergs*; &c.)

gone-on more and more. Always too sluggishly resisted by the *Corpus Evangelicorum*, in the Diets or otherwise, the "United Protestant Sovereigns" not being an active "Body" there. And now more sluggishly than ever; — said *Corpus* having August Elector of Saxony, Catholic (Sham-Catholic) King of Poland, for its Official Head; "August the Physically Strong," a man highly unconcerned for matters Evangelical! So that the nibblings go-on worse and worse. An offence to all Protestant Rulers who had any conscience; at length an unbearable one to Friedrich Wilhelm, who, alone of them all, decided to intervene effectually, and say, at whatever risk there might be, We will not stand it!

Karl Philip, after some nibblings, took-up the Heidelberg Catechism (which candidly calls the Mass "idolatrous"), and ordered said Catechism, an Authorised Book, to cease in his Dominions. Hessen-Cassel, a Protestant neighbour, pleaded, remonstrated, Friedrich Wilhelm glooming in the rear; but to no purpose. Our old gentleman, his Priests being very diligent upon him, decided next to get possession of the *Heilige-Geist Kirche* (Church of the Holy Ghost, principal Place of Worship at Heidelberg), and make it his principal Cathedral Church there. By Treaty of Westphalia, or peaceably otherwise, the Catholics are already in possession of the Choir: but the whole Church would be so much better. "Was it not Catholic once?" thought Karl Philip to himself: "built by our noble Ancestor Kaiser Rupert of the Pfalz, Rupert *Klemm* ('Pincers,' so-named for his firmness of mind): — why should

these Heretics have it? I will build them another!" These thoughts, in 1719, the third year of Karl Philip's rule, had broken-out into open action (29th August, 4th September the consummation of it);* and precisely in the time when Friedrich Wilhelm was penning that first Didactic Morsel which we read, grave clouds from the Palatinate were beginning to overshadow the royal mind more or less.

For the poor Heidelberg Consistorium, as they could not undertake to give-up their Church on request of his Serenity, — "How dare we, or can we?" answered they, — had been driven-out by compulsion and stratagem. Partly strategic was the plan adopted, to avoid violence; smith's picklocks being employed, and also mason's crowbars: but the end was, On the 31st of August 1719, Consistorium and Congregation found themselves fairly in the street, and the *Heilige-Geist Kirche* clean gone from them. Screen of the Choir is torn down; one big Catholic Edifice now; getting decorated into a Court Church, where Serene Highness may feel his mind comfortable.

The poor Heidelbergers, thus thrown into the street, made applications, lamentations; but with small prospect of help: to whom apply with any sure prospect? Remonstrances from Hessen-Cassel have proved unavailing with his bigoted Serene Highness. *Corpus Evangelicorum*, so presided-over as at present, what can be had of such a Corpus? Long-winded lucubrations at the utmost; real action, in such a matter, none.

* Mauvillon, i. 340-345.

Or will the Kaiser, his Jesuits advising him, interfere to do us justice? Kur-Maintz and the rest; — it is everywhere one story. Everywhere unhappy Protestantism getting bad usage, and ever worse, and no *Corpus Evangelicorum*, or appointed Watchdog, doing other than hang its ears, and look sorry for itself and us! —

The Heidelbergers, however, had applied to Friedrich Wilhelm among others. Friedrich Wilhelm, who had long looked on these Anti-Protestant phenomena with increasing anger, found now that this of the Heidelberg Catechism and *Heilige-Geist Kirche* was enough to make one's patience run-over. Your unruly Catholic bull, plunging about, and goring men in that mad absurd manner, it will behove that somebody take him by the horns, or by the tail, and teach him manners. Teach him, not by vocal precepts, it is likely, which would avail nothing on such a brute, but by practical cudgelling and scourging to the due pitch. Pacific Friedrich Wilhelm perceived that he himself would have to do that disagreeable feat: — the growl of him, on coming to such resolution, must have been consolatory to these poor Heidelbergers, when they applied! — His plan is very simple, as the plans of genius are; but a plan leading direct to the end desired, and probably the only one that would have done so, in the circumstances. Cudgel in hand, he takes the Catholic bull, — shall we say, by the horns? — more properly perhaps by the tail; and teaches him manners.

*Friedrich Wilhelm's method — proves remedial in
Heidelberg.*

Friedrich Wilhelm's first step, of course, was to remonstrate pacifically with his Serene Highness on the Heidelberg-Church affair: from this he probably expected nothing; nor did he get anything. Getting nothing from this, and the countenance of external Protestant Powers, especially of George I. and the Dutch, being promised him in ulterior measures, he directed his Administrative Officials in Magdeburg, in Minden, in Hamersleben, where are Catholic Foundations of importance, to assemble the Catholic Canons, Abbots, chief Priests and all whom it might concern in these three Places, and to signify to them as follows:

"From us, your Protestant Sovereign, you yourselves and all men will witness, you have hitherto had the best of usage, fair-play, according to the Laws of the *Reich*, and even more. With the Protestants at Heidelberg, on the part of the Catholic Powers, it is different. It must cease to be different; it must become the same. And to make it do so, you are the implement I have. Sorry for it, but there is no other handy. From this day your Churches also are closed, your Public Worship ceases, and furthermore your Revenues cease; and all makes dead halt, and falls torpid in respect of you. From this day; and so continues, till the day (may it be soon!) when the Heidelberg Church of the Holy Ghost is opened again, and right

done in that question. Be it yours to speed such day: it is you that can and will, you who know those high Catholic regions, inaccessible to your Protestant Sovereign. Till then you are as dead men; temporarily fallen dead for a purpose. And herewith God have you in his keeping!"*

That was Friedrich Wilhelm's plan; the simplest, but probably the one effectual plan. Infallible this plan, if you dare stand upon it; which Friedrich Wilhelm does. He has a formidable Army, ready for fight; a Treasury or Army-Chest in good order. George I. seconds, according to bargain; shuts the Catholic Church at Zelle in his Lüneburg Country, in like fashion; Dutch, too, and Swiss will endorse the matter, should it grow too serious. All which, involving some diplomacy and correspondence, is managed with the due promptitude, moreover.** And so certain doors are locked; and Friedrich Wilhelm's word, unalterable as gravitation, has gone forth. In this manner is the mad Catholic bull taken by the *tail*: keep fast hold, and apply your cudgel duly in that attitude, he will not gore you any more!

The Magdeburg-Hamersleben people shrieked piteously; not to Friedrich Wilhelm, whom they knew to be deaf on that side of his head, but to the Kaiser, to the Pope, to the Serenity of Heidelberg. Serene High-

* Mauvillon, i. 347, 349.

** Church of Zelle shut-up, 4th November; Minden, 28th November; Monastery of Hamersleben, 3d December, &c. (Pütter: *Historische Entwicklung der heutigen Staatsverfassung des Deutschen Reichs*, Göttingen, 1788, II. 384, 390.)

ness of Heidelberg was much huffed; Kaiser dreadfully so, and wrote heavy menacing rebukes. To which Friedrich Wilhelm listened with a minimum of reply; — keeping firm hold of the tail, in such bellowing of the animal. The end was, Serene Highness had to comply; within three months, Kaiser, Serene Highness and the other parties interested, found that there would be nothing for it but to compose themselves: and do what was just. April 16th, 1720, the Protestants are reinstated in their *Heilige-Geist Kirche*; Heidelberg Catechism goes its free course again, May 16th; and one Baron Reck* is appointed Commissioner, from the *Corpus Evangelicorum*, to Heidelberg; who continues rigorously inspecting Church matters there for a considerable time, much to the grief of Highness and Jesuits, till he can report that all is as it should be on that head. Karl Philip felt so disgusted with these results, he removed his Court, that same year, to Mannheim; quitted Heidelberg; to the discouragement and visible decay of the place; and, in spite of humble petitions and remonstrances, never would return; neither he nor those that followed him would shift from Mannheim again, to this day.

Prussian Majesty has displeased the Kaiser and the King of Poland.

Friedrich Wilhelm's praises from the Protestant public were great, on this occasion. Nor can we, who

* Michaelis, ii. 95; Pütter, ii. 384, 390; Buchholz, p. 61-63.

lie much farther from it in every sense, refuse him some grin of approval. Act, and manner of doing the act, are creditably of a piece with Friedrich Wilhelm; physiognomic of the rugged veracious man. It is one of several such acts done by him: for it was a duty apt to recur in Germany, in his day. This duty Friedrich Wilhelm, a solid Protestant after his sort, and convinced of the "nothingness and nonsensicality (*Ungrund und Absurdität*) of Papistry," was always honourably prompt to do. There is an honest bacon-and-greens conscience in the man; almost the one conscience you can find in any royal man of that day. Promptly, without tremulous counting of costs, he always starts up, solid as oak, on the occurrence of such a thing, and says, "That is unjust; contrary to the Treaty of Westphalia; you will have to put-down that!" — And if words avail not, his plan is always this same: Clap a similar thumbscrew, pressure equitably calculated, on the Catholics of Prussia; these can complain to their Popes and Jesuit Dignitaries: these are under thumbscrew till the Protestant pressure be removed. Which always did rectify the matter in a little time. One other of these instances, that of the Salzburg Protestants, the last such instance, as this of Heidelberg was the first, will by and by claim notice from us.

It is very observable, how Friedrich Wilhelm, hating quarrels, was ever ready to turn-out for quarrel on such an occasion; though otherwise conspicuously a King who staid well at home, looking after his own

affairs; meddling with no neighbour that would be at peace with him. This properly is Friedrich Wilhelm's "sphere of political activity" among his contemporaries; this small quasi-domestic sphere, of forbidding injury to Protestants. A most small sphere, but then a genuine one: nor did he seek even this, had it not forced itself upon him. And truly we might ask, What has become of the other more considerable "spheres" in that epoch? The supremest loud-trumpeting "political activities" which then filled the world and its newspapers, what has the upshot of them universally been? Zero, and oblivion; no other. While this poor Friedrich-Wilhelm sphere is perhaps still a countable quantity. Wise is he who stays well at home, and does the duty he finds lying there! —

Great favour from the Protestant public: but, on the other hand, his Majesty had given offence in high places. What help for it? The thing was a point of conscience with him; natural to the surly Royal Overseer, going his rounds in the world; stick in hand! However, the Kaiser was altogether gloomy of brow at such disobedience. A Kaiser unfriendly to Friedrich Wilhelm: witness that of the *Ritter-Dienst* (our unreasonable Magdeburg Ritters, countenanced by him, on such terms, in such style too), and other offensive instances that could be given. Perhaps the Kaiser will not always continue gloomy of brow; perhaps the thoughts of the Imperial breast may alter, on our behalf or his own, one day? —

Nor could King August the Physically Strong be

glad to see his "Director" function virtually superseded, in this triumphant way. A year or two ago, Friedrich Wilhelm had, with the due cautions and politic reserves, inquired of the *Corpus Evangelicorum*, "If they thought the present Directorship (that of August the Physically Strong) a good one?" and "Whether he, Friedrich Wilhelm, ought not perhaps himself to be Director?" — To which, though the answer was clear as noon-day, this poor Corpus had only mumbled some "*Quieta non movere*," or other wise-foolish saw; and helplessly shrugged its shoulders.* But King August himself, — though a jovial social kind of animal, quite otherwise occupied in the world; busy producing his Three-hundred-and-fifty-four Bastards there, and not careful of Church matters at all, — had expressed his indignant surprise. And now, it would seem nevertheless, though the title remains where it was, the function has fallen to another, who actually does it: a thing to provoke comparisons in the public.

Clement the Hungarian Forger, vender of false state-secrets, is well hanged; went to the gallows (18th April 1720) with much circumstance, just two days before that Heidelberg Church was got reopened. But the suspicions sown by Clement cannot quite be abolished by the hanging of him: Forger indisputably; but

* 1717-1719, when August's *Kurprinz*, Heir-Apparent, likewise declared himself Papist, to the horror and astonishment of poor Saxony, and wedded the late Kaiser Joseph's Daughter: — not to Father August's horror; who was steering towards "popularity in Poland," "hereditary Polish Crown," &c. with the young man. (Buchholz, i. 53-56.)

who knows whether he had not something of fact for basis? What with Clement, what with this Heidelberg business, the Court of Berlin has fallen wrong with Dresden, with Vienna itself, and important clouds have risen.

There is an absurd Flame of War, blown-out by Admiral Byng; and a new Man of Genius announces himself to the dim Populations.

The poor Kaiser himself is otherwise in trouble of his own, at this time. The Spaniards and he have fallen-out, in spite of Utrecht Treaty and Rastadt ditto; the Spaniards have taken Sicily from him: and precisely in those days while Karl Philip took to shutting-up the *Heilige-Geist* Church at Heidelberg, there was, loud enough in all the Newspapers, silent as it now is, a "Siege of Messina" going on; Imperial and Piedmontese troops doing duty by land, Admiral Byng still more effectively by sea, for the purpose of getting Sicily back. Which was achieved by and by, though at an extremely languid pace.* One of the most tedious Sieges; one of the paltriest languid Wars (of extreme virulence and extreme feebleness, neither party having

* Byng's Sea-fight, 10th August 1718 (Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals*, iii. 468); whereupon the Spaniards, who had hardly yet completed *their* capture of Messina, are besieged *in* it; — 29th October 1719, Messina retaken (this is the "Siege of Messina"): February 1720, Peace is clapt-up (the chief article, that Alberoni shall be packed away) and a "Congress of Cambrai" is to meet, and settle everything.

any cash left), — and for an object which could not be excelled in insignificance. Object highly interesting to Kaiser Karl VI. and Elizabeth Farnese Termagant Queen of Spain. These two were red, or even were pale, with interest in it; and to the rest of Adam's Posterity it was not intrinsically worth an ounce of gunpowder, many tons of that and of better commodities as they had to spend upon it. True, the Spanish Navy got well lamed in the business; Spanish Fleet blown mostly to destruction, — "Roads of Messina, 10th August 1718," by the dextrous Byng (a creditable handy figure both in Peace and War) and his considerable Seafight there: — if that was an object to Spain or mankind, that was accomplished. But the "War," except that many men were killed in it, and much vain babble was uttered upon it, ranks otherwise with that of Don Quixote, for conquest of the enchanted Helmet of Mambrino, which when looked into proved to be a Barber's Basin.

Congress of Cambrai, and other high Gatherings and convulsive Doings, which all proved futile, and look almost like Lapland witchcraft now to us, will have to follow this futility of a War. It is the fruit of a long series of enchanted adventures, on which Kaiser Karl, — duelling with that Spanish Virago, Satan's Invisible World in the rear of her, — has now embarked, to the woe of mankind, for the rest of his life. The first of those terrifico-ludicrous paroxysms of crisis into which he throws the European Universe; he with his Enchanted Barber's-Basin enterprises; —

18th November 1718.

as perhaps was fit enough, in an Epoch presided-over by the Nightmares. Congress of Cambrai is to follow; and much else equally spectral. About all which, there will be enough to say anon! For it was a fearful operation, though a ludicrous one, this of the poor Kaiser; and it tormented not the big Nations only, and threw an absurd Europe into paroxysm after paroxysm; but it whirled-up, in its wide-sweeping skirts, our little Fritz and his Sister, and almost dashed the lives out of them, as we shall see! Which last is perhaps the one claim it now has to a cursory mention from mankind.

Byng's Seafight, done with due dexterity of manœuvring, and then with due emphasis of broadsiding, decisive of that absurd War, and almost the one creditable action in it, dates itself 10th August 1718. And about three months later, on the mimic stage at Paris there came out a Piece, *Œdipe* the title of it,* by one François Arouet, a young gentleman about twenty-two; and had such a run as seldom was; — apprising the the French Populations that, to all appearance, a new man of genius had appeared among them (not intimating what work he would do); and greatly angering old M. Arouet of the Chamber of Accounts; who thereby found his Son as good as cast into the whirlpools, and a solid Law-career thenceforth impossible for the young fool. — The name of that "M. Arouet junior" changes

* 18th November 1718.

itself, some years hence, into *M. de Voltaire*; under which latter designation he will conspicuously reappear in this Narrative.

And now we will go to our little Crown-Prince again; — ignorant, he, of all this that is mounting-up in the distance, and that will envelop him one day.

CHAPTER XI.

OF THE CROWN-PRINCE'S PROGRESS IN HIS SCHOOLING.

WILHELMINA says,* her Brother was "slow" in learning: we may presume, she means idle, volatile, not always prompt in fixing his attention to what did not interest him. Moreover, he was often weakly in health, as she herself adds; so that exertion was not recommendable for him. Herr von Loen (a witty Prussian Official, and famed man-of-letters once, though forgotten now) testifies expressly that the Boy was of bright parts, and that he made rapid progress. "The "Crown-Prince manifests in this tender age" (his seventh year) "an uncommon capacity; nay we may say, something quite extraordinary (*etwas ganz Ausserordentliches*). "He is a most alert and vivacious Prince; he has fine "and sprightly manners; and shows a certain kindly "sociality, and so affectionate a disposition that all "things may be hoped of him. The French Lady who" (under Roucoules) "has had charge of his learning "hitherto, cannot speak of him without enthusiasm. " "*C'est un esprit angélique* (A little angel),' she is wont "to say. He takes up, and learns, whatever is put "before him, with the greatest facility." **

For the rest, that Friedrich Wilhelm's intentions and Rhadamanthine regulations, in regard to him, were

* *Mémoires*, i. 22.

** Von Loen: *Kleine Schriften*, ii. 27 (as cited in Rüdtenbeck, No. iv. 479).

fulfilled in every point, we will by no means affirm. Rules of such exceeding preciseness, if grounded here and there only on the *sic-volo*, how could they be always kept, except on the surface and to the eye merely? The good Duhan, diligent to open his Pupil's mind, and give Nature fair play, had practically found it inexpedient to tie him too rigorously to the arbitrary formal departments, where no natural curiosity, but only order from without, urges the ingenious pupil. What maximum strictness in school-drill there can have been, we may infer from one thing, were there no other: the ingenious Pupil's mode of *spelling*. Fritz learned to write a fine, free-flowing, rapid and legible business-hand; "Arithmetic" too, "Geography," and many other Useful Knowledges that had some geniality of character, or attractiveness in practice, were among his acquisitions; much, very much he learned in the course of his life; but to *spell*, much more to punctuate, and subdue the higher mysteries of Grammar to himself, was always an unachievable perfection. He did improve somewhat, in after-life; but here is the length to which he had carried that necessary art in the course of nine-years exertion, under Duhan and the subsidiary preceptors: it is in the following words and alphabetic letters that he gratefully bids Duhan farewell, — who surely cannot have been a very strict drill-sergeant in the arbitrary branches of schooling!

"*Mon cher Duhan Je Vous promais (promets) que quand
"j'aurez (j'aurai) mon propre argent en main, je Vous donnerez*

“(donnerai) *enuelement* (annuellement) 2400 *ecu* (écus) *par an*,
“*et je vous aimerais* (aimerai) *toujour encor* (toujours encore) *un*
“*peu plus q’asteure* (qu’à cette heure) *s’il me l’est* (m’est) *possible*
“(possible).”

“My dear Duhan, — I promise to you, that when I shall
“have my money in my own hands, I will give you *annually*
“2400 crowns” (say 350*l.*) “*every year*; and that I will love
“you always even a little more than at present, if that be
“possible.

“FRIDERIC P.R.” (Prince-Royal).

“Potsdam, le 20 de juin 1727.” *

The Document has otherwise its beauty; but such is the spelling of it. In fact his Grammar, as he would himself now and then regretfully discern, in riper years, with some transient attempt or resolution to remedy or help it, seems to have come mainly by nature; so likewise his “*stylus*” both in French and German,—a very fair style, too, in the former dialect: — but as to his spelling, let him try as he liked, he never came within sight of perfection.

The things ordered with such rigorous minuteness, if but arbitrary things, were apt to be neglected; the things forbidden, especially in the like case, were apt to become doubly tempting. It appears, the prohibition of Latin gave rise to various attempts, on the part of Friedrich, to attain that desirable Language. Secret lessons, not from Duhan, but no doubt with Duhan’s connivance, were from time to time undertaken with this view; once, it is recorded, the vigilant Friedrich

* Preuss, i. 22.

Wilhelm, going his rounds, came upon Fritz and one of his Preceptors (not Duhan but a subaltern) actually engaged in this illicit employment. Friedrich himself was wont to relate this anecdote in after-life.* They had Latin books, dictionaries, grammars on the table, all the contraband apparatus; busy with it there, like a pair of coiners taken in the fact. Among other Books was a copy of the Golden Bull of Kaiser Karl IV., — *Aurea Bulla*, from the little golden *bullets* or pellets hung to it, — by which sublime Document, as perhaps we hinted long ago, certain so-called Fundamental Constitutions, or at least formalities and solemn practices, method of election, rule of precedence, and the like, of the Holy Roman Empire, had at last been settled on a sure footing, by that busy little Kaiser, some three-hundred-and-fifty years before; a Document venerable almost next to the Bible in Friedrich Wilhelm's loyal eyes. "What is this; what are "you venturing upon here?" exclaims Paternal Vigilance, in an astonished dangerous tone. "*Ihro Majestät, ich "explicire dem Prinzen Auream Bullam,"*" exclaimed the trembling pedagogue: "Your Majesty, I am explaining "*Aurea Bulla* (Golden Bull) to the Prince!" — "Dog, "I will Golden-Bull you!" said his Majesty flourishing his rattan, "*Ich will dich, Schurke, beauream bullam!*" which sent the terrified wretch off at the top of his speed, and ended the Latin for that time.**

* Büsching: *Beiträge zu der Lebensgeschichte denkwürdiger Personen*, v. 33. Preuss, i. 24.

** Förster, i. 356.

Friedrich's Latin could never come to much, under these impediments. But he retained some smatterings of it in mature life; and was rather fond of producing his classical scraps, — often in an altogether mouldy, and indeed hitherto inexplicable condition. “*De gustibus non est disputandus*,” “*Beati possedentes*,” “*Com-pille intrare*,” “*Beatus pauperes spiritus*,” the meaning of these can be guessed: but “*Tot verbas tot spon-dera*,” for example, — what can any commentator make of that? “*Festina lente*,” “*Dominus vobiscum*,” “*Flectamus genua*,” “*Quod bene notandum*,” these phrases too, and some three or four others of the like, have been riddled from his Writings by diligent men: * “*O tempora, O mores!* You see I don't forget my Latin,” writes he once.

The worst fruit of these contraband operations was, that they involved the Boy in clandestine practices, secret disobediences apt to be found-out from time to time, and tended to alienate his Father from him. Of which sad mutual humour we already find traces in that early Wusterhausen Document: “Not to be so dirty,” says the reproving Father. And the Boy does not take to hunting at all; likes verses, story-books, flute-playing better; seems to be of effeminate tendencies, an *effeminirter Kerl*; affects French modes, combs-out his hair, like a cockatoo, the foolish French fop, instead of conforming to the Army-regulation, which prescribes close-cropping and a club!

* Preuss (i. 24) furnishes the whole stock of them.

This latter grievance Friedrich Wilhelm decided, at last, to abate, and have done with; this, for one. It is an authentic fact, though not dated, — dating perhaps from about Fritz's fifteenth year. "Fritz is a "*Querpfеifer und Poet*," not a Soldier! would his indignant Father growl; looking at those foreign effeminate ways of his. *Querpfеife*, that is simply "German-flute," "*Cross-pipe*" (or *fife* of any kind, for we English have thriftily made two useful words out of the Deutsch root); "*Cross-pipe*," being held *across* the mouth, horizontally. Worthless employment, if you are not born to be of the regimental band! thinks Friedrich Wilhelm. Fritz is celebrated, too, for his fine foot; a dapper little fellow, altogether pretty in the eyes of simple female courtiers, with his blond locks combed-out at the temples, with his bright eyes, sharp wit, and sparkling capricious ways. The cockatoo-locks, these at least we will abate! decides the Paternal mind.

And so, unexpectedly, Friedrich Wilhelm has commanded these bright locks, as contrary to military fashion, of which Fritz has now unworthily the honour of being a specimen, to be ruthlessly shorn away. Inexorable: the *Hof-Chirurgus* (Court-Surgeon, of the nature of Barber-Surgeon), with scissors and comb, is here; ruthless Father standing by. Crop him, my jolly Barber; close down to the accurate standard; soaped club, instead of flowing locks; we suffer no exceptions in this military department: I stand here till it is done. Poor Fritz, they say, had tears in his eyes; but what help in tears? The judicious Chirurgus, however,

proved merciful. The judicious Chirurgus struck-in as if nothing loth, snack, snack; and made a great show of clipping. Friedrich Wilhelm took a newspaper till the job were done; the judicious Barber, still making a great show of work, combed-back rather than cut-off these Apollo locks; did Fritz accurately into soaped club, to the cursory eye; but left him capable of shaking-out his chevelure again on occasion, — to the lasting gratitude of Fritz.*

The Noltenius-and-Panzendorf Drill-exercise.

On the whole, as we said, a youth needs good assimilating power, if he is to grow in this world! Noltenius and Panzendorf, for instance, they were busy "teaching Friedrich religion." Rather a strange operation this too, if we were to look into it. We will not look too closely. Another pair of excellent most solemn drill-sergeants, in clerical black serge; they also are busy instilling dark doctrines into the bright young Boy, so far as possible; but do not seem at any time to have made too deep an impression on him. May we not say that, in matter of religion too, Friedrich was but ill-bested? Enlightened Edict-of-Nantes Protestantism, a cross between Bayle and Calvin: that was but indifferent babe's-milk to the little creature. Nor could Noltenius's Catechism, and ponderous drill-exercise in orthodox theology, much inspire a clear soul with pieties. and tendencies to soar Heavenward.

* Preuss, i. 16.

Alas, it is a dreary litter indeed, mere wagonload on wagonload of shot rubbish, that is heaped-round this new human plant, by Noltenius and Company, among others. A wonder only that they did not extinguish all Sense of the Highest in the poor young soul, and leave only a Sense of the Dreariest and Stupidest. But a healthy human soul can stand a great deal. The healthy soul shakes-off, in an unexpectedly victorious manner, immense masses of dry rubbish that have been shot upon it by its assiduous pedagogues and professors. What would become of any of us otherwise! Duhan, opening the young soul, by such modest gift as Duhan had, to recognise black from white a little, in this embroiled high Universe, is probably an exception in some small measure. But, Duhan excepted, it may be said to have been in spite of most of his teachers, and their diligent endeavours, that Friedrich did acquire some human piety; kept the sense of truth alive in his mind; knew, in whatever words he phrased it, the divine eternal nature of Duty; and managed, in the muddiest element and most eclipsed Age ever known, to steer by the heavenly loadstars, and (so we must candidly term it) to *follow* God's Law, in some measure, with or without Noltenius for company.

Noltenius's *Catechism*, or ghostly Drill-manual for Fritz, at least the Catechism he had plied Wilhelmina with, which no doubt was the same, is still extant.* A very abstruse Piece; orthodox Lutheran-Calvinist, all

* Preuss, i. 15; — specimens of it in Rödénbeck.

proved from Scripture; giving what account it can of this unfathomable Universe, to the young mind. To modern Prussians it by no means shines as the indubitable Theory of the Universe. Indignant modern Prussians produce excerpts from it, of an abstruse nature; and endeavour to deduce therefrom some of Friedrich's aberrations in matters of religion, which became notorious enough by and by. Alas, I fear, it would not have been easy, even for the modern Prussian, to produce a perfect Catechism for the use of Friedrich; this Universe still continues a little abstruse!

And there is another deeper thing to be remarked: the notion of "teaching" religion, in the way of drill-exercise; which is a very strange notion, though a common one, and not peculiar to Noltenius and Friedrich Wilhelm. Piety to God, the nobleness that inspires a human soul to struggle Heavenward, cannot be "taught" by the most exquisite catechisms, or the most industrious preachings and drillings. No; alas, no. Only by far other methods, — chiefly by silent continual Example, silently waiting for the favourable mood and moment, and aided then by a kind of miracle, well enough named "the grace of God," — can that sacred contagion pass from soul into soul. How much beyond whole Libraries of orthodox Theology is, sometimes, the mute action, the unconscious look of a father, of a mother, who *had* in them "Devoutness, pious Nobleness!" In whom the young soul, not unobservant, though not consciously observing, came at length to recognise it; to read it, in this irrefragable manner: a

seed planted thenceforth in the centre of his holiest affections forevermore! *

Noltenius wore black serge; kept the corners of his mouth well down; and had written a Catechism of repute: but I know not that Noltenius carried much seed of living piety about with him; much affection from, or for, young Fritz he could not well carry. On the whole, it is a bad outlook on the religious side; and except in Apprenticeship to the rugged and as yet repulsive Honesties of Friedrich Wilhelm, I see no good element in it. Bayle-Calvin, with Noltenius and Catechisms of repute: there is no "religion" to be had, for a little Fritz, out of all that. Endless Doubt will be provided for him out of all that, probably disbelief of all that; — and on the whole, if any form at all, a very scraggy form of moral existence; from which the Highest shall be hopelessly absent; and in which anything High, anything not Low and Lying, will have double merit.

It is indeed amazing what quantities and kinds of extinct ideas apply for belief, sometimes in a menacing manner, to the poor mind of man, and poor mind of child, in these days. They come bullying-in upon him, in masses, as if they were quite living ideas; ideas of a dreadfully indispensable nature, the evident counterpart, and salutary interpretation, of Facts round him, which, it is promised the poor young creature, he *shall* recognise to correspond with them, one day. At which "correspondence," when the Facts are once well recognised, he has at last to ask himself, with amazement, "*Did I ever recognise it, then?*" Whereby come

results incalculable; not good results any of them; — some of them unspeakably bad! The case of Crown-Prince Friedrich in Berlin is not singular; all cities and places can still show the like. And when it will end, is not yet clear. But that it ever should have begun, will one day be the astonishment. As if the divinest function of a human being were not even that of believing; of discriminating, with his God-given intellect, what is from what is not; and as if the point were, to render that either an impossible function, or else what we must sorrowfully call a revolutionary, rebellious and mutinous one. O Noltenius, O Panzendorf, do for pity's sake take away your Catechetical ware; and say either nothing to the poor young Boy, or some small thing he will find to be beyond doubt when he can judge of it! Fever, pestilence, are bad for the body; but Doubt, impious mutiny, doubly impious hypocrisy, are these nothing for the mind? Who would go about inculcating Doubt, unless he were far astray indeed, and much at a loss for employment!

But the sorest fact in Friedrich's schooling, the sorest, for the present, though it ultimately proved perhaps the most beneficent one, being well dealt with by the young soul, and nobly subdued to his higher uses, remains still to be set forth. Which will be a long business, first and last!

CHAPTER XII.

CROWN-PRINCE FALLS INTO DISFAVOUR WITH PAPA.

THOSE vivacities of young Fritz, his taste for music, finery, those furtive excursions into the domain of Latin and forbidden things, were distasteful and incomprehensible to Friedrich Wilhelm: Where can such things end? They begin in disobedience and intolerable perversity; they will be the ruin of Prussia and of Fritz! — Here, in fact, has a great sorrow risen. We perceive the first small cracks of incurable divisions in the royal household; the breaking-out of fountains of bitterness, which by and by spread wide enough. A young sprightly capricious and vivacious Boy, inclined to self-will, had it been permitted; developing himself into foreign tastes, into French airs and ways; very ill seen by the heavy-footed practical Germanic Majesty.

The beginnings of this sad discrepancy are traceable from Friedrich's sixth or seventh year: "Not so dirty, Boy!" And there could be no lack of growth in the mutual ill-humour, while the Boy himself continued growing; enlarging in bulk and in activity of his own. Plenty of new children come, to divide our regard withal, and more are coming: five new Princesses, wise little Ulrique the youngest of them (named of Sweden and the happy Swedish Treaty), whom we love much for her grave staid ways. Nay, next after Ulrique,

comes even a new Prince; August Wilhelm, ten years younger than Friedrich; and is growing-up much more according to the paternal heart. Pretty children, all of them, more or less; and towardly, and comfortable to a Father; — and the worst of them a paragon of beauty, in comparison to perverse, clandestine, disobedient Fritz, with his French fopperies, flutings, and cockatoo fashions of hair! —

And so the silent divulsion, silent on Fritz's part, exploding loud enough now and then on his Father's part, goes steadily on, splitting ever wider; new offences ever superadding themselves. Till, at last, the rugged Father has grown to hate the son; and longs, with sorrowful indignation, that it were possible to make August Wilhelm Crown-Prince in his stead. This Fritz ought to fashion himself according to his Father's pattern, a well-meant honest pattern; and he does not! Alas, your Majesty, it cannot be. It is the new generation come; which cannot live quite as the old one did. A perennial controversy in human life; coeval with the genealogies of men. This little Boy should have been the excellent paternal Majesty's exact counterpart; resembling him, at all points, "as a little sixpence does a big half-crown:" but we perceive he cannot. This is a new coin, with a stamp of its own. A surprising *Friedrich d'or* this; and may prove a good piece yet; but will never be the half-crown your Majesty requires! —

Conceive a rugged thick-sided Squire Western, of

supreme degree, — for this Squire Western is a hot Hohenzollern, and wears a crown royal; — conceive such a burly *ne-plus-ultra* of a Squire, with his broad-based rectitudes and surly irrefragabilities; the honest German instincts of the man, convictions certain as the Fates, but capable of no utterance, or next to none, in words; and that he produces a Son who takes into Voltairism, piping, fiddling, and belles-lettres, with apparently a total contempt for Grumkow and the giant-regiment! Sulphurous rage, in gusts or in lasting tempests, rising from a fund of just implacability, is inevitable. Such as we shall see.

The Mother, as mothers will, secretly favours Fritz; anxious to screen him in the day of high-wind. Withal she has plans of her own in regard to Fritz, and the others; being a lady of many plans. That of the "Double-Marriage," for example; of marrying her Prince and Princess to a Princess and Prince of the English-Hanoverian House; it was a pleasant eligible plan, consented to by Papa and the other parties; but when it came to be perfected by treaty, amid the rubs of external and internal politics, what new amazing discrepancies rose upon her poor children and her! Fearfully aggravating the quarrel of Father and Son, almost to the fatal point. Of that "Double-Marriage," whirled-up in a universe of intriguing diplomacies, in the "skirts of the Kaiser's huge Spectre-Hunt," as we have called it, there will be sad things to say by and by.

Plans her Majesty has; and silently a will of her own. She loves all her children, especially Fritz, and would so love that they loved her. — For the rest, all along, Fritz and Wilhelmina are sure allies. We perceive they have fallen into a kind of cipher-speech;* they communicate with one another by telegraphic signs. One of their words, "*Ragotin* (Stumpy)," whom does the reader think it designates? Papa himself, the Royal Majesty of Prussia, Friedrich Wilhelm I., he to his rebellious children is tyrant "Stumpy," and no better; being indeed short of stature and growing ever thicker, and surlier in these provocations! —

Such incurable discrepancies have risen in the Berlin Palace; fountains of bitterness flowing ever wider, till they made life all bitter for Son and for Father; necessitating the proud Son to hypocrisies towards his terrible Father, which were very foreign to the proud youth, had there been any other resource. But there was none, now or afterwards. Even when the young man, driven to reflection and insight by intolerable miseries, had begun to recognise the worth of his surly Rhadamanthine Father, and the intrinsic wisdom of much that he had meant with him, the Father hardly ever could, or could only by fits, completely recognise the Son's worth. Rugged suspicious Papa requires always to be humoured, cajoled, even when our feeling towards him is genuine and loyal. Friedrich, to the last, we can perceive, has to assume masquerade in

* *Mémoires de Bareith*, i. 168.

addressing him, in writing to him, — and, in spite of real love, must have felt it a relief when such a thing was over.

That is, all along, a sad element of Friedrich's education! Out of which there might have come incalculable damage to the young man, had his natural assimilative powers, to extract benefit from all things, been less considerable. As it was, he gained self-help from it; gained reticence, the power to keep his own counsel; and did not let the hypocrisy take hold of him, or be other than a hateful compulsory masquerade. At an uncommonly early age, he stands before us accomplished in endurance, for one thing; a very bright young Stoic of his sort; silently prepared for the injustices of men and things. And as for the masquerade, let us hope it was essentially foreign even to the skin of the man! The reader will judge as he goes on. "*Je n'ai jamais trompé personne durant ma vie*, I have "never deceived anybody during my life; still less will I deceive posterity,"* writes Friedrich when his head was now grown very gray.

* *Mémoires depuis la Paix de Hubertsbourg, 1763-1774 (Avant-Propos), Œuvres, vii. 8.*

CHAPTER XIII.

RESULTS OF THE CROWN-PRINCE'S SCHOOLING.

NEITHER as to intellectual culture, in Duhan's special sphere, and with all Duhan's goodwill, was the opportunity extremely golden. It cannot be said that Friedrich, who *spells* in the way we saw, "*asteure*" for "*à cette heure*," has made shining acquisitions on the literary side. However, in the longrun it becomes clear, his intellect, roving on devious courses, or plodding along the prescribed tram-roads, had been wide-awake; and busy all the while, bringing-in abundant pabulum of an irregular nature.

He did learn "Arithmetic," "Geography," and the other useful knowledges that were indispensable to him. He knows History extensively; though rather the Roman, French, and general European as the French have taught it him, than that of "Hessen, Brunswick, England," or even the "Electoral and Royal House of Brandenburg," which Papa had recommended. He read History, where he could find it readable, to the end of his life; and had early begun reading it, — immensely eager to learn, in his little head, what strange things had been, and were, in this strange Planet he was come into.

We notice with pleasure a lively taste for facts in

the little Boy; which continued to be the taste of the Man, in an eminent degree. Fictions he also knows; an eager extensive reader of what is called Poetry, Literature, and himself a performer in that province by and by: but it is observable how much of Realism there always is in his Literature; how close, here as elsewhere, he always hangs on the practical truth of things; how Fiction itself is either an expository illustrative garment of Fact, or else is of no value to him. Romantic readers of his Literature are much disappointed in consequence, and pronounce it bad Literature; — and sure enough, in several senses, it is not to be called good! Bad Literature, they say; shallow, barren, most unsatisfactory to a reader of romantic appetites. Which is a correct verdict, as to the romantic appetites and it. But to the man himself, this quality of mind is of immense moment and advantage; and forms truly the basis of all he was good-for in life. Once for all, he has no pleasure in dreams, in particoloured clouds and nothingnesses. All his curiosities gravitate towards what exists, what has being and reality round him. That is the significant thing to him; that he would right gladly know, being already related to that, as friend or as enemy; and feeling an unconscious indissoluble kinship, who shall say of what importance, towards all that. For he too is a little Fact, big as can be to himself; and in the whole Universe there exists nothing as fact but is a fellow-creature of his.

That our little Fritz tends that way, ought to give

Noltenius, Finkenstein, and other interested parties, the very highest satisfaction. It is an excellent symptom of his intellect, this of gravitating irresistibly towards realities. Better symptom of its quality (whatever *quantity* there be of it), human intellect cannot show for itself. However it may go with Literature, and satisfaction to readers of romantic appetites, this young soul promises to become a successful Worker one day, and to *do* something under the Sun. For work is of an extremely unfictitious nature; and no man can roof his house with clouds and moonshine, so as to turn the rain from him.

It is also to be noted that this style of French, though he spelt it so ill, and never had the least mastery of punctuation, has real merit. Rapidity, easy vivacity, perfect clearness, here and there a certain quaint expressiveness: on the whole, he had learned the Art of Speech, from those old French Governesses, in those old and new French Books of his. We can also say of his Literature, of what he hastily wrote in mature life, that it has much more worth, even as Literature, than the common romantic appetite assigns to it. A vein of distinct sense, and good interior articulation, is never wanting in that thin-flowing utterance. The true is well riddled-out from amid the false; the important and essential are alone given us, the unimportant and superfluous honestly thrown away. A lean wiry veracity (an immense advantage in any Literature, good or bad!) is everywhere beneficently

observable; the *quality* of the intellect always extremely good, whatever its quantity may be.

It is true, his spelling, — “*asteure*” for “*à cette heure*,” — is very bad. And as for punctuation, he never could understand the mystery of it: he merely scatters a few commas and dashes, as if they were shaken out of a pepper-box, upon his page, and so leaves it. These are deficiencies lying very bare to criticism; and I confess I never could completely understand them in such a man. He that would have ordered arrest for the smallest speck of mud on a man's buff-belt, indignant that any pipe-clayed portion of a man should not be perfectly pipe-clayed: how could he tolerate false spelling, and commas shaken as out of a pepper-box over his page? It is probable he cared little about Literature, after all; cared, at least, only about the essentials of it; had practically no ambition for himself, or none considerable, in that kind; — and so might reckon exact obedience and punctuality, in a soldier, more important than good spelling to an amateur literary man. He never minded snuff upon his own chin, not even upon his waistcoat and breeches: A merely superficial thing, not worth bothering about, in the press of real business! —

That Friedrich's Course of Education did on the whole prosper, in spite of every drawback, is known to all men. He came out of it a man of clear and ever-improving intelligence; equipped with knowledge, true in essentials, if not punctiliously exact, upon all

manner of practical and speculative things, to a degree not only unexampled among modern Sovereign Princes so-called, but such as to distinguish him even among the studious class. Nay many "Men-of-Letters" have made a reputation for themselves, with but a fraction of the real knowledge concerning men and things, past and present, which Friedrich was possessed of. Already at the time when action came to be demanded of him, he was what we must call a well-informed and cultivated man; which character he never ceased to merit more and more; and as for the action, and the actions, — we shall see whether he was fit for these or not.

One point of supreme importance in his Education was all along made sure of, by the mere presence and presidency of Friedrich Wilhelm in the business: That there was an inflexible law of discipline everywhere active in it; that there was a Spartan rigour, frugality, veracity inculcated upon him. "Economy he is to study to the bottom;" and not only so, but, in another sense of the word, he is to practise economy; and does, or else suffers for not doing it. Economic of his time, first of all: generally every other noble economy will follow out of that, if a man once understand and practise that. Here was a truly valuable foundation laid: and as for the rest, Nature, in spite of shot-rubbish, had to do what she could in the rest.

But Nature had been very kind to this new child of hers. And among the confused hurtful elements of his Schooling, there was always, as we say, this emi-

nently salutary and most potent one, of its being, in the gross, *an Apprenticeship to Friedrich Wilhelm*, the Rhadamanthine Spartan King, who hates from his heart all empty Nonsense, and Unveracity most of all. Which one element, well aided by docility, by openness and loyalty of mind, on the Pupil's part, proved at length sufficient to conquer the others; as it were, to burn-up all the others, and reduce their sour dark smoke, abounding everywhere, into flame and illumination mostly. This radiant swift-paced Son owed much to the surly, irascible, sure-footed Father that bred him. Friedrich did at length see into Friedrich Wilhelm, across the abstruse, thunderous, sulphurous embodiments and accompaniments of the man; — and proved himself, in all manner of important respects, the filial sequel of Friedrich Wilhelm. These remarks of a certain Editor are perhaps worth adding

“Friedrich Wilhelm, King of Prussia, did not set-up for a
 “Pestalozzi; and the plan of education for his Son is open to
 “manifold objections. Nevertheless, as Schoolmasters go,
 “I much prefer him to most others we have at present. The
 “wild man had discerned, with his rugged natural intelligence
 “(not wasted-away in the idle element of speaking and of being
 “spoken to, but kept wholesomely silent for most part), That
 “human education is not, and cannot be, a thing of *vocables*.
 “That it is a thing of earnest facts; of capabilities developed,
 “of habits established, of dispositions well dealt with, of
 “tendencies confirmed and tendencies repressed: — a la-
 “borious separating of the character into two *firmaments*;
 “shutting-down the subterranean, well down and deep; an

"earth and waters, and what lies under them; then your ever-
"lasting azure sky, and immeasurable depths of æther,
"hanging serene overhead. To make of the human soul
"Cosmos, so far as possible, that was Friedrich Wilhelm's
"dumb notion: not to leave the human soul a mere Chaos;
"how much less a Singing or eloquently Spouting Chaos, which
"is ten times worse than a Chaos left *mute*, confessedly chaotic,
"and not cosmic! To develop the man into *doing* something
"and withal into doing it as the Universe and the Eternal
"Laws require, — which is but another name for really doing
"and not merely seeming to do it: — that was Friedrich Wilhelm's
"helm's dumb notion: and it was, I can assure you, very far
"from being a foolish one, though there was no Latin in it, and
"much of Prussian pipeclay!"

But the Congress of Cambrai is met, and much more
else is met and parted; and the Kaiser's Spectre-Hunter
especially his Duel with the She-Dragon of Spain, is
in full course; and it is time we were saying something
of the Double-Marriage in a directly narrative way.

BOOK V.

**DOUBLE-MARRIAGE PROJECT, AND WHAT ELEMENT
IT FELL INTO.**

1723-1726.

CHAPTER I.

DOUBLE-MARRIAGE IS DECIDED ON.

WE saw George I. at Berlin in October 1723, looking-out upon his little Grandson drilling the Cadets there; but we did not mention what important errand had brought his Majesty thither.

Visits between Hanover and Berlin had been frequent for a long time back; the young Queen of Prussia, sometimes with her Husband, sometimes without, running often over to see her Father; who, even after his accession to the English crown, was generally for some months every year to be met-with in those favourite regions of his. He himself did not much visit, being of taciturn splenetic nature: but this once he had agreed to return a visit they had lately made him, — where a certain weighty Business had been agreed upon, withal; which his Britannic Majesty was to consummate formally, by treaty, when the meeting in Berlin took effect. His Britannic Majesty, accordingly, is come; the business in hand is no other than that thrice-famous “Double-Marriage” of Prussia with England; which once had such a sound in the ear of Rumour, and still bulks so big in the archives of the Eighteenth Century; which worked such woe to all parties concerned in it; and is, in fact, a first-rate nui-

sance in the History of that poor Century, as written hitherto. Nuisance demanding urgently to be abated; — were that well possible at present. Which, alas, it is not, to any great degree; there being an important young Friedrich inextricably wrapt-up in it, to whom it was of such vital or almost fatal importance! Without a Friedrich, the affair could be reduced to something like its real size, and recorded in a few pages; or might even, with advantage, be forgotten altogether, and become zero. More gigantic instance of much ado about nothing has seldom occurred in human annals; — had not there been a Friedrich in the heart of it.

Crown-Prince Friedrich is still very young for marriage-speculations on his score: but Mamma has thought good to take matters in time. And so we shall, in the next ensuing parts of this poor History, have to hear almost as much about Marriage as in the foolishdest Three-volume Novel, and almost to still less purpose. For indeed, in that particular, Friedrich's young Life may be called a *Romance flung heels-over-head*; — Marriage being the one event there, round which all events turn, — but turn in the inverse or reverse way (as if the Devil were in them); not only towards no happy goal, for him or Mamma, or us, but at last towards hardly any goal at all for anybody! So mad did the affair grow; — and is so madly recorded in those inextricable, dateless, chaotic Books. We have now come to regions of Narrative, which seem to consist of murky Nothingness put on-boil; not land, or water, or air, or

fire, but a tumultuously whirling commixture of all the four; — of immense extent, too. Which must be got crossed, in some human manner. Courage, patience, good reader!

Queen Sophie Dorothee has taken Time by the Forelock.

Already, for a dozen years, this matter has been treated of. Queen Sophie Dorothee, ever since the birth of her Wilhelmina, has had the notion of it; and, on her first visit afterwards to Hanover, proposed it to "Princess Caroline," — Queen Caroline of England who was to be, and who in due course was; — an excellent accomplished Brandenburg-Anspach Lady, familiar from of old in the Prussian Court: "You, Caroline, Cousin dear, have a little Prince, Fritz, or let us call him *Fred*, since he is to be English; little Fred, who will one day, if all go right, be King of England. He is two years older than my little Wilhelmina: why should not they wed, and the two chief Protestant Houses, and Nations, thereby be united?" Princess Caroline was very willing; so was Electress Sophie, the Great-Grandmother of both the parties; so were the Georges, Father and Grandfather of Fred: little Fred himself was highly charmed, when told of it; even little Wilhelmina, with her dolls, looked pleasantly demure on the occasion. So it remained settled in fact, though not in form; and little Fred (a florid milk-faced foolish kind of Boy, I guess) made presents to his little Prussian Cousin, wrote bits of love-letters to

her; and all along afterwards fancied himself, and at length ardently enough became, her little lover and intended, — always rather a little fellow: — to which sentiments Wilhelmina signifies that she responded with the due maidenly indifference, but not in an offensive manner.

After our Prussian Fritz's birth, the matter took a still closer form: "You, dear Princess Caroline, you have now two little Princesses again, either of whom might suit my little Fritzchen: let us take Amelia, the second of them, who is nearest his age?" "Agreed!" answered Princess Caroline again. "Agreed!" answered all the parties interested: and so it was settled, that the Marriage of Prussia to England should be a Double one, Fred of Hanover and England to Wilhelmina, Fritz of Prussia to Amelia; and children and parents lived thenceforth in the constant understanding that such, in due course of years, was to be the case, though nothing yet was formally concluded by treaty upon it.*

Queen Sophie Dorothee of Prussia was always eager enough for treaty, and conclusion to her scheme. True to it, she, as needle to the pole in all weathers; sometimes in the wildest weather, poor lady. Nor did the Hanover Serene Highnesses, at any time, draw back or falter: but having very soon got wafted across to England, into new more complex conditions, and wider anxieties in that new country, they were not so impressively eager as Queen Sophie, on this interesting point. Electress Sophie, judicious Great-Grandmother,

* Pöllnitz: *Memoiren*, ii. 193.

was not now there: Electress Sophie had died about a month before queen Anne; and never saw the English Canaan, much as she had longed for it. George I., her son, a taciturn, rather splenetic elderly Gentleman, very foreign in England, and oftenest rather sulky there and elsewhere, was not in a humour to be forward in that particular business.

George I. had got into quarrel with his Prince of Wales, Fred's Father, — him who is one day to be George II., always a rather foolish little Prince, though his Wife Caroline was Wisdom's self in a manner: — George I. had other much more urgent cares than that of marrying his disobedient foolish little Prince of Wales's offspring; and he always pleaded difficulties, Acts of Parliament that would be needed, and the like, whenever Sophie Dorothee came to visit him at Hanover, and urge this matter. The taciturn, inarticulately thoughtful, rather sulky old Gentleman, he had weighty burdens lying on him; felt fretted and galled, in many ways; and had found life, Electoral and even Royal, a deceptive sumptuosity, little better than a more or less extensive "feast of *shells*," next to no real meat or drink left in it to the hungry heart of man. Wife sitting half-frantic in the Castle of Ahlden, waxing more and more into a gray-haired Megæra (with whom Sophie Dorothee under seven seals of secrecy corresponds a little, and even the Prince of Wales is suspected of wishing to correspond); a foolish disobedient Prince of Wales; Jacobite Pretender people with their Mar Rebellions, with their Alberoni combinations;

an English Parliament jangling and debating unmelodiously, whose very language is a mystery to us, nothing but Walpole in dog-latin to help us through it: truly it is not a Heaven-on-Earth altogether, much as Mother Sophie and her foolish favourite, our disobedient Prince of Wales, might long for it! And the Hanover Tail, the Robethons, Bernstorfs, Fabrices, even the Blackamoor Porters, — they are not beautiful either, to a taciturn Majesty of some sense, if he cared about their doings or them. Voracious, plunderous, all of them; like hounds, long hungry, got into a rich house which has no master, or a mere imaginary one. “*Mentiris impudentissime*,” said Walpole in his dog-latin once, in our Royal presence, to one of these official plunderous gentlemen, “You tell an impudent lie!” — at which we only laughed.*

His Britannic Majesty by no means wanted sense, had not his situation been incurably absurd. In his young time he had served creditably enough against the Turks; twice commanded the *Reichs*-Army in the Marlborough Wars, and did at least testify his indignation at the inefficient state of it. His Foreign Politics, so-called, were not madder than those of others. Bremen and Verden he had bought a bargain; and it was natural to protect them by such resources as he had, English or other. Then there was the World-Spectre of the Pretender, stretching huge over Creation, like the Brocken-Spectre in hazy weather; — against whom

* Horace Walpole: *Reminiscences of George I. and George II.* (London, 1788).

how protect yourself, except by cannonading for the Kaiser at Messina; by rushing into every brabble that rose, and hiring the parties with money to fight it out well? It was the established method in that matter; method not of George's inventing, nor did it cease with George. As to Domestic Politics, except it were to keep quiet, and eat what the gods had provided, one does not find that he had any. — The sage Leibnitz would very fain have followed him to England; but, for reasons indifferently good, could never be allowed. If the truth must be told, the sage Leibnitz had a wisdom which now looks dreadfully like that of a wiseacre! In Mathematics even, — he did invent the Differential Calculus, but it is certain also he never could believe in Newton's System of the Universe, nor would read the *Principia* at all. For the rest, he was in quarrel about Newton with the Royal Society here; ill seen, it is probable, by this sage and the other. To the Hanover Official Gentlemen devouring their English dead-horse, it did not appear that his presence could be useful in these parts.*

Nor are the Hanover womankind his Majesty has about him, quasi-wives or not, of a soul-entrancing character; far indeed from that. Two in chief there are, a fat and a lean: the lean, called "Maypole" by the English populace, is "Duchess of Kendal," with excellent pension, in the English Peerages; Schulenburg the former German name of her; decidedly a quasi-wife

* Guhrauer, *Gottfried Freiherr von Leibnitz, eine Biographie* (Breslau, 1842); Ker of Kersland, *Memoirs of Secret Transactions* (London, 1727).

(influential, against her will, in that sad Königsmark Tragedy, at Hanover long since), who is fallen thin and old. "May-pole," — or bare Hop-pole, with the leaves all stript; lean, long, hard; — though she once had her summer verdures too; and still, as an old quasi-wife, or were it only as an old article of furniture, has her worth to the royal mind. Schulenburgs, kindred of hers, are high in the military line; some of whom we may meet.

Then, besides this lean one, there is a fat; of whom Walpole (Horace, who had seen her in boyhood) gives description. Big staring black eyes, with rim of circular eyebrow, like a coachwheel round its nave, very black the eyebrows also; vast red face; cheeks running into neck, neck blending indistinguishably with stomach, — a mere cataract of fluid tallow, skinned-over and curiously dizened, according to Walpole's portraiture. This charming creature, Kielmannsegge by German name, was called "Countess of Darlington" in this country, — with excellent pension, as was natural. They all had pensions: even Queen Sophie Dorothee, I have noticed in our State-Paper Office, has her small pension, "800*l.* a-year on the Irish Establishment:" Irish Establishment will never miss such a pittance for our poor Child, and it may be useful over yonder! — This Kielmannsegge Countess of Darlington was, and is, believed by the gossiping English to have been a second simultaneous Mistress of his Majesty's; but seems, after all, to have been his Half-Sister and nothing more. Half-Sister (due to Gentleman Ernst and a

Countess Platen of bad Hanover fame); grown dreadfully fat; but not without shrewdness, perhaps affection; and worth something in this dull foreign country, mere cataract of animal oils as she has become. These Two are the amount of his Britannic Majesty's resources in that matter; resources surely not extensive, after all! —

His Britannic Majesty's day, in St. James's, is not of an interesting sort to him; and every evening, he comes precisely at a certain hour to drink beer, seasoned with a little tobacco, and the company of these two women. Drinks diligently in a sipping way, says Horace; and smokes, with such dull speech as there may be, — not till he is drunk, but only perceptibly drunkish; raised into a kind of cloudy narcotic Olympus, and opaquely superior to the ills of life; in which state he walks uncomplainingly to bed. Government, when it can by any art be avoided, he rarely meddles with; shows a rugged sagacity, where he does and must meddle: consigns it to Walpole in dog-latin, — laughs at his "*mentiris*." This is the First George; first triumph of the Constitutional Principle, which has since gone to such sublime heights among us, — heights which we at last begin to suspect might be depths, leading down, all men now ask: Whitherwards? A much-admired invention in its time, that of letting-go the rudder, or setting a wooden figure expensively dressed to take charge of it, and discerning that the ship would sail of itself so much more easily! Which it will, if a peculiarly good sea-boat, in certain kinds of sea, — for a time. Till the Sindbad "Magnetic

Mountains" begin to be felt pulling, or the circles of Charybdis get you in their sweep; and then what an invention it was! — This, we say, is the new Sovereign Man, whom the English People, being in some perplexity about the Pope and other points, have called-in from Hanover, to walk before them in the ways of heroism, and by command and by example guide Heavenwards their affairs and them. And they hope that he will do it? Or perhaps that their affairs will go thither of their own accord? Always a singular People! —

Poor George, careless of these ulterior issues, has always trouble enough with the mere daily details, Parliamentary insolences, Jacobite plottings, South-Sea Bubbles; and wishes to hunt, when he gets over to Hanover, rather than to make Marriage-Treaties. Besides, as Wilhelmina tells us, they have filled him with lies, these Hanover Women and their emissaries: "Your Princess Wilhelmina is a monster of ill-temper, crooked in the back and what-not," say they. If there is to be a Marriage, double or single, these Improper Females must first be persuaded to consent.* Difficulties enough. And there is none to help; Friedrich Wilhelm cares little about the matter, though he has given his Yes, — Yes, since you will.

But Sophie Dorothee is diligent and urgent, by all opportunities; — and, at length, in 1723, the conjuncture is propitious. Domestic Jacobitism, in the shape

* *Mémoires de Bareith.*

of Bishop Atterbury, has got itself well banished; Alberoni and his big schemes, years ago they are blown into outer darkness; Charles XII. is well dead, and of our Bremen and Verden no question henceforth; even the Kaiser's Spectre-Hunt, or Spanish Duel, is at rest for the present, and the Congress of Cambrai is sitting, or trying all it can to sit: at home or abroad, there is nothing, not even Wood's Irish Halfpence, as yet making noise. And on the other hand, Czar Peter is rumoured (not without foundation) to be coming westward, with some huge Armament; which, whether "intended for Sweden" or not, renders a Prussian alliance doubly valuable.

And so now at last, in this favourable aspect of the stars, King George, over at Herrenhausen, was by much management of his Daughter Sophie's, and after many hitches, brought to the mark. And Friedrich Wilhelm came over too; ostensibly to bring home his Queen, but in reality to hear his Father-in-law's compliance to the Double-Marriage, — for which his Prussian Majesty is willing enough, if others are willing. Praised be Heaven, King George has agreed to everything; consents, one propitious day (Autumn 1723, day not otherwise dated), — Czar Peter's Armament, and the questionable aspects in France, perhaps quickening his volitions a little. Upon which, Friedrich Wilhelm and Queen Sophie have returned home, content in that matter; and expect shortly his Britannic Majesty's counter-visit, to perfect the details, and make a Treaty of it.

His Britannic Majesty, we say, has in substance agreed to everything. And now, in the silence of Nature, the brown leaves of October still hanging to the trees in a picturesque manner, and Wood's Halfpence not yet begun to jingle in the Drapier's Letters of Dean Swift, — his Britannic Majesty is expected at Berlin. At Berlin; properly at Charlottenburg, a pleasant rural or suburban Palace (built by his Britannic Majesty's late noble Sister, Sophie Charlotte, "the Republican Queen," and named after her, as was once mentioned), a mile or two South-west of that City. There they await King George's counter-visit.

Poor Wilhelmina is in much trepidation about it; and imparts her poor little feelings, her anticipations and experiences, in readable terms:

"There came, in those weeks, one of the Duke of Gloucester's gentlemen to Berlin," — *Duke of Gloucester* is Fred our intended, not yet Prince of Wales, and if the reader should ever hear of a *Duke of Edinburgh*, that too is Fred, — "Duke of Gloucester's gentlemen to Berlin," says Wilhelmina: "the Queen had Soiree (*Appartement*); he was presented to her as well as to me. He made me a very obliging compliment on his Master's part; I blushed, and answered only by a curtsy. The Queen, who had her eye on me, was very angry I had answered the Duke's compliments in mere silence; and rated me sharply (*me lava la tête d'importance*) for it; and ordered me, under pain of her indignation, to repair that fault to-morrow. I retired, all in tears, to my room; exasperated against the Queen and against the Duke; I swore I would

“never marry him, would throw myself at the feet” — And so on, as young ladies of vivacious temper, in extreme circumstances, are wont: — did speak, however, next day, to my Hanover gentleman about his Duke, a little, though in an embarrassed manner. Alas, I am yet but fourteen, gone the 3d of July last: tremulous as aspen-leaves; or say, as sheet-lightning bottled in one of the thinnest human skins; and have no experience of foolish Dukes and affairs! —

“Meanwhile,” continues Wilhelmina, “the King of England’s time of arrival was drawing nigh. We repaired, on the 6th of October, to Charlottenburg to receive him. The heart of me kept beating, and I was in cruel agitations. “King George” (my Grandfather and Grand Uncle) “arrived on the 8th, about seven in the evening;” — dusky shades already sinking over Nature everywhere, and all paths growing dim. Abundant flunkies, of course, rush-out with torches or what is needful. “The King of Prussia, the Queen and all their Suite received him in the Court of the Palace, the ‘Apartments’ being on the ground-floor. So soon as he had saluted the King and Queen, I was presented to him. He embraced me; and turning to the Queen said to her, “Your daughter is very big of her age!’ He gave the Queen his hand, and led her into her apartment, whither everybody followed them. As soon as I came in, he took a light from the table, and surveyed me from head to foot. I stood motionless as a statue, and was much put out of countenance. All this went on without his uttering the least word. Having thus passed me in review, he addressed himself to my Brother, whom he caressed much, and amused himself with, for a good while.” Pretty little Grandson this, your Majesty; — any future of history in this one, think you? “I,” says Wilhelmina, “took the opportunity of slipping-out;” — hopeful to get away; but could not, the Queen having noticed.

“The Queen made me a sign to follow her; and passed
“into a neighbouring apartment, where she had the English
“and Germans of King George’s Suite successively presented
“to her. After some talk with these gentlemen, she withdrew;
“leaving me to entertain them, and saying: ‘Speak English
“‘to my Daughter; you will find she speaks it very well.’
“I felt much less embarrassed, once the Queen was gone; and
“picking-up a little courage, I entered into conversation with
“these English. As I spoke their language like my mother-
“tongue, I got pretty well out of the affair, and everybody
“seemed charmed with me. They made my eulogy to the
“Queen; told her I had quite the English air, and was made
“to be their Sovereign one day. It was saying a great deal
“on their part: for these English think themselves so much
“above all other people, that they imagine they are paying a
“high compliment when they tell any one he has got English
“manners.

“Their King” (my Grandpapa) “had got Spanish man-
“ners, I should say: he was of an extreme gravity, and hardly
“spoke a word to anybody. He saluted Madam Sonsfeld”
(my invaluable thrice-dear Governess) “very coldly; and
“asked her, ‘If I was always so serious, and if my humour
“‘was of the melancholy turn?’ ‘Anything but that, Sire,’
“answered the other: ‘but the respect she has for your
“‘Majesty prevents her from being as sprightly as she com-
“‘monly is.’ He wagged his head, and answered nothing.
“The reception he had given me, and this question, of which
“I heard, gave me such a chill, that I never had the courage
“to speak to him,” — was merely looked-at with a candle by
Grandpapa.

“We were summoned to supper at last, where this grave
“Sovereign still remained dumb. Perhaps he was right, per-
“haps he was wrong; but I think he followed the proverb,

“which says, Better hold your tongue than speak badly. At
“the end of the repast he felt indisposed. The Queen would
“have persuaded him to quit table; they bandied compliments
“a good while on the point; but at last she threw-down her
“napkin, and rose. The King of England naturally rose too;
“but began to stagger; the King of Prussia ran up to help
“him, all the company ran bustling about him; but it was to
“no purpose: he sank on his knees; his peruke falling on one
“side, and his hat” (or at least his head, Madam!) “on the
“other. They stretched him softly on the floor; where he
“remained a good hour without consciousness. The pains
“they took with him brought back his senses, by degrees, at
“last. The Queen and the King (of Prussia) were in despair
“all this while. Many have thought this attack was a herald
“of the stroke of apoplexy which came by and by,” — within
four years from this date, and carried-off his Majesty in a very
gloomy manner.

“They passionately entreated him to retire now,” continues Wilhelmina; “but he would not by any means. He
“led-out the Queen, and did the other ceremonies, according
“to rule; had a very bad night, as we learned underhand;” —
but persisted stoically nevertheless, being a crowned Majesty,
and bound to it. He stoically underwent four or three other
days, of festival, sight-seeing, “pleasure” so-called; — among
other sights, saw little Fritz drilling his Cadets at Berlin; —
and on the fourth day (12th October 1723, so thinks
Wilhelmina) fairly “signed the Treaty of the Double-Mar-
“riage,” English Townshend and the Prussian Ministry
“having settled all things.”*

* Wilhelmina, *Mémoires de Bareith*, i. 83, 87. — In Coxe (*Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole*, London, 1798), ii. 266, 272, 273, are some faint hints, from Townshend, of this Berlin journey.

"Signed the Treaty," thinks Wilhemina, "all things being settled." Which is an error on the part of Wilhemina. Settled, many or all things were, by Townshend and the others: but before signing, there was Parliament to be apprised, there were formalities, expenditure of time; between the cup and the lip, such things to intervene; — and the sad fact is, the Double-Marriage Treaty never was signed at all! — However, all things being now settled ready for signing, his Britannic Majesty, next morning, set-off for the *Göhrde* again, to try if there were any hunting possible.

This authentic glimpse, one of the few that are attainable, of their first Constitutional King, let English readers make the most of. The act done proved dreadfully momentous to our little Friend, his Grandson; and will much concern us!

Thus, at any rate, was the Treaty of the Double-Marriage settled, to the point of signing, — thought to be as good as signed. It was at the time when Czar Peter was making armaments to burn Sweden; when Wood's Half-pence (on behalf of her Improper Grace of Kendal, the lean Quasi-Wife, "Maypole" or Hop-pole, who had run short of money, as she often did) were about beginning to jingle in Ireland;* when Law's Bubble "System" had fallen, well flaccid, into Chaos again; when Dubois the unutterable Cardinal had at length died, and d'Orléans the unutterable Re-

* Coxe (i. 216, 217, and supply the dates); Walpole to Townshend, 13th October 1723 (ib. ii. 275): "*The Drapier's Letters*" are of 1724.

gent was unexpectedly about to do so,,— in a most surprising Sodom-and-Gomorrah manner.* Not to mention other dull and vile phenomena of putrid fermentation, which were transpiring, or sluttishly bubbling-up, in poor benighted rotten Europe here or there; — since these are sufficient to date the Transaction for us; and what does not stick to our Fritz and his affairs it is more pleasant to us to forget than to remember, of such an epoch.

Hereby, for the present, is a great load rolled from Queen Sophie Dorothee's heart. One, and that the highest, of her abstruse negociations, cherished, laboured in, these fourteen years, she has brought to a victorious issue, — has she not? Her poor Mother, once so radiant, now so dim and angry, shut in the Castle of Ahlden, does not approve this Double-Marriage; not she for her part; — as indeed evil to all Hanoverian interests is now chiefly her good, poor Lady; and she is growing more and more of a Megæra every day. With whom Sophie Dorothee has her own difficulties and abstruse practices; but struggles always to maintain, under sevenfold secrecy, some thread of correspondence and pious filial ministration wherever possible; that the poor exasperated Mother, wretchedest and angriest of women, be not quite cut-off from the kinship of the living, but that some soft breath of pity may cool her burning heart now and then.**

* 2d December 1723: Barbier, *Journal Historique du Règne de Louis XV.* (Paris, 1847), i. 192, 196; Lacretelle, *Histoire de France, 18^{me} siècle*; &c.

** In *Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea* (London, 1845), ii. 385, 393, are certain fractions of this Correspondence, "edited" in an amazing manner.

A dark tragedy of Sophie's, this; the Bluebeard Chamber of her mind, into which no eye but her own must ever look.

Princess Amelia comes into the World.

In reference to Queen Sophie, and chronologically if not otherwise connected with this Double-Marriage Treaty, I will mention one other thing. Her Majesty had been in fluctuating health, all summer; unaccountable symptoms turning-up in her Majesty's constitution, languors, qualms, especially a tendency to swelling or increase of size, which had puzzled and alarmed her Doctors and her. Friedrich Wilhelm, on conclusion of the Marriage-Treaty, had been appointed to join his Father-in-law, Britannic George, at the Göhrde, in some three-weeks time, and have a bout of hunting. On the 8th of November, bedtime being come, he kissed his Wilhelmina and the rest, by way of good-bye; intending to start very early on the morrow: — long journey (150 miles or so), to be done all in one day. In the dead of the night, Queen Sophie was seized with dreadful colics, — pangs of colic or who knows what; — Friedrich Wilhelm is summoned; rises in the highest alarm; none but the maids and he at hand to help; and the colic, or whatever it may be, gets more and more dreadful.

Colic? O poor Sophie, it is travail, and no colic; and a clever young Princess is suddenly the result! None but Friedrich Wilhelm and the maid for mid-

wives; mother and infant, nevertheless, doing perfectly well. Friedrich Wilhelm did not go on the morrow, but next day; laughed, ever and anon in loud hahas, at the part he had been playing; and was very glad and merry. How the experienced Sophie, whose twelfth child this is, came to commit such an oversight, is unaccountable; but the fact is certain, and made a merry noise in the Court circles.*

The clever little Princess, now born in this manner, is known by name to idle readers. She was christened *Amelia*; and we shall hear of her in time coming. But there was, as the Circulating Libraries still intimate, a certain loud-spoken braggart of the histrionic-heroic sort, called Baron Trenck, windy, rash, and not without mendacity, who has endeavoured to associate her with his own transcendent and not undeserved ill-luck; hinting the poor Princess into a sad fame in that way. For which, it would now appear, there was no basis whatever! Most condemnable Trenck; — whom, however, Robespierre guillotined finally, and so settled that account and others.

Of Sophie Dorothee's twelve children, including this *Amelia*, there are now eight living, two boys, six girls; and after *Amelia*, two others, boys, are successively to come: ten in all, who grew to be men and women. Of whom perhaps I had better subjoin a List; now that the eldest Boy and Girl are about to get settled in life; and therewith close this Chapter.

* Pöllnitz, II. 199; Wilhelmina, I. 87. 88.

Friedrich Wilhelm's Ten Children.

Marriage to Sophie Dorothee, 28th November 1706.

A little Prince, born 23d November 1707, died in six months. Then came,

1^o. FREDERIKA SOPHIE WILHELMINA, ultimately Margravine of Baireuth, after strange adventures in the marriage-treaty way. Wrote her *Mémoires* there, about 1744. Of whom we shall hear much. Left a Daughter, her one child; Daughter badly married, to "Karl reigning Duke of Würtemberg" (Poet Schiller's famous Serene Highness there), from whom she had to separate, &c., with anger enough, by and by.

After Wilhelmina in the Family series came a second Prince, who died in the eleventh month. Then, 24th January 1712,

2^o. FRIEDRICH.

After whom (1713) a little Princess, who died in few months. And then,

3^o. FREDERIKA LOUISA, born 28th September 1714; age now about nine. Margravine of Anspach, 30th May 1729; Widow 1757. Her one Son, born 1736, was the *Lady-Craven's* Anspach. Frederika Louisa died 4th February 1784.

4^o. PHILIPPINA CHARLOTTE, born 13th March 1716; became Duchess of Brunswick (her Husband was Eldest Brother of the 'Prince Ferdinand' so famous in England in the Seven-Years War); her Son was the Duke who invaded France in 1792, and was tragically hurled to ruin in the Battle of Jena, 1806. The Mother lived till 1801; Widow since 1780.

After whom, in 1717, again a little Prince, who died within two years (our Fritz then seven, — probably the first time Death ever came before him, practically into his little thoughts in this world): then,

5^o. SOPHIE DOROTHEE MARIA, born 25th January 1719;

Margravine of Schwedt, 1734 (eldest Markgraf of Schwedt, mentioned above as a comrade of the Crown-Prince). Her life not very happy; she died 1765. Left no son (Brother-in-law succeeded, last of the Schwedt *Margraves*): her Daughter, wedded to Prince Friedrich Eugen, a Prussian Officer, Cadet of Würtemberg and ultimately Heir there, is Ancestress of the Würtemberg Sovereignities that now are, and also (by one of *her* daughters married to Paul of Russia) of all the Czar kindred of our time.*

6°. LOUISA ULRIQUE, born 24th July 1720; married Adolf Friedrich, Heir-Apparent, subsequently King of Sweden, 17th July 1744; Queen (he having acceded) 6th April 1751; Widow, 1781; Mother of the subsequent Kings; her Grandson the *Deposed*.** Died at Stockholm 16th July 1782.

7°. AUGUST WILHELM, born 9th August 1722; Heir-Apparent after Friedrich (so declared by Friedrich, 30th June 1744); Father of the Kings who have since followed. He himself died, in sad circumstances, as we shall see, 12th June 1758.

8°. ANNA AMELIA, born 9th November 1723, — on the terms we have seen.

9°. FRIEDRICH HEINRICH LUDWIG, born 18th January 1726; — the famed Prince Henri, of whom we shall hear.

10°. AUGUST FERDINAND, born 23d May 1730: a brilliant soldier under his Brother, full of spirit and talent, but liable to weak health; — was Father of the 'Prince Louis Ferdinand' (a tragic Failure of something considerable, who went-off in Liberalism, wit, in high sentiment, expenditure and debauchery, greatly to the admiration of some persons; and at length rushed desperate upon the French, and found his quietus [10th October 1806], four days before the Battle of Jena).

* Preuss, iv. 278; Erman, *Vie de Sophie Charlotte*, p. 272.

** Oertel, p. 83; Hübner, tt. 91, 227.

CHAPTER II.

A KAISER HUNTING SHADOWS.

TREATY of Double-Marriage is ready for signing, once the needful Parliamentary preludings are gone through; Treaty is signed, thinks Wilhelmina, — forgetting the distance between cup and lip! — As to signing, or even to burning, and giving-up the thought of signing, alas, how far are we yet from that! Imperial spectre-huntings, and the politics of most European Cabinets will connect themselves with that; and send it wandering wide enough, — lost in such a jungle of intrigues, pettifoggings, treacheries, diplomacies domestic and foreign, as the course of true-love never got entangled-in before.

The whole of which extensive Cabinet operations, covering square miles of paper at this moment, — having nevertheless, after ten years of effort, ended in absolute zero, — were of no worth even to the managers of them; and are of less than none to any mortal now or henceforth. So that the method of treating them becomes a problem to History. To pitch them utterly out of window, and out of memory, never to be mentioned in human speech again: this is the manifest prompting of Nature; — and this, were not our poor Crown-Prince and one or two others involved in them, would be our ready and thrice-joyful course.

Surely the so-called "Politics of Europe" in that day are a thing this Editor would otherwise, with his whole soul, forget to all eternity! "Putrid fermentation," ending, after the endurance of much malodour, in mere zero to you and to every one, even to the rotting-bodies themselves: — is there any wise Editor that would connect himself with that? These are the fields of History which are to be, so soon as humanly possible, *suppressed*; which only Mephistopheles, or the Bad Genius of mankind, can contemplate with pleasure.

Let us strive to touch lightly the chief summits, here and there, of that intricate, most empty, mournful Business, — which was really once a Fact in practical Europe, not the mere Nightmare of an Attorney's Dream; — and indicate, so far as indispensable, how the young Friedrich, Friedrich's Sister, Father, Mother, were tribulated, almost heartbroken and done to death, by means of it.

Imperial Majesty on the Treaty of Utrecht.

Kaiser Karl VI., head of the Holy Romish Empire at this time, was a handsome man to look upon; whose life, full of expense, vicissitude, futile labour and adventure, did not prove of much use to the world. Describable as a laborious futility rather. He was second son of that little Leopold, the solemn little Herr in red stockings, who had such troubles, frights, and runnings to-and-fro, with the sieging Turks, liberative

Sobieskis, acquisitive Louis Fourteenth; and who at length ended in a sea of futile labour, which they call the Spanish-Succession War.

This Karl, second son, had been appointed "King of Spain" in that futile business; and with much sublimity, though internally in an impoverished condition, he proceeded towards Spain, — landing in England to get cash for the outfit; — arrived in Spain; and roved-about there as Titular King for some years, with the fighting Peterboroughs, Galways, Stahrembergs; but did no good there, neither he nor his Peterboroughs. At length, his Brother Joseph, Father Leopold's successor, having died,* Karl came home from Spain to be Kaiser. At which point, Karl would have been wise to give-up his Titular Kingship in Spain; for he never got, nor will get, anything but futile labour from hanging to it. He did hang to it nevertheless; and still, at this date of George's visit and long afterwards, hangs, — with notable obstinacy. To the woe of men and nations: punishment doubtless of his sins and theirs! —

Kaiser Karl shrieked mere amazement and indignation, when the English tired of fighting for him and it. When the English said to their great Marlborough: "Enough, you sorry Marlborough! You have beaten Louis XIV. to the suppleness of washleather, at our bidding; that is true, and that may have had its difficulties: but, after all, we prefer to have the thing precisely as it would have been without any fighting.

* 17th April 1711.

You, therefore, what is the good of you? You are a — person whom we fling-out like sweepings, now that our eyesight returns, and accuse of common stealing. Go and be —!” —

. Nothing ever had so disgusted and astonished Kaiser Karl as this treatment, — not of Marlborough, whom he regarded only as he would have done a pair of military boots or a holster-pistol of superior excellence, for the uses that were in him, — but of the Kaiser Karl his own sublime self, the heart and focus of Political Nature; left in this manner, now when the sordid English and Dutch declined spending blood and money for him farther. “Ungrateful, sordid, inconceivable souls,” answered Karl, “was there ever, since the early Christian times, such a martyr as you have now made of me!” So answered Karl, in diplomatic groans and shrieks, to all ends of Europe. But the sulky English and Allies, thoroughly tired of paying and bleeding, did not heed him; made their Peace of Utrecht* with Louis XIV., who was now beaten supple; and Karl, after a year of indignant protests, and futile attempts to fight Louis on his own score, was obliged to do the like. He has lost the Spanish crown; but still holds by the shadow of it; will not quit that, if he can help it. He hunts much, digests well; is a sublime Kaiser though internally rather poor, carrying his head high; and seems to himself, on some sides of his life, a martyred much-enduring man.

* Peace of Utrecht, 11th April 1713; Peace of Rastadt (following upon the Preliminaries of Baden), 6th March 1714.

Imperial Majesty has got happily wedded.

Kaiser Karl, soon after the time of going to Spain, had decided that a Wife would be necessary. He applied to Caroline of Anspach, now English Princess of Wales, but at that time an orphaned Brandenburg-Anspach Princess, very beautiful, graceful, gifted, and altogether unprovided-for; living at Berlin, under the guardianship of Friedrich the first King. Her young Mother had married again, — high enough match (to Kur-Sachsen, elder Brother of August the Strong, August at that time without prospects of the Electorate); — but it lasted short while: Caroline's Mother and Saxon Stepfather were both now, long since, dead. So she lived at Berlin, brilliant though unportioned; — with the rough cub Friedrich Wilhelm much following her about, and passionately loyal to her, as the Beast was to Beauty; whom she did not mind, except as a cub loyal to her; being five years older than he.* Indigent bright Caroline, a young lady of fine aquiline features and spirit, was applied-for to be Queen of Spain; wooer a handsome man, who might even be Kaiser by and by. Indigent bright Caroline at once answered, No. She was never very orthodox in Protestant theology; but could not think of taking-up Papistry for lucre's and ambition's sake: be that always remembered on Caroline's behalf.

The Spanish Majesty next applied at Brunswick

* Förster, i. 107.

Wolfenbüttel; no lack of Princesses there: Princess Elizabeth, for instance; Protestant she too, but perhaps not so squeamish? Old Anton Ulrich, whom some readers know for the idle Books, longwinded Novels chiefly, which he wrote, was the Grandfather of this favoured Princess; a goodnatured old gentleman, of the idle ornamental species, in whose head most things, it is likely, were reduced to vocables, scribble and sentimentality; and only a steady internal gravitation towards praise and pudding was traceable as very real in him. Anton Ulrich, affronted more or less by the immense advancement of Gentleman Ernst and the Hanoverian or *Younger* Brunswick Line, was extremely glad of the Imperial offer; and persuaded his timid Granddaughter, ambitious too, but rather conscience-stricken, That the change from Protestant to Catholic, the essentials being so perfectly identical in both, was a mere trifle; that he himself, old as he was, would readily change along with her, so easy was it. Whereupon the young Lady made the big leap; abjured her religion;* — went to Spain as Queen (with sad injury to her complexion, but otherwise successfully more or less); — and sits now as Empress beside her Karl VI., in a grand enough, probably rather dull, but not singularly unhappy manner.

She, a Brunswick Princess, with Nephews and Nieces who may concern us, is Kaiserinn to Kaiser Karl: for aught I know of her, a kindly simple Wife, and unexceptionable Sovereign Majesty, of the sort

* 1st May 1747, at Bamberg.

wanted; — whom let us remember, if we meet her again one day. I add only of this poor Lady, distinguished to me by a Daughter she had, that her mind still had some misgivings about the big leap she had made in the Protestant-Papist way. Finding Anton Ulrich still continue Protestant, she wrote to him out of Spain: — “Why, O honoured Grandpápa, have you not done as you promised? Ah, there must be a taint of mortal sin in it, after all!” Upon which the absurdly situated old Gentleman did change his religion; and is marked as a Convert in all manner of Genealogies and Histories; — truly an old literary gentleman ducal and serene, restored to the bosom of the Church in a somewhat peculiarly ridiculous manner.* — But to return.

Imperial Majesty and the Termagant of Spain.

Ever after the Peace of Utrecht, when England and Holland declined to bleed for him farther, especially ever since his own Peace of Rastadt made with Louis the year after, Kaiser Karl had utterly lost hold of the Crown of Spain; and had not the least chance to clutch that bright substance again. But he held by the shadow of it, with a deadly Hapsburg tenacity; refused for twenty years, under all pressures, to part with the shadow: “The Spanish Hapsburg Branch is dead; whereupon do not I, of the Austrian Branch, sole

* Michaelis, i. 131.

representative of Kaiser Karl the Fifth, claim, by the law of Heaven, whatever he possessed in Spain, by law of ditto? Battles of Blenheim, of Malplaquet, Court-intrigues of Mrs. Masham and the Duchess: these may bring Treaties of Utrecht, and what you are pleased to call laws of Earth; — but a Hapsburg Kaiser knows higher laws, if you would do a thousand Utrechts; and by these, Spain is his!”

Poor Kaiser Karl: he had a high thought in him really, though a most misguided one. Titular King of Men; but much bewildered into mere indolent fatuity, inane solemnity, high-sniffing pride grounded on nothing at all; a Kaiser much sunk in the sediments of his muddy Epoch. Sure enough, he was a proud lofty solemn Kaiser, infinitely the gentleman in air and humour; Spanish gravities, ceremonials, reticences; — and could, in a better scene, have distinguished himself by better than mere statuesque immovability of posture, dignified endurance of ennui, and Hapsburg tenacity in holding the grip. It was not till 1735, after tussellings and wrenchings beyond calculation, that he would consent to quit the Shadow of the Crown of Spain; and let Europe *be* at peace on that score.

The essence of what is called the European History of this Period, such History as a Period sunk dead in spirit, and alive only in stomach, can have, turns all on Kaiser Karl, and these his clutchings at shadows. Which makes a very sad, surprising History indeed; more worthy to be called Phenomena of Putrid Fermentation, than Struggles of Human Heroism to vindi-

cate itself in this Planet, which latter alone are worthy of recording as "History" by mankind.

On the throne of Spain, beside Philip V. the melancholic new Bourbon, Louis XIV.'s Grandson, sat Elizabeth Farnese; a termagant tenacious woman, whose ambitious cupidities were not inferior in obstinacy to Kaiser Karl's, and proved not quite so shadowy as his. Elizabeth also wanted several things: renunciation of your (Kaiser Karl's) shadowy claims; nay of sundry real usurpations you and your Treaties have made on the actual possessions of Spain, — Kingdom of Sicily, for instance; Netherlands, for instance; Gibraltar, for instance. But there is one thing which, we observe, is indispensable throughout to Elizabeth Farnese: the future settlement of her dear Boy Carlos. Carlos, whom as Spanish Philip's second Wife she had given to Spain and the world, as *Second* or supplementary *Infant* there, — a troublesome gift to Spain and others.

"This dear Boy, surely he must have his Italian Apanages, which you have provided for him; Duchies of Parma and Piacenza, which will fall heirless soon. Security for these Italian Apanages, such as will satisfy a Mother: Let us introduce Spanish garrisons into Parma and Piacenza at once! How else can we be certain of getting those indispensable Apanages, when they fall vacant?" On this point Elizabeth Farnese was positive, maternally vehement; would take no subterfuge, denial or delay: "Let me perceive that I shall have these Duchies: that, first of all; or else not

that only, but numerous other things will be demanded of you!"

Upon which point the Kaiser too, who loved his Duchies, and hoped yet to keep them by some turn of the game, never could decide to comply. Whereupon Elizabeth grew more and more termagant; listened to wild counsels; took-up an Alberoni, a Ripperda, any wandering diplomatic bull-dog that offered; and let them loose upon the Kaiser and her other gainsayers. To the terror of mankind, lest universal war should supervene. She held the Kaiser well at bay, mankind well in panic; and continually there came on all Europe, for about twenty years, a terror that war was just about to break-out, and the whole world to take fire. The History so-called of Europe went canting from side to side; heeling at a huge rate, according to the passes and lunges these two giant figures, Imperial Majesty and the Termagant of Spain, made at one another, — for a twenty years or more, till once the duel was decided between them.

There came next to no war, after all; sputterings of war twice over, — 1718, Byng at Messina, as we saw; and then, in 1727, a second sputter, as we are to see: — but the neighbours always ran with buckets, and got it quenched. No war to speak-of; but such negotiating, diplomatising, universal hope, universal fear, and infinite ado about nothing, as were seldom heard of before. For except Friedrich Wilhelm drilling his 50,000 soldiers (80,000 gradually, and gradually even twice that number), I see no Crowned Head in

Europe that is not, with immeasurable apparatus, simply doing *zero*. Alas, in an age of universal infidelity to Heaven, where the Heavenly Sun has *sunk*, there occur strange Spectre-huntings. Which is a fact worth laying to heart. — Duel of Twenty Years with Elizabeth Farnese, about the eventualities of Parma and Piacenza, and the Shadow of the lost Crown of Spain; this was the first grand Spectrality of Kaiser Karl's existence; but this was not the whole of them.

Imperial Majesty's Pragmatic Sanction.

Kaiser Karl meanwhile was rather short of heirs; which formed another of his real troubles, and involved him in much shadow-hunting. His Wife, the serene Brunswick Empress whom we spoke-of above, did at length bring him children, brought him a boy even; but the boy died within the year; and, on the whole, there remained nothing but two Daughters; Maria Theresa the elder of them, born 1717, — the prettiest little maiden in the world; — no son to inherit Kaiser Karl. Under which circumstances Kaiser Karl produced now, in the year 1724, a Document which he had executed privately as long ago as 1713, only his Privy Councillors and other Official witnesses knowing of it then;* and solemnly publishes it to the world, as a thing all men are to take notice of. All men had notice enough of this Imperial bit of Sheepskin, before

* 19th April 1713 (Stenzel, iii. 522).

they got done with it, five-and-twenty years hence.*
A very famous Pragmatic Sanction; now published for the world's comfort!

By which Document, Kaiser Karl had formally settled, and fixed according to the power he has, in the shape of what they call a Pragmatic Sanction, or unalterable Ordinance in his Imperial House, "That, "failing Heirs-male, his Daughters, his Eldest Daughter, "should succeed him; failing Daughters, his Nieces; "and in short, that Heirs-female ranking from their "kinship to Kaiser Karl, and not to any prior Kaiser, "should be as good as Heirs-male of Karl's body would "have been." A Pragmatic Sanction is the high name he gives this Document, or the Act it represents; "Pragmatic Sanction" being, in the Imperial Chancery and some others, the received title for Ordinances of a very irrevocable nature, which a sovereign makes, in affairs that belong wholly to himself, or what he reckons his own rights.**

This Pragmatic Sanction of Kaiser Karl's, executed 19th April 1713, was promulgated, "gradually," now here now there, from 1720 to 1724,*** — in which later year it became universally public; and was transmitted to all Courts and Sovereignities, as an unalterable law

* Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748.

** A rare kind of Deed, it would seem; and all the more solemn. In 1438, Charles VI. of France, conceding the Gallican Church its Liberties, does it by "*Sanction Pragmatique*;" Carlos III. of Spain (in 1759, "settling the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies on his third son") does the like, — which is the last instance of "*Pragmatic Sanction*" in this world.

*** Stenzel, pp. 522, 523.

of Things Imperial. Thereby the good man hopes his beautiful little Theresa, now seven years old, may succeed him, all as a son would have done, in the Austrian States and Dignities; and incalculable damages, wars, and chances of war, be prevented, for his House and for all the world.

The world, incredulous of tomorrow, in its lazy way, was not sufficiently attentive to this new law of things. Some who were personally interested, as the Saxon Sovereignty, and the Bavarian, denied that it was just: reminded Kaiser Karl that he was not the Noah or Adam of Kaisers; and that the case of Heirs-female was not quite a new idea on sheepskin. No; there are older Pragmatic Sanctions and settlements, by prior Kaisers of blessed memory; under which, if Daughters are to come in, we, descended from Imperial Daughters of older standing, shall have a word to say! — To this Kaiser Karl answers steadily, with endless argument, That every Kaiser is a Patriarch, and First Man, in such matters; and that so it has been pragmatically sanctioned by him, and that so it shall and must irrevocably be. To the other Powers, and indolent impartial Sovereigns of the world, he was lavish in embassies, in ardent representations; and spared no pains in convincing them that tomorrow would surely come, and that then it would be a blessedness to have accepted this Pragmatic Sanction, and see it lying for you as a Law of Nature to go by, and avoid incalculable controversies.

This was another vast Shadow, or confused high-

piled continent of shadows, to which our poor Kaiser held with his customary tenacity. To procure adherences and assurances to this dear Pragmatic Sanction, was, even more than the shadow of the Spanish Crown, and above all after he had quitted that, the one grand business of his Life henceforth. With which he kept all Europe in perpetual travail and diplomacy; raying-out ambassadors, and less ostensible agents, with bribes, and with entreaties and proposals, into every high Sovereign Court and every low; negotiating unweariedly by all methods, with all men. For it was his evening-song and his morning-prayer; the grand meaning of Life to him, till Life ended. You would have said, the first question he asks of every creature is, "Will you covenant for my Pragmatic Sanction with me? O, agree to it; accept that new Law of Nature: when the morrow comes, it will be salutary for you!"

Most of the Foreign Potentates idly accepted the thing, — as things of a distant contingent kind are accepted; — made Treaty on it, since the Kaiser seemed so extremely anxious. Only Bavaria, having heritable claims, never would. Saxony too (August the Strong), being in the like case, or a better, flatly refused for a long time; would not, at all, — except for a consideration. Bright little Prince Eugene, who dictated square miles of Letters and Diplomacies on the subject (Letters of a steady depth of dulness, which at last grows almost sublime), was wont to tell his Majesty: "Treatying, your Majesty? A well-trained Army and

a full Treasury; that is the only Treaty that will make this Pragmatic Sanction valid!" But his Majesty never would believe. So the bright old Eugene dictated, — or, we hope and guess, he only gave his clerks some key-word, and signed his name (in three languages, "Eugenio von Savoye") to these square miles of dull epistolary matter, — probably taking Spanish snuff when he had done. For he wears it in both waistcoat-pockets; — has (as his Portraits still tell us) given-up breathing by the nose. The bright little soul, with a flash in him as of Heaven's own lightning; but now growing very old and snuffy.

Shadow of Pragmatic Sanction, shadow of the Spanish Crown, — it was such shadow-huntings of the Kaiser in Vienna, it was this of the Pragmatic Sanction most of all, that thwarted our Prussian Double-Marriage, which lay so far away from it. This it was that pretty nearly broke the hearts of Friedrich, Wilhelmina, and their Mother and Father. For there never was such negotiating; not for admittance to the Kingdom of Heaven, in the pious times. And the open goings-forth of it, still more the secret minings and mole-courses of it, were into all places. Above ground and below, no Sovereign mortal could say he was safe from it, let him agree or not. Friedrich Wilhelm had cheerfully, and with all his heart, agreed to the Pragmatic Sanction; this above-ground, in sight of the sun; and rashly fancied he had then done with it. Till, to his horror, he found the Imperial moles, by way of keeping assurance doubly sure, had been under the foundations

of his very house for long years past, and had all-but brought it down about him in the most hideous manner! —

Third Shadow: Imperial Majesty's Ostend Company.

Another object which Kaiser Karl pursued with some diligence in these times, and which likewise proved a shadow, much disturbance as it gave mankind, was his "Ostend East-India Company." The Kaiser had seen impoverished Spain, rich England, rich Holland; he had taken-up a creditable notion about commerce and its advantages. He said to himself, Why should not my Netherlands trade to the East, as well as these English and Dutch, and grow opulent like them? He instituted (*octroya*) an "Ostend East-India Company," under due Patents and Imperial Sheepskins, of date 17th December 1722,* gave it what freedom he could to trade to the East. "Impossible!" answered the Dutch, with distraction in their aspect: "Impossible, we say; contrary to Treaty of Westphalia, to Utrecht, to Barrier Treaty; and destructive to the best interests of mankind, especially to us and our trade-profits! We shall have to capture your ships, if you ever send any."

To which the Kaiser counterpleaded, earnestly, diligently, for the space of seven years, — to no effect. "We will capture your ships if you ever send any,"

* Buchholz, l. 92; *Philos. Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire d'Allemagne* (Paris, 1776, . E. 522.

answered the Dutch and English. What ships ever could have been sent from Ostend to the East, or what ill they could have done there, remains a mystery, owing to the monopolising Maritime Powers.

The Kaiser's laudable zeal for commerce had to expend itself in his Adriatic Territories, — giving privileges to the Ports of Trieste and Fiume;* making roads through the Dalmatian Hill-Countries, which are useful to this day; — but could not operate on the Netherlands in the way proposed. The Kaiser's Imperial Ostend East-India Company, which convulsed the Diplomatic mind for seven years to come, and made Europe lurch from side to side in a terrific manner, proved a mere paper Company; never sent any ships, only produced Diplomacies, and "had the honour to be." This was the third grand Shadow which the Kaiser chased, shaking all the world, poor crank world, as he strode after it; and this also ended in zero, and several tons of diplomatic correspondence, carried once by breathless estafettes, and now silent, gravitating towards Acheron all of them, and interesting to the spiders only.

Poor good Kaiser: they say he was a humane stately gentleman, stately though shortish; fond of pardoning criminals where he could; very polite to Muratori and the Antiquaries, even to English Rymer, in opening his Archives to them, — and made roads in the Dalmatian Hill-Country, which remain to this day. I do

* Hormayr: *Österreichischer Plutarch*, x. 101.

not wonder he grew more and more saturnine, and addicted to solid taciturn field-sports. His Political "Perforce-Hunt (*Parforce Jagd*)," with so many two-footed terriers, and legationary beagles, distressing all the world by their baying and their burrowing, had proved to be of Shadows; and melted into thin air, to a very singular degree!

CHAPTER III.

THE SEVEN CRISES OR EUROPEAN TRAVAIL-THROES.

IN process of this so terrific Duel with Elizabeth Farnese, and general combat of the Shadows, which then made Europe quake, at every new lunge and pass of it, and which now makes Europe yawn to hear the least mention of it, there came two sputterings of actual War. Byng's sea-victory at Messina, 1718; Spanish "Siege of Gibraltar," 1727, are the main phenomena of these two Wars, — England, as its wont is, taking a shot in both, though it has now forgotten both. And, on the whole, there came, so far as I can count, Seven grand diplomatic Spasms or Crises, — desperate general European Treatyings hither and then thither, solemn Congresses two of them, with endless supplementary adhesions by the minor Powers. Seven grand mother-treaties, not to mention the daughters, or supplementary adhesions they had; all Europe rising spasmodically seven times, and doing its very uttermost to quell this terrible incubus; all Europe changing colour seven times, like a lobster boiling, for twenty years. Seven diplomatic Crises, we say, marked changings of colour in the long-suffering lobster; and two so-called Wars, — before this enormous zero could be settled. Which high Treaties and Transactions, human nature, after

much study of them, grudges to enumerate. Apanage for Baby Carlos, ghost of a Pragmatic Sanction; these were a pair of causes for mankind! Be no word spoken of them, except with regret and on evident compulsion.

For the reader's convenience we must note the salient points; but grudge to do it. Salient points, now mostly wrapt in Orcus, and terrestrially interesting only to the spiders, — except on an occasion of this kind, when part of them happens to stick to the history of a memorable man. To us they are mere bubblings-up of the general putrid fermentation of the then Political World; and are too unlovely to be dwelt on longer than indispensable. Triple Alliance, Quadruple Alliance, Congress of Cambrai, Congress of Soissons; Conference of Pardo, Treaty of Hanover, Treaty of Wusterhausen, what are they? Echo answers, What? Ripperda and the Queen of Spain, Kaiser Karl and his Pragmatic Sanction, are fallen dim to every mind. The Troubles of Thorn (sad enough Papist-Protestant tragedy in their time), — who now cares to know of them? It is much if we find a hearing for the poor Salzburg Emigrants when they get into Preussen itself. Afflicted human nature ought to be, at last, delivered from the palpably superfluous; and if a few things memorable are to be remembered, millions of things unmemorable must first be honestly buried and forgotten! But to our affair, — that of marking the chief bubblings-up in the above-said Universal Putrid Fermentation, so far as they concern us.

Congress of Cambrai.

We already saw Byng sea-fighting in the Straits of Messina; that was part of Crisis Second, — sequel, in powder-and-ball, of Crisis First, which had been in paper till then. The Powers had interfered, by Triple, by Quadruple Alliance, to quench the Spanish-Austrian Duel (about Apanage for Baby Carlos, and a quantity of other Shadows): “Triple Alliance”* was, we may say, when France, England, Holland laboriously sorted-out terms of agreement between Kaiser and Termagant: “Quadruple”** was when Kaiser, after much coaxing, acceded, as fourth party; and said gloomily, “Yes, then.” Byng’s Sea-fight was when Termagant said, “No, by — the Plots of Alberoni! Never will I, for my part, accede to such terms!” and attacked the poor Kaiser in his Sicilies and elsewhere. Byng’s Sea-fight, in aid of a suffering Kaiser and his Sicilies, in consequence. Furthermore, the French invaded Spain, till Messina were retaken; nay the English, by land too, made a dash at Spain, “Descent on Vigo” as they call it, — in reference to which take the following stray Note:

“That same year” (1719, year after Byng’s Sea-fight, Messina just about recaptured), “there took effect, planned “by the vigorous Colonel Stanhope, our Minister at Madrid, “who took personal share in the thing, a ‘Descent on Vigo,’ “sudden swoop-down upon Town and shipping in those “Gallician, north-west regions. Which was perfectly success-

* 4th January 1717.

** 18th July 1718.

“ful, — Lord Cobham leading; — and made much noise
“among mankind. Filled all Gazettes at that time: but now,
“again, is all fallen silent for us, — except this one thrice-
“insignificant point, That there was in it, ‘in Handyside’s
“‘Regiment,’ a Lieutenant of Foot, by name *Sterne*, who had
“left, with his poor Wife at Plymouth, a very remarkable
“Boy called Lorry, or *Lawrence*; known since that to all
“mankind. When Lorry in his *Life* writes, ‘my Father went
“‘on the Vigo expedition,’ readers may understand this was
“it. Strange enough: that poor Lieutenant of Foot is now
“pretty much all that is left of this sublime enterprise upon
“Vigo, in the memory of mankind; — hanging there, as if by
“a single hair, till poor *Tristram Shandy* be forgotten too.” *

In short, the French and even the English invaded Spain; English Byng and others sank Spanish ships: Termagant was obliged to pack-away her Alberoni, and give-in. She had to accede to “Quadruple Alliance,” after all; making it, so to speak, a Quintuple one; making Peace, in fact,** — general Congress to be held at Cambrai and settle the details.

Congress of Cambrai met accordingly; in 1722, — “in the course of the year,” Delegates slowly raining-in, — date not fixable to a day or month. Congress was “sat,” as we said, — or, alas, was only still endeavouring to get seated, and wandering about among the chairs, — when George I. came to Charlottenburg

* *Memoirs of Lawrence Sterne, written by himself for his Daughter* (see *Annual Register*, Year 1775, pp. 50-52).

** 17th February 1720.

that evening, October 1723, and surveyed Wilhelmina with a candle. More inane Congress never met in this world, nor will meet. Settlement proved so difficult; all the more, as neither of the quarrelling parties wished it. Kaiser and Termagant, fallen as if exhausted, had not the least disposition to agree; lay diplomatically gnashing their teeth at one another, ready to fight again should strength return. Difficult for third parties to settle on behalf of such a pair. Nay at length the Kaiser's Ostend Company came to light: what will third parties, Dutch and English especially, make of that?

This poor Congress, — let the reader fancy it, — spent two years in “arguments about precedencies,” in mere beatings of the air; could not get seated at all, but wandered among the chairs, till “February 1724.” Nor did it manage to accomplish any work whatever, even then; the most inane of Human Congresses; and memorable on that account, if on no other. There, in old stagnant Cambrai, through the third year and into the fourth, were Delegates, Spanish, Austrian, English, Dutch, French, of solemn outfit, with a big tail to each, — “Lord Whitworth” whom I do not know, “Lord Polwarth” (Earl of Home that will be, a friend of Pope's) were the English Principals:* — there, for about four years, were these poor fellow creatures busied, baling-out water with sieves. Seen through the Horn-Gate of Dreams, the figure of them rises almost grand on the mind.

A certain bright young Frenchman, François Arouet,

* Schöll, II. 197.

— spoiled for a solid law-career, but whose *Œdipe* we saw triumphing in the Theatres, and who will, under the new name of *Voltaire*, become very memorable to us, — happened to be running towards Holland that way, one of his many journeys thitherward; and actually saw this Congress, then in the first year of its existence. Saw it, probably dined with it. A Letter of his still extant, not yet fallen to the spiders, as so much else has done, testifies to this fact. Let us read part of it, the less despicable part, — as a Piece supremely insignificant, yet now in a manner the one surviving Document of this extraordinary Congress; Congress's own works and history having all otherwise fallen to the spiders forever. The Letter is addressed to Cardinal Dubois; — for Dubois, “with the face like a goat,”* yet lived (first year of this Congress); and Regent d'Orléans lived, intensely interested here as third party: — and a goatfaced Cardinal, once pimp and lackey, ugliest of created souls, Archbishop of this same Cambrai “by Divine permission” and favour of Beelzebub, was capable of promoting a young fellow if he chose:

“*To his Eminence Cardinal Dubois (from Arouet Junior).*”

“*Cambrai, July 1722.*”

“* * * We are just arrived in your City, Monseigneur; “where, I think, all the Ambassadors and all the Cooks in “Europe have given one another rendezvous. It seems as if “all the Ministers of Germany had assembled here for the “purpose of getting their Emperor's health drunk. As to

* Herzogin von Orleans: *Briefe*.

“Messieurs the Ambassadors of Spain, one of them hears two
 “masses a day, and the other manages the troop of players.
 “The English Ministers” (a *Lord Polwarth* and a *Lord Whitworth*) “send many couriers to Champagne, and few to London. For the rest, nobody expects your Eminence here; it
 “is not thought you will quit the Palais-Royal to visit the
 “sheep of your flock in these parts,” — no! — “It would be
 “too bad for your Eminence and for us all. * * Think some-
 “times, Monseigneur, of a man who” — regards your goat-
 faced Eminence as a beautiful ingenious creature; and such
 a hand in conversation as never was. “The one thing I will
 “ask” of your goatfaced Eminence “at Paris will be, to have
 “the goodness to talk to me.”* * * * *

Alas, alas! — The more despicable portions of this Letter we omit, as they are not history of the Congress, but of Arouet Junior on the shady side. So much will testify that this Congress did exist; that its wiggeries and it were not always, what they now are, part of a nightmare-vision in Human History. —

Elizabeth Farnese, seeing at what rate the Congress of Cambrai sped, lost all patience with it; and getting more and more exasperations there, at length employed one Ripperda, a surprising Dutch Black-Artist whom she now had for Minister, to pull the floor from beneath it (so to speak), and send it home in that manner. Which Ripperda did. An appropriate enough catastrophe, comfortable to the reader; upon which perhaps he will not grudge to read still another word?

* *Œuvres de Voltaire*, 97 vols. (Paris, 1825-1834), lxxviii. 95, 96.

Congress of Cambrai gets the floor pulled from under it.

Termagant Elizabeth had now one Ripperda for Minister; a surprising Dutch adventurer, once secretary of some Dutch embassy at Madrid; who, discerning how the land lay, had broken-loose from that subaltern career, had changed his religion, insinuated himself into Elizabeth's royal favour; and was now "Duke de Ripperda," and a diplomatic bulldog of the first quality, full of mighty schemes and hopes; in brief, a new Alberoni to the Termagant Queen. This Ripperda had persuaded her (the third year of our inane Congress now running out, to no purpose), That he, if he were sent direct to Vienna, could reconcile the Kaiser to her Majesty, and bring them to Treaty, independently of Congresses. He was sent accordingly, in all privacy; had reported himself as labouring there, with the best outlooks, for some while past; when, still early in 1725, there occurred on the part of France, — where Regent d'Orléans was now dead, and new politics had come in vogue, — that "sending back" of the poor little Spanish Infanta,* and marrying of young Louis XV. elsewhere, which drove Elizabeth and the Court of Spain, not unnaturally, into a very delirium of indignation.

Why they sent the poor little Lady home on those shocking terms? It seems there was no particular reason, except that French Louis was now about fifteen,

* "5th April 1725, quitted Paris" (Barbier, *Journal du Règne de Louis XV.*, i. 218).

and little Spanish Theresa was only eight; and that, under Duc de Bourbon, the new Premier, and none of the wisest, there was, express or implicit, "an ardent wish to see royal progeny secured." For which, of course, a wife of eight years would not answer. So she was returned; and even in a blundering way, it is said, — the French Ambassador at Madrid having prefaced his communication, not with light adroit preludings of speech, but with a tempest of tears and howling lamentations, as if that were the way to conciliate King Philip and his Termagant Elizabeth. Transport of indignation was the natural consequence on their part; order to every Frenchman to be across the border within, say eight-and-forty hours; rejection forever of all French mediation at Cambrai or elsewhere; question to the English, "Will you mediate for us, then?" To which the answer being merely "Hm!" with looks of delay,— order by express to Ripperda, to make straightway a bargain with the Kaiser; almost any bargain, so it were made at once. Ripperda made a bargain: Treaty of Vienna, 30th April 1725:* "Titles and Shadows "each of us shall keep for his own lifetime, then they "shall drop. As to realities again, to Parma and Piacenza among the rest, let these be as in the Treaty "of Utrecht; arrangeable in the lump; — and indeed, "of Parma and Piacenza perhaps the less we say, the "better at present." This was, in substance, Ripperda's Treaty; the Third great European travail-throe, or change of colour in the long-suffering lobster. Whereby,

* Schöll, ii. 201; Coxe, Walpole, i. 239-250.

of course, the Congress of Cambrai did straightway disappear, the floor miraculously vanishing under it; and sinks, — far below human eye-reach by this time, — towards the Bottomless Pool, ever since. Such was the beginning, such the end of that Congress, which Arouet *le Jeune*, in 1722, saw as a contemporary Fact, drinking champagne in ramilies wigs, and arranging comedies for itself.

*France and the Britannic Majesty trim the ship again:
How Friedrich Wilhelm came into it. Treaty of
Hanover, 1725.*

The publication of this Treaty of Vienna (30th April 1725), — miraculous disappearance of the Congress of Cambrai by withdrawal of the floor from under it, and close union of the Courts of Spain and Vienna as the outcome of its slow labours, — filled Europe, and chiefly the late mediating Powers, with amazement, anger, terror. Made Europe lurch suddenly to the other side, as we phrased it, — *other* gunwale now under water. Wherefore, in Heaven's name, trim your ship again, if possible, ye high mediating Powers. This the mediating Powers were laudably alert to do. Duc de Bourbon, and his young King about to marry, were of pacific tendencies; anxious for the Balance: still more was Fleury, who succeeded Duc de Bourbon. Cardinal Fleury (with his Pupil Louis XV. under him, producing royal progeny and nothing worse or better as yet) began, next year, his long supremacy in France;

an aged reverend gentleman, of sly, delicately cunning ways, and disliking war, as George I. did, unless when forced on him: now and henceforth, no mediating power more anxious than France to have the ship in trim.

George and Bourbon laid their heads together, deeply pondering this little less than awful state of the Terrestrial Balance; and in about six months they, in their quiet way, suddenly came-out with a Fourth Crisis on the astonished populations, so as to right the ship's trim again, and more. "Treaty of Hanover," this was their unexpected manœuvre; done quietly at Herrenhausen, when his Majesty next went across for the Hanover hunting season. Mere hunting: — but the diplomatists, as well as the beagles, were all in readiness there. Even Friedrich Wilhelm, ostensibly intent on hunting, was come over thither, his abstruse Ilgens, with their inkhorns, escorting him: Friedrich Wilhelm, hunting in unexpected sort, was persuaded to sign this Treaty; which makes it unusually interesting to us. An exceptional procedure on the part of Friedrich Wilhelm, who beyond all Sovereigns stays well at home, careless of affairs that are not his: — procedure betokening cordiality at Hanover; and of good omen for the Double-Marriage?

Yes, surely; — and yet something more, on Friedrich Wilhelm's part. His rights on the Cleve-Jülich Countries; reversion of Jülich and Berg, once Karl Philip shall decease: — perhaps these high Powers, for a consideration, will guarantee one's undoubted

rights there? It is understood they gave promises of this kind, not too specific. Nay we hear farther a curious thing: "France and England, looking for immediate war with the Kaiser, advised Friedrich Wilhelm to assert his rights on Silesia." Which would have been an important procedure! Friedrich Wilhelm, it is added, had actual thoughts of it; the Kaiser, in those matters of the *Ritter-Dienst*, of the *Heidelberg Protestants*, and wherever a chance was, had been unfriendly, little less than insulting, to Friedrich Wilhelm: "Give me one single Hanoverian brigade, to show that you go along with me!" said his Prussian Majesty; — but the Britannic never altogether would.*

Certain it is, Friedrich Wilhelm signed: a man with such Fighting-Apparatus as to be important in a Hanover Treaty. "Balance of Power, they tell me, is in a dreadful way: certainly if one can help the Balance a little, why not? But Jülich and Berg, one's own outlook of reversion there, that is the point to be attended to: — Balance, I believe, will somehow shift for itself!" On these principles, Friedrich Wilhelm signed, while ostensibly hunting.** Treaty of Hanover, which was to trim the ship again, or even to make it heel the other way, dates itself 3d September 1725, and is of this purport: "We three, France, England, Prussia to stand-by each other as one man, in case any of us is attacked, — will invite Holland, Denmark, Sweden and every pacific Sovereignty to join

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, i. 153.

** Fassmann, p. 368; Förster, *Urkundenbuch*, p. 67.

“us in such convention,” -- as they all gradually did, had Friedrich Wilhelm but stood firm.

For it is a state of the Balances little less than awful. Rumour goes that, by the Ripperda bargain, fatal to mankind, Don Carlos was to get the beautiful young Maria Theresa to wife: that would settle the Parma-Piacenza business and some others; that would be a compensation with a witness! Spain and Austria united, as in Karl V.'s time; or perhaps some Succession War, or worse, to fight over again! —

Fleury and George, as Duc de Bourbon and George had done, though both pacific gentlemen, brandished weapons at the Kaiser; strongly admonishing him to become less formidable, or it would be worse for him. Possible indeed, in such a shadow-hunting, shadow-hunted hour! Fleury and George stand looking with intense anxiety into a certain spectral something, which they call the Balance of Power; no end to their exorcisms in that matter. Truly, if each of the Royal Majesties and Serene Highnesses would attend to his own affairs, — doing his utmost to better his own land and people, in earthly and in heavenly respects, a little, — he would find it infinitely profitabler for himself and others. And the Balance of Power would settle, in that case, as the laws of gravity ordered: which is its one method of settling, after all diplomacy! — Fleury and George, by their manifesting, still more by their levying of men, George I. shovelling-out his English subsidies as usual, created deadly qualms in the Kaiser; who still found it unpleasant to “admit

Spanish Garrisons in Parma;" but found likewise his Termagant Friend inexorably positive on that score; and knew not what would become of him, if he had to try fighting, and the Sea-Powers refused him cash to do it.

Hereby was the ship trimmed, and more; ship now lurching to the other side again. George I. goes subsidying Hessians, Danes; sounding manifestoes, beating drums, in an alarming manner: and the Kaiser, except it were in Russia, with the new Czarina Catherine I. (that brown little woman, now become Czarina*, finds no ally to speak of. An unlucky, spectre-hunting, spectre-hunted Kaiser; who, amid so many drums, manifestoes, menaces, is now rolling eyes that witness everywhere considerable dismay. This is the Fourth grand Crisis of Europe; crisis or travail-throe of Nature, bringing-forth, and unable to do it, Baby Carlos's Apanage and the Pragmatic Sanction. Fourth conspicuous change of colour to the universal lobster, getting itself boiled on those sad terms, for twenty years. For its sins, we need not doubt; for its own long-continued cowardices, sloths and greedy follies, as well as those of Kaiser Karl! —

At this Fourth change we will gladly leave the matter, for a time; much wishing it might be forever. Alas, as if that were possible to us! Meanwhile, let afflicted readers, looking before and after, readier to

* 8th February 1725. Treaty with Kaiser (6th August 1726) went to nothing on her death, 11th May 1727.

forget than to remember in such a case, accept this Note, or Summary of all the Seven together, by way of help:

“Travail-threes of Nature for Baby Carlos’s Italian Apanage; Seven in number.

“1°. Triple Alliance, English, Dutch, French (4th January 1717), saying, ‘Peace, then! No Alberoni-plotting; no Duel-fighting permitted!’ Same Powers, next year, proposing Terms of Agreement; Kaiser gloomily accepting them; which makes it Quadruple Alliance (18th July 1718); Termagant indignantly refusing, — with attack on the Kaiser’s Sicilies.

“2°. First Sputter of War; Byng’s Sea-fight, and the other pressures, compelling Termagant; Peace (26th January 1720); Congress of Cambrai to settle the Apanage and other points.

“3°. Congress of Cambrai, a weariness to gods and men, gets the floor pulled from under it (Ripperda’s feat, 30th April 1725); so that Kaiser and Termagant stand ranked together, Apanage wrapt in mystery, — to the terror of mankind.

“4°. Treaty of Hanover (France, England, Prussia, 3d September 1725) restores the Balances, and more. War imminent. Prussia privately falls-off,” — as we shall see.

[These first Four lie behind us, at this point; but there are Three others still ahead, which we cannot hope to escape altogether; — namely:]

“5°. Second Sputter of War: Termagant besieges Gibraltar (4th March 1727 — 6th March 1728): Peace at that latter date; — Congress of Soissons to settle the Apanage and other points, as formerly.

“6°. Congress of Soissons (14th June 1728 — 9th Novem-
“ber 1729), as formerly, cannot in the least: Termagant
“whispers England; — there is Treaty of Seville (9th No-
“vember 1729), France and England undertaking for the
“Apanage. Congress vanishes; Kaiser is left solitary, with
“the shadow of Pragmatic Sanction, in the night of things.
“Pause of an awful nature: — but Fleury does not hasten
“with the Apanage, as promised. Whereupon, at length,

“7°. Treaty of Vienna (16th March 1731): Sea-Powers,
“leading Termagant by the hand, Sea-Powers and no France,
“unite with Kaiser again, according to the old laws of
“Nature; — and Baby Carlos gets his Apanage, in due
“course;” — but does not rest content with it, Mamma nor he,
very long!

Huge spectres and absurd bugaboos, stalking
through the brain of dull thoughtless pusillanimous
mankind, do, to a terrible extent, tumble hither and
thither, and cause to lurch from side to side, their ship
of state, and all that is embarked there — *breakfast-table*,
among other things. Nevertheless, if they were only
bugaboos, and mere Shadows caused by Imperial hand-
lanterns in the general Night of the world, ought
they to be spoken-of in the family, when avoidable?

CHAPTER IV.

DOUBLE-MARRIAGE TREATY CANNOT BE SIGNED.

HITHERTO the world-tides, and ebbs and flows of external Politics, had, by accident, rather forwarded than hindered the Double-Marriage. In the rear of such a Treaty of Hanover, triumphantly righting the European Balances by help of Friedrich Wilhelm, one might have hoped this little domestic Treaty would, at last, get itself signed. Queen Sophie did hasten-off to Hanover, directly after her Husband had left it under those favourable aspects: but Papa again proved unmanageable; the Treaty could not be achieved.

Alas, and why not? Parents and Children, on both sides, being really desirous of it, what reason is there but it should in due time come to perfection, and, without annihilating Time and Space, make four lovers happy? No reason. Rubs doubtless had arisen since that Visit of George I., discordant procedures, chiefly about Friedrich Wilhelm's recruiting operations in the Hanover territory, as shall be noted by and by: but these the ever-wakeful enthusiasm of Queen Sophie, who had set her whole heart with a female fixity on this Double-Marriage Project, had smoothed-down again: and now, Papa and Husband being so blessedly *united in their World-Politics*, why not sign the Mar-

riage Treaty? Honoured Majesty-Papa, why not! — “Tush, child, you do not understand. In these tremendous circumstances, the celestial Sign of the *Balance* just about canting, and the Obliquity of the Ecliptic like to alter, how can one think of little marriages? Wait till the Obliquity of the Ecliptic come steadily to its old pitch!” —

Truth is, George was in general of a slow, solemn, Spanish turn of manners; “intolerably proud, too, since he got that English dignity,” says Wilhelmina: he seemed always tacitly to look-down on Friedrich Wilhelm, as if the Prussian Majesty were a kind of inferior clownish King in comparison. It is certain he showed no eagerness to get the Treaty perfected. Again and again, when specially applied-to by Queen Sophie, on Friedrich Wilhelm’s order, he intimated only: “It was a fixed thing, but not to be hurried, — English Parliaments were concerned in it, the parties were still young,” and so on; — after which brief answer he would take you to the window, and ask, “If you did not think the Herrenhausen Gardens and their Leibnitz waterworks, and clipped beech-walls, were rather fine?”*

In fact, the English Parliaments, from whom money was so often demanded for our fat Improper Darlings, lean Improper Kendals and other royal occasions, would naturally have to make a marriage-revenue for this fine Grandson of ours, — Grandson Fred, who is now a young lout of eighteen; leading an extremely

* Pöllnitz, *Memoiren*, ii. 226, 228, &c.

dissolute life, they say, at Hanover; and by no means the most beautiful of mortals, either he or the foolish little Father of him, to our old sad heart. They can wait, they can wait! said George always.

But undoubtedly he did intend that both Marriages should take effect: only he was slow; and the more you hurried him, perhaps the slower. He would have perfected the Treaty "next year," say the Authorities; meant to do so, if well let alone: but 'Townshend whispered withal, "Better not urge him." Surly George was always a man of his word; no treachery intended by him, towards Friedrich Wilhelm or any man. It is very clear, moreover, that Friedrich Wilhelm, in this Autumn 1725, was, and was like to be, of high importance to King George; a man not to be angered by dishonourable treatment, had such otherwise been likely on George's part. Nevertheless George did not sign the Treaty "next year" either, — such things having intervened; nor the next year after that, for reasons tragically good on the latter occasion!

These delays about the Double-Marriage Treaty are not a pleasing feature of it to Friedrich Wilhelm; who is very capable of being hurt by slights; who, at any rate, dislikes to have loose thrums flying-about, or that the business of today should be shoved-over upon tomorrow. And so Queen Sophie has her own sore difficulties; driven thus between the Barbarians (that is, her Husband), and the deep Sea (that is, her Father), to and fro. Nevertheless, since all parties to the

matter wished it, Sophie and the younger parties getting even enthusiastic about it; and since the matter itself was good, agreeable so far to Prussia and England, to Protestant Germany and to Heaven and Earth, — might not Sophie confidently hope to vanquish these and other difficulties; and so bring all things to a happy close?

Had it not been for the Imperial Shadow-huntings, and this rickety condition of the celestial Balance! Alas, the outer elements interfered with Queen Sophie in a singular manner. Huge foreign world-movements, springing from Vienna and a spectre-haunted Kaiser, and spreading like an avalanche over all the Earth, snatched-up this little Double-Marriage question; tore it along with them, reeling over precipices, one knew not whitherward, at such a rate as was seldom seen before. Scarcely in the Minerva Press is there record of such surprising, infinite and inextricable obstructions to a wedding or a double-wedding. Time and space, which cannot be annihilated to make two lovers happy, were here turned topsyturvy, as it were, to make four lovers; — four, or at the very least three, for Wilhelmina will not admit she was ever the least in love, not she, poor soul, either with loose Fred or his English out-looks, — four young creatures, and one or more elderly persons, superlatively wretched; and even, literally enough, to do all but kill some of them.

What is noteworthy too, it proved wholly inane, this huge world-ocean of Intrigues and Imperial Necro-

mancy; ran-dry at last into absolute nothing even for the Kaiser, and might as well not have been. And Mother and Father, on the Prussian side, were driven to despair, and pretty nearly to delirium by it; and our poor young Fritz got tormented, scourged, and throttled in body and in soul by it, till he grew to loathe the light of the sun, and in fact looked soon to have quitted said light at one stage of the business.

We are now approaching Act Second of the Double-Marriage, where Imperial Ordnance-Master Graf von Seckendorf, a Black-Artist of supreme quality, despatched from Vienna on secret errand, "crosses the Palace Esplanade at Berlin on a summer evening of the year 1726;" and evokes all the demons on our little Crown-Prince and those dear to him. We must first say something of an important step, shortly antecedent thereto, which occurred in the Crown-Prince's educational course.

END OF VOL. II.

COLLECTION
OF
BRITISH AUTHORS.
VOL. CCCCXLVI.

FREDERICK THE GREAT BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

VOL. III.

HISTORY
OF
FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA,
CALLED
FREDERICK THE GREAT.

BY
THOMAS CARLYLE.

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VOL. III.

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CHAPTER V.

CROWN-PRINCE GOES INTO THE POTSDAM GUARDS.

AMID such commotion of the foreign elements and the domestic, an important change occurs in the Crown-Prince's course of schooling. It is decided that, whatever be his progress in the speculative branches, it is time he should go into the Army, and practically learn soldiering. In his fourteenth year, 3d May 1725,* not long before the Treaty of Hanover, he was formally named Captain, by Papa in War-Council. Grenadier Guards, Potsdam Life-guards, to be the regiment; and next year he is nominated Major, and, a vacancy occurring, appointed to begin actual duty. It is on the "20th of August 1726 that he first leads-out his battalion to the muster," on those terms. His age is not yet fifteen, by four months; — a very tiny Major among those Potsdam giants; but by rank,

* Preuss, i. 27; and *Buch für Jedermann* (a minor Book of his, on the same subject, Berlin, 1837), ii. 13.

we observe, he rides; and his horse is doubtless of the due height. And so the tiny Cadet-drillings have ended; long Files of Giants, splendid in gold-lace and grenadier-caps, have succeeded; and earnest work instead of mimic, in that matter, has begun.

However it may have fared with his other school-lessons, here now is a school-form he is advanced to, in which there will be no resource but learning. Bad spelling might be overlooked by those that had charge of it; bad drilling is not permissible on any terms. We need not doubt the Crown-Prince did his soldier-duty faithfully, and learned in every point the conduct of an officer: penalty as of Rhadamanthus waited upon all failure there. That he liked it, is by no means said; he much disliked it, and his disgusts were many. An airy young creature: — and it was in this time, to give one instance, that that shearing of his locks occurred, which was spoken-of above, where the Court-Chirurgus proved so merciful. To clog the winged Psyche in ever-returning parade-routine and military pipeclay, — it seems very cruel. But it is not to be altered: in spite of one's disgusts, the dull work, to the last item of it, has daily to be done. Which proved infinitely beneficial to the Crown-Prince, after all. Hereby, to his Athenian-French elegancies, and airy promptitudes and brilliancies, there shall lie as basis an adamantine Spartanism and Stoicism; very rare, but very indispensable, for such a superstructure. Well exemplified, through after-life, in this Crown-Prince.

Of the Potsdam Giants, as a Fact.

His regiment was the Potsdam Grenadier Guard; that unique giant regiment, of which the world has heard so much in a vague half-mythical way. The giant-regiment was not a Myth, however, but a big-boned expensive Fact, tramping very hard upon the earth at one time, though now gone all to the ghostly state. As it was a *Class-Book*, so to speak, of our Friedrich's, — *Class-Book* (printed in huge type) for a certain branch of his schooling, the details of which are so dim, though the general outcome of it proved so unforgettable, — readers, apart from their curiosity otherwise, may as well take a glimpse of it on this occasion. Vanished now, and grown a Giant Phantom, the like of it hardly again to be in this world; and by accident, the very smallest Figure ever ranked in it makes it memorable there! —

With a wise instinct, Friedrich Wilhelm had discerned that all things in Prussia must point towards his Army; that his Army was the heart and pith; the State being the tree, every branch and leaf bound, after its sort, to be nutritive and productive for the Army's behoof. That, probably for any Nation in the longrun, and certainly for the Prussian Nation straightway, life or death depends on the Army: Friedrich Wilhelm's head, in an inarticulate manner, was full of this just notion; and all his life was spent in organising it to a practical fact. The more of potential battle,

the more of life is in us: a *maximum* of potential battle, therefore; and let it be the *optimum* in quality! How Friedrich Wilhelm cared, day and night, with all his heart and all his soul, to bring his Army to the supreme pitch, we have often heard: and the more we look into his ways, the more we are impressed with that fact. It was the central thing for him; all other things circulating towards it, deriving from it: no labour too great, and none too little, to be undergone for such an object. He watched over it like an Argus, with eyes that reached everywhere. Discipline shall be as exact as Euclid; — short of perfection we do not stop! Discipline and ever better discipline; enforcement of the rule in all points, improvement of the rule itself where possible, were the great Drill-sergeant's continual care. Daily had some loop fallen, which might have gone ravelling far enough; but daily was he there to pick it up again, and keep the web unrent and solidly progressive.

We said, it was the "poetic ideal" of Friedrich Wilhelm; who is a dumb poet in several particulars, — and requires the privileges of genius from those that *read* his dumb poem. It must be owned he rises into the fantastic here and there; and has crotchets of ultra-perfection for his Army, which are not rational at all. Crotchets that grew ever madder, the farther he followed them. This Life-guard Regiment of foot, for instance, in which the Crown-Prince now is, — Friedrich Wilhelm got it in his Father's time, no doubt a regiment then of fair qualities; and he has kept

drilling it, improving it, as poets polish stanzas, unweariedly ever since: — and see now what it has grown to! A Potsdam Giant Regiment, such as the world never saw, before or since. Three Battalions of them, — two always here at Potsdam doing formal life-guard duty, the third at Brandenburg on drill; 800 to the Battalion, — 2400 sons of Anak in all. Sublime enough, hugely perfect to the royal eye, such a mass of shining giants, in their long-drawn regularities and mathematical manœuvrings, — like some streak of Promethean lightning, realised here at last, in the vulgar dusk of things!

Truly they are men supreme in discipline, in beauty of equipment: and the shortest man of them rises, I think, towards seven feet, some are nearly nine feet high. Men from all countries; a hundred and odd come annually, as we saw, from Russia, — a very precious windfall: the rest have been collected, crimped, purchased out of every European country, at enormous expense, not to speak of other trouble to his Majesty. James Kirkman, an Irish recruit of good inches, cost him 1200*l.* before he could be got inveigled, shipped and brought safe to hand. The documents are yet in existence;* and the Portrait of this Irish fellow-citizen himself, who is by no means a beautiful man. Indeed, they are all portrayed; all the privates of this distinguished Regiment are, if anybody cared to look at them. “Redivanoff from Moscow” seems of far better

* Förster: *Handbuch der Geschichte, Geographie und Statistik des Preussischen Reichs* (Berlin, 1820), iv. 130, 132; — not in a very lucid state.

bone than Kirkman, though still more stolid of aspect. One Hohmann, a born Prussian, was so tall, you could not, though yourself tall, touch his bare crown with your hand; August the Strong of Poland tried, on one occasion, and could not. Before Hohmann turned-up, there had been "Jonas the Norwegian Blacksmith," also a dreadfully tall monster. Giant "Macdoll," — who was to be married, no consent asked on *either* side, to the tall young woman, which latter turned-out to be a decrepit *old* woman (all Jest-Books know the myth), — he also was an Irish Giant, his name probably M'Dowal.* This Hohmann was now *Flügelmann* ("fugleman" as we have named it, leader of the file), the Tallest of the Regiment, a very mountain of pipeclayed flesh and bone.

Here, in reference to one other of those poor Giants, is an Anecdote from Fassmann (who is very full on this subject of the Giants; abstruse Historical Fassmann, often painfully cited by us): a most small Anecdote, but then an indisputably certain one; — which brings back to us, in a strange way, the vanished Time and its populations; as the poorest authentic wooden lucifer may do, kindling suddenly, and peopling the void Night for moments, to the seeing eye! —

Fassmann, a very dark German literary man, in obsolete costume and garniture, how living or what doing we cannot guess, found himself at Paris, gazing about, in the year 1713;

* Förster: *Preussens Helden im Krieg und Frieden* (Berlin, 1848), i. 531; no date to the story, no evidence what grain of truth may be in it.

where, among other things, the Fair of St. Germain was going on. Loud, large Fair of St. Germain, "which lasts from Candlemas to the Monday before Easter;" and Fassmann one day took a walk of contemplation through the same. Much noise, gesticulation, little meaning. Show-booths, temporary theatres, merry-andrews, sleight-of-hand men; and a vast public, drinking, dancing, gambling, flirting, as its wont is. Nothing new for us there; new only that it all lies five generations from us now. Did 'the Old Pretender,' who was then in his expectant period, in this same village of St. Germain, see it, too, as Fassmann did? And Louis XIV., he is at Versailles; drooping fast, very dull to his Maintenon. And our little Fritz in Berlin is a child in arms; — and the world is all awake as usual, while Fassmann strolls through this noisy inanity of show-booths, in the year 1713.

Strolling along, Fassmann came upon a certain booth with an enormous Picture hung aloft in front of it: "Picture of a "very tall man, in *heyduc* livery, coat reaching to his ancles, "in grand peruke, cap and big heron-plume, with these "words, '*Le Géant Allemand* (German Giant),' written under- "neath. Partly from curiosity, partly for country's sake," Fassmann expended twopence; viewed the gigantic fellow-creature; admits he had never seen one so tall; though "Bentenrieder, the Imperial Diplomatist," thought by some to be the tallest of men, had come athwart him once. This giant's name was Müller; birthplace the neighbourhood of Weissenfels; — "a Saxon like myself. He had a small "German Wife, not half his size. He made money readily, "showing himself about, in France, England, Holland;" — and Fassman went his way, thinking no more of the fellow. — But now, continues Fassmann:

"Coming to Potsdam, thirteen years after, in the spring of "1726, by his Majesty's order, to" — in fact, to read the

Newspapers to his Majesty, and be generally useful, chiefly in the Tobacco-College, as we shall discover, — “what was “my surprise to find this same ‘*Géant Allemand*’ of St. Ger- “main ranked among the King’s Grenadiers! No doubt of “the identity: I renewed acquaintance with the man; his “little German Wife was dead; but he had got an English “one instead, an uncommonly shifty creature. They had a “neat little dwelling-house” (as most of the married giants had), “near the Palace: here the Wife sold beer” (brandy not permissible on any terms), “and lodged travellers; — I “myself have lodged there on occasion. In the course of “some years, the man took swelling in the legs; good-for- “nothing as a grenadier; and was like to fall heavy on “society. But no, his little Wife snatched him up, easily “getting his discharge; carried him over with her to England, “where he again became a show-giant, and they were doing “very well, when last heard of,” — in the Country Wakes of George II.’s early time. And that is the real Biography of one Potsdam Giant, by a literary gentleman who had lodged with him on occasion.*

The pay of these sublime Footguards is greatly higher than common; they have distinguished privileges and treatment: on the other hand, their discipline is nonpareil, and discharge is never to be dreamt of, while strength lasts. Poor Kirkman, does he sometimes think of the Hill of Howth, and that he will never see it more? Kirkman, I judge, is not given to thought; — considers that he has tobacco here, and privileges and perquisites; and that Howth, and Heaven itself, is inaccessible to many a man.

* Fassmann, pp. 723-730.

Friedrich Wilhelm's recruiting difficulties.

Tall men, not for this regiment only, had become a necessary of life to Friedrich Wilhelm. Indispensable to him almost as his daily bread. To his heart there is no road so ready as that of presenting a tall man or two. Friedrich Wilhelm's regiments are now, by his exact new regulations, levied and recruited each in its own Canton, or specific district: there all males as soon as born are enrolled; liable to serve, when they have grown to years and strength. All grown-men (under certain exceptions, as of a widow's eldest son, or of the like evidently ruinous cases) are liable to serve; Captain of the Regiment and *Amtmann* of the Canton settle between them which grown-man it shall be. Better for you not to be tall! In fact, it is almost a kindness of Heaven to be gifted with some safe impediment of body, slightly crooked back or the like, if you much dislike the career of honour under Friedrich Wilhelm. A general shadow of unquiet apprehension we can well fancy hanging over those rural populations, and much unpleasant haggling now and then; — nothing but the King's justice that can be appealed to. King's justice, very great indeed, but heavily checked by the King's value for handsome soldiers.

Happily his value for industrial labourers and increase of population is likewise great. Townsfolk, skilful workmen as the theory supposes, are exempt; the more ingenious classes, generally, his Majesty

exempts in this respect, to encourage them in others. For, on the whole, he is not less a Captain of Work, to his Nation, than of other things. What he did for Prussia in the way of industries, improvements, new manufactures, new methods; in settling "colonies," tearing-up drowned bogs and subduing them into dry cornfields; in building, draining, digging, and encouraging or forcing others to do so, would take a long chapter. He is the enemy of Chaos, not the friend of it, wherever you meet with him.

For example, Potsdam itself. Potsdam, now a pleasant, grassy, leafy place, branching-out extensively in fine stone architecture, with swept pavements; where, as in other places, the traveller finds land and water separated into two firmaments, — Friedrich Wilhelm found much of it a quagmire, land and water still weltering in one. In these very years, his cuttings, embankments, buildings, pile-drivings there, are enormous; and his perseverance needs to be invincible. For instance, looking out, one morning after heavy rain, upon some extensive anti-quagmire operations and strong pile-drivings, he finds half a-furlong of his latest heavy piling clean gone. What in the world has become of it? Pooh, the swollen lake has burst it topsyturvy; and it floats yonder, bottom uppermost, a half-furlong of distracted liquid-peat. Whereat his Majesty gave a loud laugh, says Bielfeld,* and commenced anew. The piles now stand firm enough, like

* Baron de Bielfeld: *Lettres Familières* (second edition, à Leide. 1767), l. 81.

the rest of the Earth's crust, and carry strong ashlar houses and umbrageous trees for mankind; and trivial mankind can walk in clean pumps there, shuddering or sniggering at Friedrich Wilhelm, as their humour may be.

No danger of this "Canton-system" of recruitment to the more ingenious classes, who could do better than learn drill. Nor, to say truth, does the poor clayey peasant suffer from it, according to his apprehensions. Often perhaps, could he count profit and loss, he might find himself a gainer: the career of honour turns out to be, at least, a career of practical Stoicism and Spartanism; useful to any peasant or to any prince. Cleanliness, of person and even of mind; fixed rigour of method, sobriety, frugality, these are virtues worth acquiring. Sobriety in the matter of drink is much attended-to here: his Majesty permits no distillation of strong-waters in Potsdam, or within so many miles;* nor is sale of such allowed, except in the most intensely select manner. The soldier's pay is in the highest degree exiguous; not above three half-pence a day, for a common foot-soldier, in addition to what rations he has: — but it is found adequate to its purpose, too; supports the soldier in sound health, vigorously fit for his work; into which points his Majesty looks with his own eyes, and will admit no dubiety. Often, too, if not already *oftenest* (as it ultimately grew to be), the peasant-soldier gets home for many months of the year, a soldier-ploughman; and labours for his

* Fassmann, p. 728.

living in the old way. His Captain (it is one of the Captain's perquisites, who is generally a veteran of fifty, with a long Spartan training, before he gets so high) pockets the pay of all these furloughs supernumerary to the real work of the regiment; — and has certain important furnishings to yield in return.

At any rate, enrolment, in time of peace, cannot fall on many; three or four recruits in the year, to replace vacancies, will carry the Canton through its crisis. For we are to note withal, the third part of every regiment can, and should by rule, consist of "foreigners," — men not born Prussians. These are generally men levied in the Imperial Free-towns; in "the *Reich*" or Empire, as they term it; that is to say, in the countries of Germany that are not Austrian or Prussian. For this foreign third-part, too, the recruits must be got; excuses not admissible for Captain or Colonel; nothing but recruits of the due inches will do. Captain and Colonel (supporting their enterprise on frugal adequate "perquisites," hinted of above) have to be on the outlook; vigilantly, eagerly; and must contrive to get them. Nay we can take supernumerary recruits; and have in fact always on hand, attached to each regiment, a stock of such. Any number of recruits, that stand well on their legs, are welcome; and for a tall man there is joy in Potsdam, almost as if he were a wise man or a good man.

The consequence is, all countries, especially all German countries, are infested with a new species of predatory two-legged animals: Prussian recruiters. They

glide about, under disguise if necessary; lynx-eyed, eager almost as the Jesuit hounds are; not hunting the souls of men, as the spiritual Jesuits do, but their bodies in a merciless carnivorous manner. Better not to be too tall, in any country, at present! Irish Kirkman could not be protected by the ægis of the British Constitution itself. In general, however, the Prussian recruiter, on British ground, reports, That the people are too well off, that there is little to be done in those parts. A tall British sailor, if we pick him up strolling about Memel or the Baltic ports, is inexorably claimed by the Diplomatsists; no business doable till after restoration of him; and he proves a mere loss to us.* Germany, Holland, Switzerland, the Netherlands, these are the fruitful fields for us, and there we do hunt with some vigour.

For example, in the town of Jülich there lived and worked a tall young carpenter: one day a well-dressed positive-looking gentleman ("Baron von Hompesch," the records name him) enters the shop; wants "a stout chest, with lock on it, for household purposes; must be of such and such dimensions, six feet six in length especially, and that is an indispensable point, — in fact it will be longer than yourself, I think, Herr Zimmermann: what is the cost; when can it be ready?" Cost, time, and the rest are settled. "A right stout chest, then; and see you don't forget the size; if too short, it will be of no use to me: mind!" — "*Ja wohl! Gewiss!*" And the positive-looking, well-clad gentle-

* Despatches in the State-Paper Office.

man goes his ways. At the appointed day he reappears; the chest is ready; — we hope, an unexceptionable article? “Too short, as I dreaded!” says the positive gentleman. “Nay, your Honour,” says the carpenter, “I am certain it is six feet six!” and takes out his foot-rule. — “Pshaw, it was to be longer than yourself.” “Well, it is.” — “No, it isn’t!” The carpenter, to end the matter, gets into his chest; and will convince any and all mortals. No sooner is he in, rightly flat, than the positive gentleman, a Prussian recruiting-officer in disguise, slams-down the lid upon him; locks it; whistles-in three stout fellows, who pick-up the chest, gravely walk through the streets with it; open it in a safe place; and find, — horrible to relate, — the poor carpenter dead; choked by want of air in this frightful middle-passage of his.* Name of the Town is given, Jülich as above; date not. And if the thing had been only a popular myth, is it not a significant one? But it is too true; the tall carpenter lay dead, and Hompesch got “imprisoned for life” by the business.

Bürgermeisters of small Towns have been carried off; in one case, “a rich merchant in Magdeburg,” whom it cost a large sum to get free again.** Prussian recruiters hover about barracks, parade-grounds, in Foreign Countries; and if they see a tall soldier (the Dutch have had instances, and are indignant at them), will persuade him to desert, — to make for the Country

* Förster, ii. 305, 306; Pöllnitz, ii. 518, 519.

** Stenzel, iii, 356.

where soldier-merit is understood, and a tall fellow of parts will get his pair of colours in no-time.

But the highest stretch of their art was probably that done on the Austrian Ambassador, — tall Herr von Bentenrieder; tallest of Diplomatsists; whom Fassmann, till the Fair of St. Germain, had considered the tallest of men. Bentenrieder was on his road as Kaiser's Ambassador to George I., in those Congress-of-Cambrai times; serenely journeying on; when, near by Halberstadt, his carriage broke. Carriage takes some time in mending; the tall Diplomatic Herr walks on, will stretch his long legs, catch a glimpse of the Town withal, till they get it ready again. And now, at some Guardhouse of the place, a Prussian Officer inquires, not too reverently of a nobleman without carriage, "Who are you?" "Well," answered he smiling, "I am *Botschafter* (Message-bearer) from his Imperial Majesty. And who may you be that ask?" — "To the Guardhouse with us!" Whither he is marched accordingly. "Kaiser's messenger, why not?" Being a most tall handsome man, this Kaiser's *Botschafter*, striding along on foot here, the Guardhouse Officials have decided to keep him, to teach him Prussian drill-exercise; — and are thrown into a singular quandary, when his valets and suite come up, full of alarm dissolving into joy, and call him "Excellenz!"*

Tall Herr von Bentenrieder accepted the prostrate apology of these Guardhouse Officials. But he naturally spoke of the matter to George I.; whose patience,

often fretted by complaints on that head, seems to have taken fire at this transcendant instance of Prussian insolency. In consequence of this adventure, he commenced, says Pöllnitz, a system of decisive measures; of reprisals even, and of altogether peremptory, minatory procedures, to clear Hanover of this nuisance; and to make it cease, in very fact, and not in promise and profession merely. These were the first rubs Queen Sophie met with, in pushing-on the Double-Marriage; and sore rubs they were, though she at last got over them. Coming on the back of that fine Charlottenburg Visit, almost within year and day, and directly in the teeth of such friendly aspects and prospects, this conduct on the part of his Britannic Majesty much grieved and angered Friedrich Wilhelm; and in fact involved him in considerable practical troubles.

For it was the signal of a similar set of loud complaints, and menacing remonstrances (with little twinges of fulfilment here and there), from all quarters of Germany; a tempest of trouble and public indignation rising everywhere, and raining-in upon Friedrich Wilhelm and this unfortunate Hobby of his. No riding of one's poor Hobby in peace henceforth. Friedrich Wilhelm always answered, what was only superficially the fact, That *he* knew nothing of these violences, and acts of ill-neighbourship; he, a just King, was sorrier than any man to hear of them; and would give immediate order that they should end. But they always went-on again, much the same; and never did end. I am sorry a just King, led-astray by his Hobby,

answers thus what is only superficially the fact. But it seems he cannot help it: his Hobby is too strong for him; regardless of curb and bridle in this instance. Let us pity a man of genius, mounted on so ungovernable a Hobby; leaping the barriers, in spite of his best resolutions. Perhaps the poetic temperament is more liable to such morbid biases, influxes of imaginative crotchet, and mere folly that cannot be cured? Friedrich Wilhelm never would or could dismount from his Hobby; but he rode him under much sorrow henceforth; under showers of anger and ridicule; — contumelious words and procedures, as it were *saxa et fæces*, battering round him, to a heavy extent; the rider a victim of Tragedy and Farce both at once.

*Queen Sophie's Troubles: Grumkow with the Old-Dessauer,
and Grumkow without him.*

Queen Sophie had, by delicate management, got over those first rubs, and arrived at a Treaty of Hanover, and clear ground again; far worse rubs lay ahead; but smooth travelling, towards such a goal, was not possible for this Queen. Poor Lady, her Court, as we discern from Wilhelmina and the Books, is a sad welter of intrigues, suspicions; of treacherous chambermaids, head-valets, pick-thank scouts of official gentlemen and others striving to supplant one another. Satan's Invisible World very busy against Queen Sophie! Under any terms, much more under those of the Double-Marriage, her place in a kindly but suspicious Husband's

favour was difficult to maintain. Restless aspirants, climbing this way or that, by ladder-steps discoverable in this abstruse element, are never wanting, and have the due eavesdropping satellites, now here, now there. Queen Sophie and her party have to walk warily, as if among precipices and pitfalls. Of all which wide welter of extinct contemptibilities, then and there so important, here and now become *minus* quantities, we again notice the existence, but can undertake no study or specification whatever. Two Incidents, the latter of them dating near the point where we now are, will sufficiently instruct the reader what a welter this was, in which Queen Sophie and her bright little Son, the new Major of the Potsdam giants, had to pass their existence.

Incident First fell-out some six years ago or more, — in 1719, year of the Heidelberg Protestants, of Clement the Forger, when his Majesty “slept for weeks with a pistol under his pillow,” and had other troubles. His Majesty, on one of his journeys, which were always many, was taken suddenly ill at Brandenburg, that year: so violently ill, that thinking himself about to die, he sent for his good Queen; and made a Will appointing her Regent in case of his decease. His Majesty quite recovered before long. But Grumkow and the Old Dessauer, main aspirants, getting wind of this Will, and hunting-out the truth of it, — what a puddling of the waters these two made in consequence; stirring-up mire and dirt round the good Queen, finding

she had been preferred to them!* Nay Wilhelmina, in her wild way, believes they had, not long after, planned to "fire a Theatre" about the King, one afternoon, in Berlin City, and take his life, thereby securing for themselves such benefit in prospect as there might be! Not a doubt of it, thinks Wilhelmina: "The young Margraf,** our precious Cousin, of Schwedt, is not he Sister's-son of that Old Dessauer? Grandson of the Great Elector, even as Papa is. Papa once killed (and our poor Crown-Prince also made away with), — that Young Margraf, and his blue Fox-tiger of an Uncle over him, is King in Prussia! Obviously they meant to burn that Theatre, and kill Papa!" This is Wilhelmina's distracted belief; as, doubtless, it was her Mother's on the day in question: a jealous, much-suffering, transcendently exasperated Mother, as we see.

Incident Second shows us those two rough Gentlemen fallen out of partnership, into open quarrel and even duel. "Duel at the Cöpenick Gate," much noised-of in the dull old Prussian Books, — though always in a reserved manner; not even the *date*, as if that were dangerous, being clearly given! It came in the wake of that Hanover Treaty, as is now guessed; the two having taken opposite sides on that measure, and got provoked into ripping-up old sores in general. Dessau was *against* King George and the Treaty, it appears; having his reasons, family-reasons of old standing: Gramkow, a bribeable gentleman, was *for*, — having also perhaps his reasons. Enough, it came to alterca-

* Wilhelmina, i. 26, 29.

** Born, 1700 (*suprà*, p. 462).

tions, objurgations between the two; which rose ever higher, — rose at length to wager-of-battle. Indignant challenge on the part of the Old Dessauer; which, however, Grumkow, not regarded as a *Baresark* in the fighting way, regrets that his Christian principles do not, forsooth, allow him to accept. The King is appealed-to; the King, being himself, though an orthodox Christian, yet a still more orthodox Soldier, decides That, on the whole, General Grumkow cannot but accept this challenge from the Fieldmarshal Prince of Dessau.

Dessau is on the field, at the Cöpenick Gate, accordingly, — late-autumn afternoon (I calculate) of the year 1725; — waits patiently till Grumkow make his appearance. Grumkow, with a chosen second, does at last appear; advances pensively with slow steps. Gunpowder Dessau, black as a silent thundercloud, draws his sword: and Grumkow — does not draw his; presents it undrawn, with unconditional submission and apology: "Slay me, if you like, old Friend, whom I have injured!" Whereat Dessau, uttering no word, uttering only some contemptuous snort, turns his back on the phenomenon; mounts his horse and rides home.* A divided man from this Grumkow henceforth. The Prince waited on her Majesty; signified his sorrow for past estrangements; his great wish now to help her, but his total inability, being ousted by Grumkow: We are for Halle, Madam, where our Regiment is; there let us serve his Majesty, since we cannot here!** — And in

* Pöllnitz, II. 212, 214.

** Wilhelmina, I. 90, 93.

fact the Old Dessauer lives mostly there in time coming; sunk inarticulate in tactics of a truly deep nature, not stranding on politics of a shallow; — a man still memorable in the mythic traditions of that place. Better to drill men to perfection, and invent iron ramrods, against the day they shall be needed, than go jostling, on such terms, with cattle of the Grumkow kind! And thus, we perceive, Grumkow is in, and the Old Dessauer out; and there has been “a change of Ministry,” change of “Majesty’s-Advisers,” brought about; — may the Advice going be wiser now!

What the young Crown-Prince did, said, thought, in such environment, of backstairs diplomacies, female sighs and aspirations, Grumkow duels, drillings in the Giant Regiment, is not specified for us in the smallest particular, in the extensive rubbish-books that have been written about him. Ours is, to indicate that such environment was: how a lively soul, acted-on by it, did not fail to react, chameleon-like taking colour from it, and contrariwise taking colour against it, must be left to the reader’s imagination. One thing we have gathered and will not forget, That the Old Dessauer is out, and Grumkow in, — that the rugged Son of Gunpowder, drilling men henceforth at Halle, and in a dumb way meditating tactics as few ever did, has no share in the foul enchantments that now supervene at Court.

CHAPTER VI.

ORDNANCE-MASTER SECKENDORF CROSSES THE PALACE-
ESPLANADE.

THE Kaiser's terror and embarrassment at the conclusion of the Hanover Treaty, as we saw, were extreme. War possible or likely; and nothing but the termagant caprices of Elizabeth Farnese to depend on; no cash from the Sea-Powers; only cannon-shot, invasion and hostility, from their cash and them: What is to be done? To "caress the pride of Spain;" to keep alive the hopes, in that quarter, of marrying their Don Carlos, the supplementary Infant, to our eldest Archduchess; which indeed has set the Sea-Powers dreadfully on fire, but which does leave Parma and Piacenza quiet for the present, and makes the Pragmatic Sanction too an affair of Spain's own: this is one resource, though a poor one, and a dangerous. Another is, to make alliance with Russia, by well flattering the poor little brown Czarina there: but is not that a still poorer? And what third is there! —

There is a third worth both the others, could it be got done: To detach Friedrich Wilhelm from those dangerous Hanover Confederates, and bring him gently over to ourselves. He has an army of 60,000, in perfect equipment, and money to maintain them so. Against us or for us, — 60,000 *plus* or 60,000 *minus*;

— that will mean 120,000 fighting men: a most weighty item in any field there is like to be. If it lie in the power of human art, let us gain this wild irritated King of Prussia. Dare any henchman of ours venture to go, with honey-cakes, with pattings and cajoleries, and slip the imperial muzzle well round the snout of that rugged ursine animal? An iracund bear, of dangerous proportions, and justly irritated against us at present! Our experienced *Feldzeug-Meister*, Ordnance-Master and Diplomatist, Graf von Seckendorf, a conscientious Protestant, and the cunningest of men, able to lie to all lengths, — dare he try it? He has fought in all quarters of the world; and lied in all, where needful; and saved money in all: he will try it, and will succeed in it too! *

The Second Act, therefore, of this foolish World-Drama of the Double-Marriage opens, — on the 11th May 1726, towards sunset, in the *Tabagie* of the Berlin Palace, as we gather from laborious comparison of windy Pöllnitz with other indistinct witnesses of a dreary nature, — in the following manner:

Prussian Majesty sits smoking at the window; nothing particular going on. A square-built shortish steelgray Gentleman, of military cut, past fifty, is strolling over the *Schlossplatz* (spacious Square in front of the Palace), conspicuous amid the sparse populations there; pensively recreating himself, in the yellow sunlight and long shadows, as after a day's hard labour or travel.

* Pöllnitz, ii. 235; Stenzel, iii. 544; Förster, ii. 59, iii. 235, 239.

"Who is that?" inquires Friedrich Wilhelm, suspending his tobacco. Grumkow answers cautiously, after survey: He thinks it must be Ordnance-Master Seckendorf; who was with him today; passing-on rapidly towards Denmark, on business that will not wait. — "Experienced Feldzeugmeister Graf von Seckendorf, whom we stand in correspondence with, of late, and were expecting about this time? Whom we have known at the Siege of Stralsund, nay ever since the Marlborough times and the Siege of Menin, in war and peace; and have always reckoned a solid reasonable man and soldier: Why has he not come to us?" — "Your Majesty," confesses Grumkow, "his business is so pressing! Business in Denmark will not wait. Seckendorf owned he had come slightly round, in his eagerness to see our grand Review at Tempelhof the day after tomorrow: What soldier would omit the sight (so he was pleased to intimate) of soldiering carried to the non-plus-ultra? But he hoped to do it quite incognito, among the general public; — and then to be at the gallop again: not able to have the honour of paying his court at this time." — "Court? *Narren-Possen* (Nonsense)!" answers Friedrich Wilhelm, — and opening the window, beckons Seckendorf up, with his own royal head and hand. The conversation of a man who had rational sense, and could tell him anything, were it only news of foreign parts in a rational manner, was always welcome to Friedrich Wilhelm.

And so Seckendorf, how can he help it, is installed in the Tabagie; glides into pleasant conversation there.

A captivating talker; solid for religion, for the rights of Germany against intrusive French and others: such insight, orthodoxy, sense and ingenuity; pleasant to hear; and all with the due quantity of oil, though he "both snuffles and lisps;" and has privately, in case of need, a capacity of lying, — for he curiously distils you any lie, in his religious alembics, till it become tolerable to his conscience, or even palatable, as elixirs are; — capacity of double-distilled lying probably the greatest of his day. — Seckendorf assists at the grand Review, 13th May 1726; witnesses with unfeigned admiration the non-plus-ultra of manœuvring, and, in fact, the general management, military and other, of this admirable King.* Seckendorf, no question of it, will do his Denmark business swiftly, then, since your Majesty is pleased so to wish. Seckendorf, sure enough, will return swiftly to such a King, whose familiar company, vouchsafed him in this noble manner, he likes, — O how he likes it!

In a week or two, Seckendorf is back to Berlin; attends his Majesty on the annual Military Tour through Preussen; attends him everywhere, becoming quite a necessary of life to his Majesty; and does not go away at all. Seckendorf's business, if his Majesty knew it, will not lead him "away;" but lies here on this spot; and is now going on; the magic-apparatus, Grumkow the main-spring of it, getting all into gear! Grumkow was once clear for King George and the Hanover Treaty, having his reasons then; but now he has other

* Pöllnitz, ii. 235; Fassmann, pp. 367, 368.

reasons, and is clear against those foreign connexions. "Hm, hah — Yes, my estimable, justly powerful Herr von Grumkow, here is a little Pension of 1000 ducats (only 500*l.* as yet), which the Imperial Majesty, thinking of the service you may do Prussia and Germany and him, graciously commands me to present; — only 500*l.* by the year as yet; but there shall be no lack of money if we prosper!" *

And so there are now two Black-Artists, of the first quality, busy on the unconscious Friedrich Wilhelm; and Seckendorf, for the next seven years, will stick to Friedrich Wilhelm like his shadow; and fascinate his whole existence and him, as few wizards could have done. Friedrich Wilhelm, like St. Paul in Melita, warming his innocent hands at the fire of dry branches here kindled for him, — what miracle of a venomous serpent is this that has fixed itself upon his finger? To Friedrich Wilhelm's enchanted sense it seems a bird-of-paradise, trustfully perching there; but it is of the whip-snake kind, or a worse; and will stick to him tragically, if also comically, for years to come. The world has seen the comedy of it, and has howled scornful laughter upon Friedrich Wilhelm for it: but there is a tragic side, not so well seen-into, where tears are due to the poor King; and to certain others horsewhips, and almost gallows-ropes, are due! — Yes, had Seckendorf and Grumkow both been well hanged, at this stage of the affair, whereby the affair might have soon ended on fair terms, it had been welcome to mankind;

* Förster, iii. 232, 233; see also iv. 172, 121, 157, &c.

welcome surely to the Editor, for one; such a saving to him, of time wasted, of disgust endured! And indeed it is a solacement he has often longed for, in these dreary operations of his. But the Fates appointed otherwise; we have all to accept our Fate! —

Grumkow is sworn to Imperial orthodoxy, then, — probably the vulpine *mind* (so to term it) went always rather that way, and only his interest the other; — Grumkow is well bribed, supplied for bribing others where needful; stands orthodox now, under peril of his very head. All things have been got distilled into the palatable state, spiritual and economic, for oneself and one's grand Trajan-Horse of a Grumkow: and the adventure proceeds apace. Seckendorf sits nightly in the *Tabagie* (a kind of "Smoking Parliament," as we shall see anon); attends on all promenades and journeys: one of the wisest heads, and so pleasant in discourse, he is grown indispensable, and a necessary of life to us. Seckendorf's Biographer computes, "he must have ridden, in those seven years, continually attending his Majesty, above 5,000 German miles,* — that is, 25,000 English miles; or a trifle more than the length of the Terrestrial Equator.

In a month or two,** Seckendorf, — since Majesty vouchsafes to honour us by wishing it, — contrives to get nominated Kaiser's Minister at Berlin: unlimited

* Anonymous (Seckendorf's Grand-Nephew): *Versuch einer Lebensbeschreibung des Feldmarschalls Grafen von Seckendorf* (Leipzig, 1792, 1794), i. 6.

** 13th August 1726 (Preuss, i. 37).

prospects of Tabagie, and good talk, now opening on Majesty. And impartial Grumkow, in Tabagie or wherever we are, cannot but admit, now and then, That the Excellenz Herr Graf Ordnance-Master has a deal of reason in what he says about Foreign Politics, about intrusive French and other points. "Hm, Na," muses Friedrich Wilhelm to himself, "if the Kaiser had not been so lofty on us in that Heidelberg-Protestant affair, in the Ritter-Dienst business, in those damned 'recruiting' brabbles: always a very high-sniffing surly Kaiser to us!" For in fact the Kaiser has, all along, used Friedrich Wilhelm bitterly ill; and contemplates no better usage of him, except in show. Usage? thinks the Kaiser: A big Prussian piece of Cannon, whom we wish to enchant over to us! Did *Lazy Peg* complain of her "usage?" — So that the Excellenz and Grumkow have a heavy problem of it; were they not so diligent, and the Cannon itself well-disposed. "Those *Blitz Franzosen* (blasted French)!" growls Friedrich Wilhelm sometimes, in the Tobacco-Parliament:* for he hates the French, and would fain love his Kaiser; being German to the bone, and of right loyal heart, though counted only a piece of Cannon by some. For one thing, his Prussian Majesty declines signing that Treaty of Hanover a second time: now when the Dutch accede to it, after almost a year's trouble with them, the Prussian Ambassador, singular to observe, "has no orders to sign;" leaves the English with their Hollanders and

* Förster II. 12, &c.

Blitz Franzosen to sign by themselves, this time.* “We will wait, we will wait!” thinks his Prussian Majesty:—
“Who knows?”

“But then Jülich and Berg?” urges he always: “Britannic Majesty and the Blitz Franzosen were to secure me the reversion there. That was the essential point!” — For this too Excellenz has a remedy; works-out gradually a remedy from head-quarters, the amiable dextrous man: “Kaiser will do the like, your Majesty; Kaiser himself will secure it you!” — In brief, some three months after Seckendorf’s instalment as Kaiser’s Minister, not yet five months since his appearance in the Schloss-Platz that May evening, — it is now Hunting-season, and we are at Wusterhausen; Majesty, his two Black-Artists and the proper satellites on both sides all there, — a new and opposite Treaty, in extreme privacy, on the 12th of October 1726, is signed at that sequestered Hunting-Schloss: “Treaty of Wusterhausen” so-called; which was once very famous and mysterious, and caused many wigs to wag. Wigs to wag, in those days especially, when knowledge of it was first had; the rather as only half-knowledge could be had of it; — or can, mourns Dryasdust, who has still difficulties about some “secret articles” in the Document.** Courage, my friend; they are now of no importance to any creature.

The essential purport of this Treaty,*** legible to

* 9th August 1726. (Boyer: *The Political State of Great Britain*, a monthly periodical, vol. xxxii. p. 77, which is the number for July 1726.)

** Buchholz, i. 94 n.

*** Given *in extenso* (without the secret articles) in Förster, iv. 159-166.

all eyes, is, "That Friedrich Wilhelm silently drops
 "the Hanover Treaty and Blitz Franzosen; and expli-
 "citly steps-over to the Kaiser's side; stipulates to assist
 "the Kaiser with so many thousand, if attacked in Ger-
 "many by any Blitz Franzose or intrusive Foreigner
 "whatever. In return for which, the Kaiser, besides
 "assisting Prussia in the like case with a like quotity
 "of thousands, engages, in circuitous chancery language,
 "To be helpful, and humanly speaking effectual, in
 "that grand matter of Jülich and Berg; — somewhat
 "in the following strain: 'To our Imperial mind it does
 "appear the King of Prussia has manifest right to the
 "succession in Jülich and Berg; right grounded on ex-
 "press *Erbvergleich* of 1624, not to speak of Deeds
 "subsequent: the Imperial mind, as supreme judge of
 "such matters in the Reich, will not fail to decide this
 "Cause soon and justly, should it come to that. But
 "we hope it may take a still better course: for the Im-
 "perial mind will straightway set about persuading Kur-
 "Pfalz to comply peaceably; and even undertakes to
 "have something done, that way, before six months
 "pass.' " *

Humanly speaking, surely the Imperial mind will
 be effectual in the Jülich-and-Berg matter. But it was
 very necessary to use circuitous chancery language, —
 inasmuch as the Imperial mind, desirous also to secure
 Kur-Pfalz's help in this sore crisis, had, about three
 months ago,** expressly engaged to Kur-Pfalz, That

* Art. v. in Förster, ubi suprâ.

** Treaty with Kur-Pfalz, 16th August 1726 (Förster, il. 71).

Jülich and Berg should *not* go to Friedrich Wilhelm in terms of the old Deed, but to Kur-Pfalz's Cousins of Sulzbach, whom the old gentleman (in spite of Deeds) was obstinate to prefer! There is no doubt about that fact, about that self-devouring pair of facts. To such straits is a Kaiser driven when he gets deep into spectre-hunting.

This is the once famous, now forgotten, "Treaty of Wusterhausen, 12th October 1726;" which proved so consolatory to the Kaiser in that dread crisis of his Spectre-Hunt; and the effects of which are very visible in this History, if nowhere else. It caught-up the Prussian-English Double-Marriage; launched it into the huge tide of Imperial Spectre-Politics, into the awful swaggings and swayings of the Terrestrial *Libra* in general; and nearly broke the heart of several Royal persons; of a memorable Crown-Prince, among others. Which last is now, pretty much, its sole claim to be ever mentioned again by mankind. As there was no performance, nor an intention of any, in that Jülich-Berg matter, Excellenz Seckendorf had the task henceforth of keeping, by art-magic or the *preternatural* method, — that is, by mere help of Grumkow and the Devil, — his Prussian Majesty steady to the Kaiser nevertheless. Always well-divided from the English, especially. Which the Excellency Seckendorf managed to do. For six or seven years coming; or, in fact, till these Spectre-chasings ended, or ran elsewhither for consummation. Steady always, jealous of the English; sometimes nearly mad, but always ready as a primed

cannon: so Friedrich Wilhelm was accordingly managed to be kept; — his own Household gone almost into delirium; he himself looking out, with loyally fierce survey, for any Anti-Kaiser War: "When do we go off, then?" — though none ever came. And indeed nothing came; and except those torments to young Friedrich and others, it was all Nothing. One of the strangest pieces of Black-Art ever done.

Excellenz Seckendorf, whom Friedrich Wilhelm so loves, is by no means a beautiful man; far the reverse. Bodily, — and the spirit corresponds, — a stiff-backed, petrified, stony, inscrutable-looking, and most unbeautiful old Intriguer. Portraits of him, which are frequent, tell all one story. The brow puckered together, in a wide web of wrinkles from each temple, as if it meant to hide the bad pair of eyes, which look suspicion, inquiry, apprehension, habit of double-distilled mendacity; the indeterminate projecting chin, with its thick, chapped under-lip, is shaken-out, or shoved-out, in mill-hopper fashion, — as if to swallow anything there may be, spoken thing or other, and grind it to profitable meal for itself. Spiritually he was an old Soldier let for hire; an old Intriguer, Liar, Fighter, what you like. What we may call a Human Soul standing like a hackney-coach, this half-century past, with head, tongue, heart, conscience, at the hest of a discerning public and its shilling.

There is considerable faculty, a certain stiff-necked strength in the old fellow; in fact, Nature had been

rather kind to him; and certainly his Uncle and Guardian, — the distinguished Seckendorf who did the *Historia Lutheranismi*, a *Ritter*, and man of good mark, in Ernst the Pious of Saxe-Gotha's time, — took pains about his education. But Nature's gifts have not prospered with him: how could they, in that hackney-coach way of life? Considerable gifts, we say; shrunk into a strange bankruptcy in the development of them. A stiff-backed, close-fisted old gentleman, with mill-hopper chin, — with puckery much-inquiring eyes, which have never discovered any noble path for him in this world. He is a strictly orthodox Protestant; zealous about external points of moral conduct; yet scruples not, for the Kaiser's shilling, to lie with energy to all lengths; and fight, according to the Reichs-Hofrath code, for any god or man. He is gone mostly to avarice; in these mature years; all his various strengths turned into strength of grasping. He is now fifty-four; a man public in the world, especially since he became the Kaiser's man: but he has served various masters, in various capacities, and been in many wars; — and for the next thirty years we shall still occasionally meet him, seldom to our advantage.

He comes from Anspach originally; and has kindred Seckendorfs in office there, old Ritters in that Country. He inherited a handsome castle and estate, Meuselwitz, near Altenburg in the Thüringen region, from that Uncle, Ernst of Saxe-Gotha's man, whom we spoke of; and has otherwise gained wealth; all which he holds like a vice. Once, at Meuselwitz, they say, he and

some young secretary, of a smartish turn, sat working or conversing, in a large room with only one candle to illuminate it: the secretary, snuffing the candle, snuffed it out: "Pshaw," said Seckendorf impatiently, "where did you learn to handle snuffers?" "Excellenz, in a place where there were two lights kept!" replied the other.*—For the rest, he has a good old Wife at Meuselwitz, who is now old, and had never any children; who loves him much, and is much loved by him, it would appear: this is really the best fact I ever knew of him, — poor bankrupt creature; gone all to spiritual rheumatism, to strict orthodoxy, with unlimited mendacity; and avarice as the general outcome! Stiff-backed, close-fisted strength, all grown wooden or stony; yet some little well of human sympathy does lie far in the interior: one wishes, after all (since he could not be got hanged in time for us), good days to his poor old Wife and him! He both lisps and snuffles, as was mentioned; writes cunningly, acres of despatches to Prince Eugene; never swears, though a military man, except on great occasions one oath, *Jarni-bleu*, — which is perhaps some flash-note version of *Chair-de-Dieu*, like *Par-bleu*, 'Zounds and the rest of them, which the Devil cannot prosecute you for; whereby an economic man has the pleasure of swearing on cheap terms.

Herr Pöllnitz's account of Seckendorf is unusually emphatic; babbling Pöllnitz rises into a strain of pulpit-eloquence, inspired by indignation, on this topic:

* *Seckendorf's Leben* (already cited), i. 4.

“He affected German downrightness, to which he was
“a stranger; and followed, under a deceitful show of
“piety, all the principles of Macchiavel. With the
“most sordid love of money he combined boorish man-
“ners. Lies” (of the distilled kind chiefly) “had so
“become a habit with him, that he had altogether lost
“notion of employing truth in speech. It was the soul
“of a usurer, inhabiting now the body of a war-cap-
“tain, now transmigrating into that of a huckster. False
“oaths, and the abominablest basenesses, cost him no-
“thing, so his object might be reached. He was miserly
“with his own, but lavish with his Master’s money;
“daily he gave most striking proofs of both these habi-
“tudes. And this was the man whom we saw, for a
“space of time, at the head of the Kaiser’s Armies,
“and at the helm of the State and of the German Em-
“pire,”* — having done the Prussian affair so well.

This cunning old Gentleman, to date from the autumn of 1726, may be said to have taken possession of Friedrich Wilhelm; to have gone into him, Grumkow and he, as two devils would have done in the old miraculous times; and, in many senses, it was they, not the nominal proprietor, that lived Friedrich Wilhelm’s life. For the next seven years, a figure went-about, not doubting it was Friedrich Wilhelm; but it was in reality Seckendorf-and-Grumkow much more. These two, conjuror and his man, both invisible, have caught their royal wild Bear; got a rope round his muzzle; — and so dance him about; now terrifying, now exhilara-

* Pöllnitz, ii. 238.

ting all the market by the pranks he plays! Grumkow, a very Macchiavel after his sort, knew the nature of the royal animal as no other did. Grumkow, purchased by his Pension of 500*l.*, is dog-cheap at the money, as Seckendorf often urges at Vienna, Is he not? And they add a touch of extraordinary gift now and then, 40,000 florins (4,000*l.*) on one occasion:* for “Grumkow *dienet ehrlich* (serves honourably),” urges Seckendorf; and again, “If anybody deserves favour” (*Gnade*, meaning extra pay), “it is this gentleman;” — *wahrlich!* Purchased Grumkow has ample money at command, to purchase other people needed; and does purchase; so that all things and persons can be falsified and enchanted, as need is. By and by it has got so far, that Friedrich Wilhelm’s Ambassador at London maintains a cipher correspondence with Grumkow; and writes to Friedrich Wilhelm, not what is passing in city or court there, but what Grumkow wishes Friedrich Wilhelm to think is passing.

Of insinuations, by assent or contradiction, potent if you know the nature of the beast; of these we need not speak. Tabaks-Collegium has become a workshop: — human nature can fancy it! Nay human nature can still read it in the British State-Paper Office, to boundless stupendous extent; — but ought mostly to suppress it when read.

This is a very strange part of Friedrich Wilhelm’s history; and has caused much wonder in the world;

* In 1732; Förster, iii. 232.

Wilhelmina's Book rather aggravating than assuaging that feeling, on the part of intelligent readers. A Book written long afterwards, from her recollections, from her own oblique point of view; in a beautifully shrill humour; running, not unnaturally, into confused exaggerations and distortions of all kinds. Not mendaciously written anywhere, yet erroneously everywhere. Wilhelmina had no knowledge of the magical machinery that was at work: she vaguely suspects Grumkow and Seckendorf; but does not guess, in the mad explosions of Papa, that two devils have got into Papa, and are doing the mischief. Trusting to memory alone, she misdates, mistakes, misplaces; jumbles all things topsyturvy; — giving, on the whole, an image of affairs which is altogether oblique, dislocated, exaggerative; and which, in fine, proves unintelligible, if you try to construe it into a fact, or thing *done*. Yet her Human Narrative, in that wide waste of merely Pedant Maunderings, is of great worth to us. A green tree, a leafy grove, better or worse, in the wilderness of dead bones and sand, — how welcome! Many other Books have been written on the matter; but these, to my experience, only darken it more and more. Pull Wilhelmina *straight*, the best you can; deduct a twenty-five or sometimes even a seventy-five per-cent, from the exaggerative portions of her statement; you will find her always true, lucid, charmingly human; and by far the best authority on this part of her Brother's History. State-Papers to some extent have also been printed on the matter; and of written State-Papers, here in Eng-

land and elsewhere, this Editor has had several hundredweights distilled for him: but except as lights hung-out over Wilhelmina, nothing yet known, of published or manuscript, can be regarded as good for much.

O Heavens, had one but seven-league boots, to get across that inane country, — a bottomless whirlpool of dust and cobwebs in many places; — where, at any rate, we had so little to do! Elucidating, rectifying, painfully contrasting, comparing, let us try to work-out some conceivable picture of this strange Imperial *Much ado about Nothing*; and get our unfortunate Crown-Prince, and our unfortunate selves, alive through it.

CHAPTER VII.

TOBACCO-PARLIAMENT.

IN these distressing junctures, it may cheer the reader's spirits, and will tend to explain for him what is coming, if we glance a little into the Friedrich-Wilhelm *Tabagie* (*Tabaks-Collegium* or Smoking College), more worthy to be called Tobacco-Parliament, of which there have already been incidental notices. Far too remarkable an Institution of the country to be overlooked by us here.

Friedrich Wilhelm, though an absolute Monarch, does not dream of governing without Law, still less without Justice, which he knows well to be the one basis for him and for all Kings and men. His life-effort, prosecuted in a grand, unconscious, unvarying and instinctive way, may be defined rather as the effort to find-out everywhere in his affairs what was justice; to make regulations, laws in conformity with that, and to guide himself and his Prussia rigorously by these. Truly he is not of constitutional turn; cares little about the wigs and formalities of justice, pressing-on so fiercely towards the essence and fact of it; he has been known to tear asunder the wigs and formalities, in a notably impatient manner, when they stood between him and the fact. But Prussia has its Laws withal,

tolerably abundant, tolerably fixed and supreme: and the meanest Prussian man that could find-out a definite Law, coming athwart Friedrich Wilhelm's wrath, would check Friedrich Wilhelm in mid-volley, — or hope with good ground to do it. Hope, we say; for the King is in his own and his people's eyes, to some indefinite extent, always himself the supreme ultimate Interpreter, and grand living codex, of the Laws, — always to some indefinite extent; — and there remains for a subject man nothing but the appeal to *Philip sober*, in some rash cases! On the whole, however, Friedrich Wilhelm is by no means a lawless Monarch; nor are his Prussians slaves by any means: they are patient, stout-hearted, subject men, with a very considerable quantity of radical fire, very well covered-in; prevented from idle explosions, bound to a respectful demeanour, and especially to hold their tongues as much as possible.

Friedrich Wilhelm has not the least shadow of a Constitutional Parliament, nor even a Privy-Council, as we understand it; his Ministers being in general mere Clerks to register and execute what he had otherwise resolved upon: but he had his *Tabaks-Collegium*, Tobacco-College, Smoking Congress, *Tabagie*, which has made so much noise in the world, and which, in a rough natural way, affords him the uses of a Parliament, on most cheap terms, and without the formidable inconveniences attached to that kind of Institution. A Parliament reduced to its simplest expression, and, instead of Parliamentary eloquence, provided with

Dutch claypipes and tobacco: so we may define this celebrated Tabagie of Friedrich Wilhelm's.

Tabagies were not uncommon among German Sovereigns of that epoch: George I. at Hanover had his Smoking-room, and select smoking Party on an evening; and even at London, as we noticed, smoking nightly, wetting his royal throat with thin beer, in presence of his fat and of his lean Mistress, if there were no other company. Tobacco, — introduced by the Swedish soldiers in the Thirty-Years War, say some; or even by the English soldiers in the Bohemian or Palatinate beginnings of said War, say others; — tobacco, once shown them, was enthusiastically adopted by the German populations, long in want of such an article; and has done important multifarious functions in that Country ever since. For truly, in Politics, Morality and all departments of their Practical and Speculative affairs, we may trace its influences, good and bad, to this day.

Influences generally bad; pacificatory but bad, engaging you in idle cloudy dreams; — still worse, promoting composure among the palpably chaotic and decomposed; soothing all things into lazy peace; that all things may be left to themselves very much, and to the laws of gravity and decomposition. Whereby German affairs are come to be greatly overgrown with funguses in our Time; and give symptoms of dry and of wet rot, wherever handled.

George I., we say, had his Tabagie; and other German Sovereigns had: but none of them turned it to

a Political Institution, as Friedrich Wilhelm did. The thrifty man; finding it would serve in that capacity withal. He had taken it up as a commonplace solace and amusement: it is a reward for doing strenuously the day's heavy labours, to wind them up in this manner, in quiet society of friendly human faces, into a contemplative smoke-canopy, slowly spreading into the realm of sleep and its dreams. Friedrich Wilhelm was a man of habitudes; his evening Tabagie became a law of Nature to him, constant as the setting of the sun. Favourable circumstances, quietly noticed and laid hold of by the thrifty man, developed this simple evening arrangement of his into a sort of Smoking Parliament, small but powerful, where State-consultations, in a fitful informal way, took place; and the weightiest affairs might, by dextrous management, cunning insinuation and manœuvring from those that understood the art and the place, be bent this way or that, and ripened towards such issue as was desirable.

To ascertain what the true course in regard to this or the other high matter will be; what the public will think of it; and, in short, what and how the Executive-Royal shall *do* therein: this, the essential function of a Parliament and Privy-Council, was here, by artless cheap methods, under the bidding of mere Nature, multifariously done; mere taciturnity and sedative smoke making the most of what natural intellect there might be. The substitution of Tobacco-smoke for Parliamentary eloquence is, by some, held to be a great improvement. Here is Smelfungus's opinion, quaintly ex-

pressed, with a smile in it, which perhaps is not all of joy:

“Tobacco-smoke is the one element in which, by our
“European manners, men can sit silent together without
“embarrassment, and where no man is bound to speak one
“word more than he has actually and veritably got to say.
“Nay, rather every man is admonished and enjoined by the
“laws of honour, and even of personal ease, to stop short of
“that point; at all events, to hold his peace and take to his
“pipe again, the instant he *has* spoken his meaning, if he
“chance to have any. The results of which salutary practice,
“if introduced into Constitutional Parliaments, might evi-
“dently be incalculable. The essence of what little intellect
“and insight there is in that room: we shall or can get nothing
“more out of any Parliament; and sedative, gently-soothing,
“gently-clarifying tobacco-smoke (if the room were well
“ventilated, open atop, and the air kept good), with the
“obligation to a *minimum* of speech, surely gives human in-
“tellect and insight the best chance they can have. Best
“chance, instead of the worst chance as at present: ah me, ah
“me, who will reduce fools to silence again in any measure?
“Who will deliver men from this hideous nightmare of Stump-
“Oratory, under which the grandest Nations are choking to a
“nameless death, bleeding (too truly) from mouth and nose
“and ears, in our sad days?”

This Tobacco-College is the Grumkow-and-Secken-
dorf chief field of action. These two gentlemen under-
stand thoroughly the nature of the Prussian Tobacco-
Parliament; have studied the conditions of it to the
most intricate cranny: no English Whipper-in or elo-

quent Premier knows his St. Stephen's better, or how to hatch a measure in that dim hot element. By hint, by innuendo; by contemplative smoke, speech and forbearance to speak; often looking one way and rowing another, — they can touch the secret springs, and guide in a surprising manner the big dangerous Fire-ship (for such every State-Parliament is) towards the haven they intend for it. Most dextrous Parliament-men (Smoke-Parliament); no Walpole, no Dundas, or immortal Pitt, First or Second, is cleverer in Parliamentary practice. For their Fireship, though smaller than the British, is very dangerous withal. Look at this, for instance: Seckendorf, one evening, far contrary to his wont, which was prostrate respect in easy forms, and always judicious submission of one's own weaker judgment, towards his Majesty, — has got into some difficult defence of the Kaiser; defence very difficult, or in reality impossible. The cautious man is flustered by the intricacies of his position, by his Majesty's indignant counter-volleys, and the perilous necessity there is to do the impossible on the spur of the instant: — gets into emphasis, answers his Majesty's volcanic fire by incipient heat of his own; and, in short, seems in danger of forgetting himself, and kindling the Tobacco-Parliament into a mere conflagration. That will be an issue for us! And yet who dare interfere? Friedrich Wilhelm's words, in high clangorous metallic plangency, and the pathos of a lion raised by anger into song, fall hotter and hotter; Seckendorf's puckered brow is growing of slate colour;

his shelf-lip, shuttling violently, lisps and snuffles mere unconciliatory matter: — What on earth will become of us? — “Hoom!. Boom!” dextrous Grumkow has drawn a Humming top from his pocket, and suddenly sent it spinning. There it hums and caracoles, through the bottles and glasses; reckless what dangerous break-age and spilth it may occasion. Friedrich Wilhelm looked aside to it indignantly. “What is that?” inquired he, in metallic tone still high. “Pooh, a toy I bought for the little Prince August, your Majesty: am only trying it!” His Majesty understood the hint, Seckendorf still better; and a jolly touch of laughter, on both sides, brought the matter back into the safe tobacco-clouds again.*

This Smoking Parliament or *Tabaks-Collegium* of his Prussian Majesty was a thing much talked-of in the world; but till Seckendorf and Grumkow started their grand operations there, its proceedings are not on record; nor indeed till then had its political or parliamentary function become so decidedly evident. It was originally a simple Smoking Club; got together on hest of Nature, without ulterior intentions: — thus English *Parliamenta* themselves are understood to have been, in the old Norman time, mere royal Christmas-Festivities, with natural colloquy or *parleying* between King and Nobles ensuing thereupon, and what wisest consultation concerning the arduous things of the realm the circumstances gave rise to. Such parleyings or con-

* Förster, II. 110.

sultations, — always two in number in regard to every matter, it would seem, or even three; one sober, one drunk, and one just after being drunk, — proving of extreme service in practice, grew to be Parliament, with its three readings, and what not.

A Smoking-room, — with wooden furniture, we can suppose, — in each of his Majesty's royal Palaces, was set apart for this evening service, and became the Tabagie of his Majesty. A Tabagie-room in the Berlin Schloss, another in the Potsdam, if the cicerone had any knowledge, could still be pointed-out: — but the Tobacco-pipes that are shown as Friedrich Wilhelm's, in the *Kunstammer* or Museum of Berlin, pipes which no rational smoker, not compelled to it, would have used, awaken just doubt as to the cicerones; and you leave the Locality of the Tabagie a thing conjectural. In summer season, at Potsdam and in country situations, Tabagie could be held under a tent: we expressly know, his Majesty held Tabagie at Wusterhausen nightly on the Steps of the big Fountain, in the Outer Court there. Issuing from Wusterhausen Schloss, and its little clipped lindens, by the western side; passing the sentries, bridge and black ditch, with live Prussian eagles, vicious black bears, you come upon the royal Tabagie of Wusterhausen; covered by an awning, I should think; sending forth its bits of smoke-clouds, and its hum of human talk, into the wide free Desert round. Any room that was large enough, and had height of ceiling, and air-circulation and no cloth-furniture, would do: and in each Palace

is one, or more than one, that has been fixed-upon and fitted-out for that object.

A high large Room, as the Engravings (mostly worthless) give it us: contented saturnine human figures, a dozen or so of them, sitting round a large long Table, furnished for the occasion; long Dutch pipe in the mouth of each man; supplies of knaster easily accessible; small pan of burning peat, in the Dutch fashion (sandy native charcoal, which burns slowly without smoke), is at your left hand; at your right a jug, which I find to consist of excellent thin bitter beer. Other costlier materials for drinking, if you want such, are not beyond reach. On side-tables stand wholesome cold-meats, royal rounds of beef not wanting, with bread thinly sliced and buttered: in a rustic but neat and abundant way, such innocent accommodations, narcotic or nutritious, gaseous, fluid and solid, as human nature, bent on contemplation and an evening lounge, can require. Perfect equality is to be the rule; no rising, or notice taken, when anybody enters or leaves. Let the entering man take his place and pipe, without obligatory remarks: if he cannot smoke, which is Seckendorf's case for instance, let him at least affect to do so, and not ruffle the established stream of things. And so, Puff, slowly Pff! — and any comfortable speech that is in you; or none, if you authentically have not any.

Old official gentlemen, military for most part; Grumkow, Derschau, Old-Dessauer (when at hand), Seckendorf, old General Flans (rugged Platt-Deutsch

specimen, capable of *tocadille* or backgammon, capable of rough slashes of sarcasm when he opens his old beard for speech): these, and the like of these, intimate confidants of the King, men who could speak a little, or who could be socially silent otherwise, — seem to have been the staple of the Institution. Strangers of mark, who happened to be passing, were occasional guests; Ginckel the Dutch Ambassador, though foreign like Seckendorf, was well-seen there; garrulous Pöllnitz, who has wandered-over all the world, had a standing invitation. Kings, high Princes on visit, were sure to have the honour. The Crown-Prince, now and afterwards, was often present; oftener than he liked, — in such an atmosphere, in such an element. “The little Princes were all wont to come in,” doffing their bits of triangular hats, “and bid Papa goodnight. One of the old Generals would sometimes put them through their exercise; and the little creatures were unwilling to go away to bed.”

In such Assemblage, when business of importance, foreign or domestic, was not occupying the royal thoughts, — the Talk, we can believe, was rambling and multifarious: the day's hunting, if at Wusterhausen; the day's news, if at Berlin or Potsdam; old reminiscences, too, I can fancy, turning-up, and talk, even in Seckendorf's own time, about siege of Menin (where your Majesty first did me the honour of some notice), Siege of Stralsund, and — duly on September 11th at least — Malplaquet, with Marlborough and Eugene: what Marlborough said, looked: and especially

Lottum, late Feldmarschall Lottum;* and how the Prussian Infantry held firm, like a wall of rocks, when the horse were swept away, — rocks highly volcanic, and capable of rolling forward too; — and “how a certain Adjutant” (Derschau smokes harder, and blushes brown) “snatched poor Tettau on his back, bleeding to death, amid the iron whirlwinds, and brought him out of shot-range.”** — “Hm, na, such a Day, that, Herr Feldzeugmeister, as we shall not see again till the Last of the Days!”

Failing talk, there were Newspapers in abundance; scraggy Dutch Courants, Journals of the Rhine, *Famas*, Frankfurt *Zeitungs*; with which his Majesty exuberantly supplied himself; — being willing to know what was passing in the high places of the world, or even what in the dark snuffy Editor's thoughts was passing. This kind of matter, as some picture of the actual hour, his Majesty liked to have read to him, even during meal-time. Some subordinate character, with clear windpipe, — all the better too, if he be a book-man, cognisant of History, Geography, and can explain everything, — usually reads the Newspaper from some high seat behind backs, while his Majesty and Household dine. The same subordinate personage may be worth his place in the Tabagie, should his function happen to prove necessary there. Even book-men, though generally

* Died 1719.

** *Militair Lexikon*, iv. 78, § Major-General von Tettau, and i. 348, § Derschau. This was the beginning of Derschau's favour with Friedrich Wilhelm, who had witnessed this piece of faithful work.

pedants and mere bags of wind and folly, are good for something, more especially if rich mines of quizzability turn-out to be workable in them.

Of Gundling, and the Literary Men in Tobacco-Parliament.

Friedrich Wilhelm had, in succession or sometimes simultaneously, a number of such Nondescripts, to read his Newspapers and season his Tabagie; — last evanescent phasis of the old Court-Fool species; — who form a noticeable feature of his environment. One very famous literary gentleman of this description, who distanced every competitor, in the Tabagie and elsewhere, for serving his Majesty's occasions, was Jakob Paul Gundling; a name still laughingly remembered among the Prussian people. Gundling was a Country Clergyman's son, of the Nürnberg quarter; had studied, carrying-off the honours in various Universities; had read, or turned-over, whole cartloads of wise and foolish Books (gravitating, I fear, towards the latter kind); had gone the Grand Tour as travelling tutor, "as companion to an English gentleman." He had seen courts, perhaps camps, at lowest cities and inns; knew in a manner, practically and theoretically, all things, and had published multifarious Books of his own.* The sublime long-eared erudition of the man was not to be contested; manifest to everybody; thrice and four times manifest to himself, in the first place.

* List of them, Twenty-one in number, mostly on learned Antiquarian subjects, — in Förster, ii. 255, 256.

In the course of his roamings, and grand and little tours, he had come to Berlin in old King Friedrich's time; had thrown powder in the eyes of men there, and been appointed to Professorships in the Ritter-Academy, to Chief-Heraldships, — "Historiographer Royal," and perhaps other honours and emoluments. The whole of which were cut-down by the ruthless scythe of Friedrich Wilhelm, ruthlessly mowing his field clear, in the manner we saw at his Accession. Whereby learned grandiloquent Gundling, much addicted to liquor by this time, and turning the corner of forty, saw himself cast-forth into the general wilderness; that is to say, walking the streets of Berlin, with no resources but what lay within himself and his own hungry skin. Much given to liquor too. How he lived, for a year or two after this, — erudite pen and braggart tongue his only resources, — were tragical to say. At length a famous Tavernkeeper, the "*Leipziger Polter-Hans* (Leipzig Kill-Cow, or *Boisterous-Jack*)," as they call him, finding what a dungeon of erudite talk this Gundling was, and how gentlemen got entertained by him, gave Gundling the run of his Tavern (or, I fear, only a seat in the drinking-room); and it was here that General Grumkow found him, talking big, and disserting *de omni scibili*, to the ancient Berlin gentlemen over their cups.

A very Dictionary of a man; who knows, in a manner, all things; and is by no means ignorant that he knows them: Would not this man suit his Majesty? thought Grumkow; and brought him to Majesty, to

read the Newspapers and explain everything. Date is not given, or hinted at; but incidentally we find Gundling in full blast "in the year 1718;"* and conclude his instalment was a year or two before. Gundling came to his Majesty from the Taproom of Boisterous-Jack; read the Newspapers, and explained everything: such a Dictionary-in-breeches (much given to liquor) as his Majesty had got, was never seen before. Working into the man, his Majesty, who had a great taste for such things, discovered in him such mines of college-learning, court-learning, without end; self-conceit, and depth of appetite, not less considerable: in fine, such Chaotic Blockheadism with the consciousness of being Wisdom, as was wondrous to behold, — as filled his Majesty, especially, with laughter and joyful amazement. Here are mines of native Darkness and Human Stupidity, capable of being made to phosphoresce and effervesce, — are there not, your Majesty? Omniscient Gundling was a prime resource in the Tabagie, for many years to come. Man with sublimer stores of long-eared Learning and Omniscience; man more destitute of Mother-wit, was no-where to be met with. A man, bankrupt of Mother-wit; — who has squandered any poor Mother-wit he had in the process of acquiring his sublime Long-eared Omniscience; and has retained only depth of appetite, — appetite for liquor among other things, as the consummation and bottomless cess-pool of appetites: — is not this a discovery we have made, in Boisterous-Jack's, your Majesty!

* Von Loen: *Kleine Schriften*, i. 201 (cited in Förster, i. 260).

The man was an Eldorado for the peculiar quizzing humour of his Majesty; who took immense delight in working him, when occasion served. In the first years, he had to attend his Majesty on all occasions of amusement; if you invite his Majesty to dinner, Gundling too must be of the party. Daily, otherwise, Gundling was at the Tabagie; getting drunk, if nothing better. Vein after vein, rich in broad fun (very broad and Brobdignagian, such as suits there), is discovered in him: without wit himself, but much the cause of wit. None oftener shook the Tabagie with inextinguishable Hahas: daily, by stirring into him, you could wrinkle the Tabagie into grim radiance of banter and silent grins.

He wore sublime clothes: Friedrich Wilhelm, whom we saw dress-up his regimental Scavenger-Executioners in French costume, for Count Rothenburg's behoof, made haste to load Gundling with Rathships, Kammerherrships, Titles such as fools covet; — gave him tolerable pensions too, poor devil, and even functions, if they were of the imaginary or big-insignificant sort. Above all things, his Majesty dressed him, as the pink of fortunate ambitious courtiers. Superfine scarlet coat, gold buttonholes, black-velvet facings and embroideries without end: "straw-coloured breeches; red silk stockings," with probably blue clocks to them, "and shoes with red heels:" on his learned head sat an immense cloud-periwig of white goats-hair (the man now growing towards fifty); in the hat a red feather: — in this guise he walked the streets, the gold Key of *Kammerherr* (Chamberlain) conspicuously hanging at his coat-breast,

and looked proudly down upon the world, when sober. Alas, he was often not sober; and fiends in human shape were ready enough to take advantage of his unguarded situation. No man suffered ruder tarring-and-feathering; — and his only comfort was his bane withal, that he had, under such conditions, the use of the royal cellars, and could always command good liquor there.

His illustrious scarlet coat, by tumblings in the ditch, soon got dirty to a degree; and exposed him to the biting censures of his Majesty, anxious for the respectability of his Hofraths. One day, two wicked Captains, finding him prostrate in some lone place, cut-off his Kammerherr *Key*; and privately gave it to his Majesty. Majesty, in Tabagie, notices Gundling's coat-breast: "Where is your Key, then, Herr Kammerherr?" "Hm, hah — unfortunately lost it, Ihro Majestät!" — "Lost it, say you?" and his Majesty looks dreadfully grave. — "Key lost?" thinks Tabagie, grave Seckendorf included: "*Jarni-bleu*, that is something serious!" "As if a Soldier were to drink his musket!" thinks his Majesty: "And what are the laws, if an ignorant fellow is shot, and a learned wise one escapes?" Here is matter for a deliberative Tabagie; and to poor Gundling a bad outlook, fatal or short of fatal. He had better not even drink much; but dispense with consolation, and keep his wits about him, till this squall pass. After much deliberating, it is found that the royal clemency can be extended; and an outlet devised, under conditions. Next Tabagie, a servant

enters with one of the biggest trays in the world, and upon it a "Wooden Key gilt, about an ell long;" this gigantic implement is solemnly hung round the repentant Kammerherr; this he shall wear publicly as penance, and be upon his behaviour, till the royal mind can relent. Figure the poor block-head till that happen! "On recovering his metal key, he goes to a smith, and has it fixed on with wire."

What Gundling thought to himself, amid these pranks and hoaxings, we do not know. The poor soul was not born a fool; though he had become one, by college-learning, vanity, strong-drink, and the world's perversity and his own. Under good guidance, especially if bred to strict silence, he might have been in some measure a luminous object, — not as now a phosphorescent one, shining by its mere rottenness! A sad "Calamity of Authors" indeed, when it overtakes a man! — Poor Gundling probably had lucid intervals now and then; tragic fits of discernment, in the inner-man of him. He had a Brother, also a learned man, who retained his senses; and was even a rather famed Professor at Halle; whose Portrait, looking very academic, solemn and well-to-do, turns-up in old print-shops; whose Books, concerning "Henry the Fowler (*De Henrico Aucupe*)," "Kaiser Conrad I.," and other dim Historical objects, are still consultable, — though with little profit, to my experience. The name of this one was *Nicolaus Hieronymus*; ours is *Jakob Paul*, the senior brother, — once the hope of the house, it is

likely, and a fond Father's pride, in that poor old Nürnberg Parsonage long ago!

Jakob Paul likewise continued to write Books, on Brandenburg Heraldries, Topography, Genealogies: even a "*Life*" or two of some old Brandenburg Electors are still extant from his hand; but not looked-at now by any mortal. He had been, perhaps was again, Historiographer Royal; and felt bound to write such Books: several of them he printed; and we hear of others still manuscript, "in five folio volumes written fair." He held innumerable half-mock Titles and Offices; among others, was actual President of the Berlin Royal Society, or *Académie des Sciences*, Leibnitz's pet daughter, — there Gundling actually sat in office; and drew the salary, for one certainty. "As good he as another," thought Friedrich Wilhelm: "What is the use of these solemn fellows, in their big perukes, with their crabbed $x + y$'s, and scientific Pedlar's-French; doing nothing that I can see, except annually the *Berlin Almanac*, which they live upon? Let them live upon it, and be thankful; with Gundling for their head man."

Academy of Sciences makes its *Almanac*, and some peculium of profit by it; lectures perhaps a little "on Anatomy" (good for something, that, in his Majesty's mind); but languishes without encouragement during the present reign. Has his Majesty no prize-questions to propose, then? None, or worse. He once officially put these learned Associates upon ascertaining for him "Why Champagne foamed?" They, with a hidden vein of pleasantry, required "material to experiment

upon." Friedrich Wilhelm sent them a dozen, or certain dozens; and the matter proved insoluble to this day. No King, scarcely any man, had less of reverence for the Sciences so-called; for Academic culture, and the art of the Talking-Schoolmaster in general! A King obtuse to the fine Arts, especially to the vocal Arts, in a high degree. Literary fame itself he regards as mountebank fame; the art of writing big admirable folios is little better to him than that of vomiting long coils of wonderful ribbon, for the idlers of the marketplace; and he bear-baits his Gundling, in this manner, as phosphorescent blockhead of the first magnitude, worthy of nothing better.

Nay it is but lately (1723 the exact year), that he did his ever-memorable feat in regard to Wolf and his Philosophy, at Halle. Illustrious Wolf was recognised, at that time, as the second greater Leibnitz, and Head-Philosopher of Nature, who "by mathematical method" had as it were taken Nature in the fact, and illuminated everything, so that whosoever ran might read, — which all manner of people then tried to do, but have now quite ceased trying "by the Wolf-method:" — Immortal Wolf, somewhat of a stiff, reserved humour, inwardly a little proud, and not wanting in private contempt of the contemptible, had been accused of heterodoxy by the Halle Theologians. Immortal Wolf, croakily satirical withal, had of course defended himself; and of course got into a shoreless sea of controversy with the Halle Theologians; pestering his Majesty with mere wars, and rumours of war, for a length of time, from

that Halle University.* So that Majesty, unable to distinguish top or bottom in such a coil of argument; or to do justice in the case, however willing and anxious, often passionately asked: "What, in God's name, is the real truth of it?" Majesty appointed Commissions to inquire; read Reports; could for a long while make out nothing certain. At last came a decision on the sudden; — royal mind suddenly illuminated, it is a little uncertain how. Some give the credit of it to Gundling, which is unlikely; others to "Two Generals" of pious orthodox turn, acquainted with Halle; — and I have heard obscurely that it was the Old Dessauer, who also knew Halle; and was no doubt wearied to hear nothing talked-of there but injured Philosopher Wolf, and injuring Theologian Lange, or *vice versâ*. Some practical military man, not given to take-up with shadows, it likeliest was. "In God's name, what is the real truth of all that?" inquired his Majesty, of the practical man: "*Does* Wolf teach hellish doctrines, as Lange says, or heavenly, as himself says?" "Teaches babble mainly, I should think, and scientific Pedlar's-French," intimated the practical man: "But they say he has one doctrine about oaths, and what he calls foundation of duty, which I did not like. Not a heavenly doctrine that. Follow out that, any of your Majesty's grenadiers might desert, and say he had done no sin against God!"** Friedrich Wilhelm flew into a

* In Büsching (*Beiträge*, i. 1-140) is rough authentic account of Wolf, and especially of all that, — with several curious *Letters* of Wolf's.

** Büsching, i. 8; Beneckendorf, *Karakterzüge aus dem Leben König Friedrich Wilhelm I.* (Anonymous, Berlin, 1787), ii. 23.

paroxysm of horror; instantly redacted brief Royal Decree* (which is still extant among the curiosities of the Universe), ordering Wolf to quit Halle and the Prussian Dominions, bag and baggage, forevermore, within eight-and-forty hours, "*bey Strafe des Stranges*, under pain of the halter!"

Halter: the Head-Philosopher of Nature, found too late, will be hanged, as if he were a sheepstealer; hanged, and no mistake! Poor Wolf gathered himself together, wife and baggage; girded-up his loins; and ran with the due despatch. He is now found sheltered under Hessen-Darmstadt, at Marburg, professing something there; and all the intellect of the world is struck with astonishment, and with silent or vocal pity for the poor man. — It is but fair to say, Friedrich Wilhelm, gradually taking notice of the world's humour in regard to this, began to have his own misgivings; and determined to read some of Wolf's Books for himself. Reading in Wolf, he had sense to discern that here was a man of undeniable talent and integrity; that the Practical Military judgment, loading with the iron ramrod, had shot wide of the mark, in this matter; and, in short, that a palpable bit of foul-play had been done. This was in 1733; — ten years after the shot, when his Majesty saw, with his own eyes, how wide it had gone. He applied to Wolf earnestly, more than once, to come back to him: Halle, Frankfort, any Prussian University with a vacancy in it, was now wide-open to Wolf. But Wolf knew better: Wolf, with bows down to the ground,

* 15th November (Büsching says 8th) 1723.

answered always evadingly; — and never would come back till the New Reign began.

Friedrich Wilhelm knew little of Book-learning, or Book-writing; and his notion of it is very shocking to us. But the fact is, O reader, Book-writing is of two kinds: one wise, and may be among the wisest of earthly things; the other foolish, sometimes far beyond what can be reached by human nature elsewhere. Blockheadism, Unwisdom, while silent, is reckoned bad; but Blockheadism getting vocal, able to speak persuasively, — have you considered that at all? Human Opacity falling into Phosphorescence; that is to say, becoming *luminous* (to itself and to many mortals) by the very excess of it, by the very bursting of it into putrid fermentation: — all other forms of Chaos are cosmic in comparison! — Our poor Friedrich Wilhelm had seen only Gundlings among the Book-writing class: had he seen wiser specimens, he might have formed, as he did in Wolf's case, another judgment. Nay in regard to Gundling himself, it is observable how, with his unutterable contempt, he seems to notice in him glimpses of the admirable (such acquirements, such dictionary-faculties, though gone distracted!), — and almost has a kind of love for the absurd dog. Gundling's pensions amount to something like 150 *l.*; an immense sum in this Court.* A blockhead admirable in some sorts; and of immense resource in Tobacco-Parliament when business is slack! —

No end to the wild pranks, the Houyhnm horseplay

* Förster, i. 263, 284 (if you can reconcile the two passages).

they had with drunken Gundling. He has staggered out in a drunk state, and found, or not clearly *found* till the morrow, young bears lying in his bed; — has found his room-door walled-up; been obliged to grope about, staggering from door to door and from port to port, and land ultimately in the big Bears' den, who hugged and squeezed him inhumanly there. Once at Wusterhausen, staggering blind-drunk out of the Schloss towards his lair, the sentries at the Bridge (instigated to it by the Houyhnmms, who look on) pretend to fasten some military blame on him: Why has he omitted or committed so-and-so? Gundling's drunk answer is unsatisfactory. "Arrest, Herr Kammerrath, is it to be that, then!" They hustle him about, among the Bears which lodge there; — at length they lay him horizontally across two ropes; take to swinging him hither and thither, up and down, across the black Acherontic Ditch, which is frozen-over, it being the dead of winter: one of the ropes, *lower* rope, breaks; Gundling comes souse upon the ice, with his sitting-part; breaks a big hole in the ice, and scarcely with legs, arms and the remaining rope, can be got-out undrowned.*

If, with natural indignation, he shut his door, and refuse to come to the Tabagie, they knock-in a panel of his door; and force him out with crackers, fireworks, rockets and malodorous projectiles. Once the poor block-head, becoming human for a moment, went clean away;

* Förster (i. 254-280); founding, I suppose, on *Leben und Thaten des Freiherrn Paul von Gundling* (Berlin, 1795); probably not one of the exactest Biographies.

to Halle where his Brother was, or to some safer place: but the due inveiglements, sublime apologies, increase of titles, salaries, were used; and the indispensable Phosphorescent Blockhead, and President of the Academy of Pedlar's-French, was got back. Drink remained always as his consolation; drink, and the deathless Volumes he was writing and printing. Sublime returns came to him, — Kaiser's Portrait set in diamonds, on one occasion, — for his Presentation-Copies in high quarters: immortal fame, is it not his clear portion; still more clearly abundance of good wine. Friedrich Wilhelm did not let him want for Titles; — raised him at last to the Peerage; drawing out the Diploma and Armorial Blazonry, in a truly Friedrich-Wilhelm manner, with his own hand. The Gundlings, in virtue of the transcendent intellect and merits of this Founder Gundling, are, and are hereby declared to be, of Baronial dignity to the last scion of them; and in "all *Ritter-Rennen* (Tournaments), Battles, Fights, Camp-pitchings, "Sealings, Signetings, shall and may use the above-said Shield of Arms," — if it can be of any advantage to them. A Prussian Majesty who gives us 150 *l.* yearly, with board and lodging and the run of his cellar, and honours such as these, is not to be lightly sneezed-away, though of queer humours now and then. The highest Personages, as we said, more than once made gifts to Gundling; miniatures set in diamonds; purses of a hundred ducats: even Gundling, it was thought, might throw-in a word, mad or otherwise, which would bear fruit. It was said of him, he never spoke to harm

anybody with his Majesty. The poor blown-up block-head was radically not ill-natured, — at least, if you let his “phosphorescences” alone.

But the grandest explosions, in Tobacco-Parliament, were producible, when you got Two literary fools; and, as if with Leyden-jars, positive and negative, brought their vanities to bear on one another. This sometimes happened, when Tobacco-Parliament was in luck. Friedrich Wilhelm had a variety of Merry-Andrew Rathes of the Gundling sort, though none ever came up to Gundling, or approached him, in worth as a Merry-Andrew.

Herr Fassmann, who wrote Books, by Patronage or for the Leipzig Booksellers, and wandered about the world as a star or comet of some magnitude, is not much known to my readers: — but he is too well known to me, for certain dark Books of his which I have had to read.* A very dim Literary Figure; undeniable, indecipherable Human Fact, of those days; now fallen quite extinct and obsolete; his garniture, equipment, environment all very dark to us. Probably a too restless, imponderous creature, too much of the Gundling type; structure of him *gaseous*, not solid. Perhaps a little of the coxcomb naturally; much of the sycophant, on compulsion, — being sorely jammed into corners, and without elbow-room at all, in this world. Has, for the rest, a recognisable talent for “Magazine writing,” — for Newspaper editing, had that rich mine,

* *Life of Friedrich Wilhelm*, occasionally cited here: *Life of August the Strong*; &c.

"California of the Spiritually Vagabond," been opened in those days. Poor extinct Fassmann, one discovers at last a vein of weak geniality in him; here and there, real human sense and eyesight, under those strange conditions; and his poor Books, rotted now to inanity, have left a small seed-pearl or two, to the earnest reader. Alas, if he *was* to become "spiritually vagabond" ("spiritually" and otherwise), might it not perhaps be wholesome to him that the California was *not* discovered? —

Fassmann was by no means such a fool as Gundling; but he was much of a fool too. He had come to Berlin, about this time,* in hopes of patronage from the King or somebody; might say to himself, "Surely I am a better man than Gundling, if the Berlin Court has eyesight." By the King, on some wise General's recommending it, he was, as a preliminary, introduced to the Tabagie at least. Here is the celebrated Gundling; there is the celebrated Fassmann. Positive Leyden-jar, with negative close by: in each of these two men lodges a full-charged fiery electric virtue of self-conceit; destructive each of the other, — could a conductor be discovered. Conductors are discoverable, conductors are not wanting: and many are the explosions between these mutually-destructive human varieties; — welcomed with hilarious, rather vacant, huge horse-laughter, in this Tobacco-Parliament and Synod of the Houyhnmms.

Of which take this acme; and then end. Fassmann, a fellow not without sarcasm and sharpness, as you may

* 1726, as he himself says (*suprà*, p. 580).

still see, has one evening provoked Gundling to the transcendent pitch, — till words are weak, and only action will answer. Gundling, driven to the exploding-point, suddenly seizes his Dutch smoking-pan, of peat-charcoal ashes and red-hot sand; and dashes it in the face of Fassmann; who is of course dreadfully astonished thereby, and has got his very eyebrows burnt, not to speak of other injuries. Stand to him, Fassmann! Fassmann stands to him tightly, being the better man as well as the more satirical; grasps Gundling by the collar, wrenches him about, lays him at last over his knee, sitting-part uppermost; slaps said sitting-part (poor sitting-part that had broken the ice of Wusterhausen) with the hot pan, — nay some say, strips it and slaps. Amid the inextinguishable horse-laughter (sincere, but vacant) of the Hounhnm Olympus.

After which, his Majesty, as epilogue to such play, suggests, That feats of that nature are unseemly among gentlemen; that when gentlemen have a quarrel, there is another way of settling it. Fassmann thereupon challenges Gundling; Gundling accepts; time and place are settled, pistols the weapon. At the appointed time and place Gundling stands, accordingly, pistol in hand; but at sight of Fassmann, throws his pistol away; will not shoot any man, nor have any man shoot him. Fassmann sternly advances; shoots his pistol (powder merely) into Gundling's sublime goatshair wig: wig blazes into flame; Gundling falls shrieking, a dead man, to the earth; and they quench and revive him with a bucket of water. Was there ever seen such

horseplay? Roaring laughter, huge, rude and somewhat vacant, as that of the Norse gods over their ale at Yule time; — as if the face of the Sphynx were to wrinkle itself in laughter; or the fabulous Houyhnhms themselves were there to mock in their peculiar fashion.

His Majesty at length gave Gundling a wine-cask, duly figured; “painted black with a white cross,” which was to stand in his room as *memento-mori*, and be his coffin. It stood for ten years; Gundling often sitting to write in it; a good screen against draughts. And the poor monster was actually buried in this Cask;* Fassmann pronouncing some funeral oration, — and the orthodox clergy uttering, from the distance, only a mute groan. “The Herr Baron von Gundling was a man of many dignities, of much Book-learning; a man of great memory,” admits Fassmann, “but of no judgment,” insinuates he, — “*looking for THE JUDGMENT (expectans judicium)*,” says Fassmann, with a pleasant wit. Fassmann succeeded to all the emoluments and honours; but did not hold them; preferred to run away before long; and after him came one and the other, whom the reader is not to be troubled with here. Enough if the patient reader have seen, a little, into that background of Friedrich Wilhelm’s existence; and, for the didactic part, have caught-up his real views or instincts upon Spiritual Phosphorescence, or Stupidity grown Vocal, which are much sounder than most of us suspect.

* Died 11th April 1781, age 58: description of the Burial “at Börnstadt near Potsdam,” in Förster, i. 276.

These were the sports of the Tobacco-Parliament; and it was always meant primarily for sport, for recreation; but there is no doubt it had a serious function as well. "Business matters," adds Beneckendorf, who had means of knowing,* "were often a subject of colloquy "in the Tabaks-Collegium. Not that they were there "finished off, decided upon, or meant to be so. But "Friedrich Wilhelm often purposely brought-up such "things in conversation there, that he might learn the "different opinions of his generals and chief men, without their observing it," — and so might profit by the Collective Wisdom, in short.

* Beneckendorf: *Karakterzüge*, i. 137-149; vi. 87.

CHAPTER VIII.

SECKENDORF'S RETORT TO HER MAJESTY.

THE Treaty of Wusterhausen was not yet known to Queen Sophie, to her Father George, or to any external creature: but that open flinching, and gradual withdrawal, from the Treaty of Hanover was too well known; and boded no good to her pet project. Female sighs, male obduracies, and other domestic phenomena, are to be imagined in consequence. "A grand Britanic Majesty indeed; very lofty Father to us, Madam, ever since he came to be King of England. Stalking along there, with his nose in the air; not deigning the least notice of us, except as of a thing that may be got to fight for him! And he does not sign the Double-Marriage Treaty, Madam; only talks of signing it, — as if we were a starved coach-horse, to be quickened along by a wisp of hay put upon the coach-pole, close *ahead* of us always!" — "*Jarni-bleu!*" snuffles Seckendorf with a virtuous zeal, or looks it; and things are not pleasant at the royal dinner-table.

Excellenz Seckendorf, we find at this time, "often has his Majesty to dinner:" and such dinners; fitting one's tastes in all points, — no expense regarded (which indeed is the Kaiser's, if we knew it)! And in return, Excellenz is frequently at dinner with his Majesty; where the conversation, if it turn on England,

which often happens, is more and more an offence to Queen Sophie. Seckendorf studies to be polite, reserved before the Queen's Majesty at her own table; yet sometimes he lisps-out, in his vile snuffling tone, half-insinuations, remarks on our Royal Kindred, which are irritating in the extreme. Queen Sophie, the politest of women, did once, says Pöllnitz, on some excessive pressure of that lispng snuffling unendurability, lose her royal patience, and flame out. With human frankness, and uncommonly kindled eyes, she signified to Seckendorf, That none who was not himself a kind of scoundrel could entertain such thoughts of Kings and gentlemen! Which hard saying kindled the stiffbacked rheumatic soul of Seckendorf (Excellenz had withal a temper in him, far down in the deeps); who answered: "Your Majesty, that is what no one else thinks of me. "That is a name I have never permitted any one to "give me with impunity." And verily, he kept his threat in that latter point, says Pöllnitz.*

At this stage, it is becoming, in the nature of things, unlikely that the projected Double-Marriage, or any union with England, can ever realise itself for Queen Sophie and her House. The Kaiser has decreed that it never shall. Here is the King already irritated, grown indisposed to it; here is the Kaiser's Seckendorf, with preternatural Apparatus, come to maintain him in that humour. To Queen Sophie herself, who saw only

the outside of Seckendorf and his Apparatus, the matter doubtless seemed big with difficulties; but to us, who see the interior, the difficulties are plainly hopeless. Unless the Kaiser's mind change, unless many fixed things change, the Double-Marriage is impossible.

One thing only is a sorrow, and this proved an immeasurable one: That they did not, that Queen Sophie did not, in such case, frankly give it up. Double-Marriage is not a law of Nature; it is only a project at Hanover that has gone-off again. There will be a life for our Crown-Prince, and Princess, without a marriage with England! — It is greatly wise to recognise the impossible, the unreasonably difficult, when it presents itself: but who of men is there, much more who of women, that can always do it?

Queen Sophie Dorothee will have this Double-Marriage, and it shall be possible. Poor Lady, she was very obstinate; and her Husband was very arbitrary. A rough bear of a Husband, yet by no means an unloving one; a Husband who might have been managed. She evidently made a great mistake in deciding not to obey this man, as she had once vowed. By perfect, prompt obedience, she might have had a very tolerable life with the rugged Orson fallen to her lot; who was a very honest-hearted creature. She might have done a pretty stroke of female work, withal, in taming her Orson; might have led him by the muzzle far enough in a private way, — by obedience.

But by disobedience, by rebellion open or secret? Friedrich Wilhelm was a Husband; Friedrich Wilhelm

was a King; and the most imperative man then breathing. Disobedience to Friedrich Wilhelm was a thing which, in the Prussian State, still more in the Berlin Schloss and vital heart of said State, the laws of Heaven and of Earth had not permitted, for any man's or any woman's sake, to be. The wide overarching sky looks down on no more inflexible Sovereign Man than him in the red-collared blue coat and white leggings, with the bamboo in his hand. A peaceable, capacious, not ill-given Sovereign Man, if you will let him have his way. But to bar his way; to tweak the nose of his sovereign royalty, and ignominiously force *him* into another way: that is an enterprise no man or devil, or body of men or devils, need attempt. Seckendorf and Grumkow, in Tobacco-Parliament, understand it better. That attempt is impossible, once for all. The first step in such attempt will require to be assassination of Friedrich Wilhelm; for you may depend on it, royal Sophie, so long as he is alive, the feat cannot be done. O royal Sophie, O pretty Pheekin, what a business you are making of it!

This year 1726 was throughout a troublous one to Queen Sophie. Seckendorf's advent; King George's manifesting; alarm of imminent universal War, nay sputters of it actually beginning (Gibraltar invested by the Spaniards, ready for besieging, it is said): nor was this all. Sophie's poor Mother, worn to a tragic Megæra, locked so long in the Castle of Ahlden, has taken-up wild plans of outbreak, of escape by means

of secretaries, moneys in the Bank of Amsterdam, and I know not what; with all which Sophie, corresponding in double and triple mystery, has her own terrors and sorrows, trying to keep it down. And now, in the depth of the year, the poor old Mother suddenly dies.* Burnt out, she collapses into ashes and long rest; closing so her nameless tragedy of thirty-years continuance: — what a Bluebeard chamber in the mind of Sophie! Nay there rise quarrels about the Heritage of the Deceased, which will prove another sorrow.

* 18th Nov. 1726: *Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea, Consort of George I.* (l. 386), — where also some of her concluding Letters ("edited" as if by the Nightmares) can be read, but next to no sense made of them.

BOOK VI.

**DOUBLE-MARRIAGE PROJECT, AND CROWN-PRINCE,
GOING ADRIFT UNDER THE STORM-WINDS.**

1727-1730.

CHAPTER I.

FIFTH CRISIS IN THE KAISER'S SPECTRE-HUNT.

THE Crown-Prince's young Life being, by perverse chance, involved and as it were absorbed in that foolish question of his English Marriage, we have nothing for it but to continue our sad function; and go on painfully fishing out, and reducing to an authentic form, what traces of him there are, from that disastrous beggarly element, — till once he got free of it, either dead or alive. The *winds* (partly by Art-Magic) rise to the hurricane pitch, upon this Marriage Project and him; and as for the *sea*, or general tide of European Politics — But let the reader look with his own eyes.

In the spring of 1727, War, as anticipated, breaks out; Spaniards actually begin battering at Gibraltar; Kaiser's Ambassador at London is angrily ordered to begone. Causes of war were many: 1°. Duke de Ripperda, — tumbled-out now, that illustrious diplomatic bulldog, at Madrid, — sought asylum in the English Ambassador's house; and no respect was had to such asylum: that is one cause. 2°. Then, you English, what is the meaning of these war-fleets in the West-Indies; in the Mediterranean, on the very coast of Spain? We demand that you at once take them

home again: — which cannot be complied with. 3°. But above all things, we demand Gibraltar of you; — which can still less be complied with. Termagant Elizabeth has set her heart on Gibraltar: that, in such opportunity as this unexpected condition of the Balances now gives her, is the real cause of the War.

Cession of Gibraltar: there had been vague promises, years ago, on the Kaiser's part; nay George himself, raw to England at that date, is said to have thought the thing might perhaps be done. — “Do it at once, then!” said the Termagant Queen, and repeated, with ever more emphasis; — and there being not the least compliance, she has opened parallels before the place, and begun war and ardent firing there;* preceded by protocols, debates in Parliament, and the usual phenomena. It is the Fifth grand Crisis in the Kaiser's spectre-huntings; fifth change in the colour of the world-lobster getting boiled in that singular manner; — Second Sputter of actual War.

Which proved futile altogether; and amounts now, in the human memory, to flat zero, — unless the following infinitesimally small fraction be countable again:

“Sputtering of War; that is to say, Siege of Gibraltar.
“A Siege utterly unmemorable, and without the least interest
“for existing mankind with their ungrateful humour, — if it
“be not, once more, that the Father of *Tristram Shandy* was
“in it: still a Lieutenant of foot, poor fellow; brisk, small,

* 22d Feb. 1727 (Schöll, ii. 212). Salmon, *Chronological Historian* (London, 1747; a very incorrect dark Book, useful only in defect of better), ii. 173. Coxe, *Memoirs of Walpole*, i. 260, 261 · ii. 498-515.

“hot-tempered, loving, ‘liable to be cheated ten times a-day
“if nine will not suffice you.’ He was in this Siege; shipped
“to the Rock to make stand there; and would have done so
“with the boldest, — only he got into duel (hot-tempered,
“though of lamb-like innocence), and was run-through the
“body; not entirely killed, but within a hairsbreadth of it;
“and unable for service while this sputtering went on. Little
“Lorry is still living; gone to school in Yorkshire, after
“pranks enough, and misventures, — half-drowning ‘in the
“mill-race at Annamoe in Ireland,’ for one.* The poor
“Lieutenant Father died, soldiering in the West Indies,
“soon after this; and we shall not mention him again. But
“History ought to remember that he is ‘Uncle Toby,’ this
“poor Lieutenant, and take her measures! — The Siege of
“Gibraltar, we still see with our eyes, was in itself Nothing.”

Truly it might well enough have grown to universal flame of War. But this always needs two parties; and pacific George would not be second party in it. George, guided by pacific Walpole, backed by pacific Fleury, answers the ardent firing by phlegmatic patience and protocolling; not by counterfiring, except quite at his convenience, from privateers, from war-ships here and there, and in sulky defence from Gibraltar itself. Probably the Termagant, with all the fire she has, will not do much damage upon Gibraltar? Such was George’s hope. Whereby the flame of war, ardent only in certain Spanish batteries upon the point of San Roque, does not spread hitherto, — though all mortals, and Friedrich Wilhelm as much as any, can see the

* Laurence Sterne’s *Autobiography* (cited above).

imminent likelihood there is. In such circumstances, what a stroke of policy to have disjoined Friedrich Wilhelm from the Hanover Alliance, and brought him over to our own! Is not Grumkow worth his pension? "Grumkow serves honourably." Let the invaluable Seckendorf persevere.

Crown-Prince seen in Dryasdust's glass, darkly.

To know the special figure of the Crown-Prince's way of life in those years, who his friends, companions were, what his pursuits and experiences, would be agreeable to us; but beyond the outline already given, there is little definite on record. He now resides habitually at Potsdam, be the Court there or not; attending strictly to his military duties in the Giant Regiment; it is only on occasion, chiefly perhaps in "Carnival time," that he gets to Berlin, to partake in the gaieties of society. Who his associates there or at Potsdam were? Suhm, the Saxon Resident, a cultivated man of literary turn, famed as his friend in time coming, is already at his diplomatic post in Berlin, post of difficulty just now; but I know not whether they have yet any intimacy.* This we do know, the Crown-Prince begins to be noted for his sprightly sense, his love of literature, his ingenuous ways; in the Court or other circles, whatsoever has intelligence attracts him, and is attracted by him. The Roucoules Soirees, — gone all to dim buckram for us, though once so lively in their

* Preuss: *Friedrich mit seinen Verwandten und Freunden*, p. 24.

high periwigs and speculations, — fall on Wednesday. When the Finckenstein or the others fall, — no doubt his Royal Highness knows it. In the *Tabaks-Collegium*, there also, driven by duty, he sometimes appears; but, like Seckendorf and some others, he only affects to smoke, and his pipe is mere white clay. Nor is the social element, any more than the narcotic vapour which prevails there, attractive to the young Prince, — though he had better hide his feelings on the subject.

Out at Potsdam, again, life goes very heavy; the winged Psyche much imprisoned in that pipeclay element, a prey to vacancy and many tediums and longings. Daily return the giant drill-duties; and daily, to the uttermost of rigorous perfection, they must be done: — “This, then, is the sum of one’s existence, this?” Patience, young “man of genius,” as the Newspapers would now call you; it is indispensably beneficial nevertheless! To swallow one’s disgusts, and do faithfully the ugly commanded work, taking no council with flesh and blood: know that “genius,” everywhere in Nature, means this first of all; that without this, it means nothing, generally even less. And be thankful for your Potsdam grenadiers and their pipeclay! —

Happily he has his Books about him; his flute: Duhan, too, is here, still more or less didactic in some branches; always instructive and companionable to him. The Crown-Prince reads a great deal; very many French Books, new and old, he reads; — among the new, we need not doubt, the *Henriade* of M. Arouet Junior (who now calls himself *Voltaire*), which has

risen like a star of the first magnitude in these years.* An incomparable piece, patronised by Royalty in England; the delight of all kindred Courts. The light dancing march of this new "Epic," and the brisk clash of cymbal music audible in it, had, as we find afterwards, greatly captivated the young man. All is not pipe-clay, then, and torpid formalism; aloft from the murk of commonplace rise glancings of a starry splendour, betokening — O how much!

Out of Books, rumours and experiences, young imagination is forming to itself some Picture of the World as it is, as it has been. The curtains of this strange life-theatre are mounting, mounting, — wondrously as in the case of all young souls; but with what specialties, moods or phenomena of light and shadow, to this young soul, is not in any point recorded for us. The "early Letters to Wilhelmina, which exist in great numbers," from these we had hoped elucidation: but these the learned Editor has "wholly withheld as useless," for the present. Let them be carefully preserved, on the chance of somebody's arising to whom they may have uses! —

The worst feature of these years is Friedrich Wilhelm's discontent with them. A Crown-Prince sadly out of favour with Papa. This has long been on the growing hand; and these Double-Marriage troubles, not to mention again the newfangled French tendencies

* London, 1723; by subscription (King, Prince and Princess of Wales at the top of it), which yielded 8,000*l.*: see Voltaire, *Œuvres Complètes*, xiii. 408.

(*Blitz Franzosen!*), much aggravate the matter, and accelerate its rate of growth. Already the paternal countenance does not shine upon him; flames often, and thunders, to a shocking degree; — and worse days are coming.

CHAPTER II.

DEATH OF GEORGE I.

GIBRALTAR still keeps sputtering; ardent ineffectual bombardment from the one side, sulky, heavy blast of response now and then from the other: but the fire does not spread; nor will, we may hope. It is true, Sweden and Denmark have joined the Treaty of Hanover, this spring; and have troops on foot, and money paid them. But George is pacific, Gibraltar is impregnable: let the Spaniards spend their powder there.

As for the Kaiser, he is dreadfully poor; inapt for battle himself. And in the end of this same May 1727, we hear, his principal ally, Czarina Catherine, has died; — poor brown little woman, Lithuanian housemaid, Russian Autocrat, it is now all one; — dead she, and can do nothing. Probably the Kaiser will sit still? The Kaiser sits still; with eyes bent on Gibraltar, or rolling in grand Imperial inquiry and anxiety round the world; war out-looks much dimmed for him since the end of May.

Alas, in the end of June, what far other Job's-post is this that reaches Berlin and Queen Sophie? That George I., her royal Father, has suddenly sunk dead! With the Solstice, or summer Pause of the Sun, 21st or 22d June, almost uncertain which, the Majesty of

George I. did likewise pause, — in his carriage, on the road to Osnabrück, — never to move more. Whereupon, among the simple People, arose rumours of omens, preternaturalisms, for and against: How his desperate Megæra of a Wife, in the act of dying, had summoned him (as was presumable) to appear along with her at the Great Judgment-Bar within year and day; and how he has here done it. On the other hand, some would have it noted, How “the nightingales in “Herrenhausen Gardens had all ceased singing for the “year, that night he died,” — out of loyalty on the part of these little birds, it seemed presumable.*

What we know is, he was journeying towards Hanover again, hopeful of a little hunting at the Göhrde; and intended seeing Osnabrück and his Brother the Bishop there, as he passed. That day, 21st June 1727, from some feelings of his own, he was in great haste for Osnabrück; hurrying along by extra-post, without real cause save hurry of mind. He had left his poor old Maypole of a Mistress on the Dutch Frontier, that morning, to follow at more leisure. He was struck by apoplexy on the road, — arm fallen powerless, early in the day, head dim and heavy; obviously an alarming case. But he refused to stop anywhere; refused any surgery but such as could be done at once. “Osnabrück, Osnabrück!” he reiterated, growing visibly worse. Two subaltern Hanover Officials, “Privy-Councillor von Hardenberg, *Kammerherr* “(Chamberlain) von Fabrice, were in the carriage with

* See Köhler: *Münzbelustigungen*, x. 88.

"him;"* King chiefly dozing, and at last supported in the arms of Fabrice, was heard murmuring, "*C'est fait de moi* ('Tis all over with me)!" And "Osnabrück! Osnabrück!" slumberously reiterated he: To Osnabrück, where my poor old Brother, Bishop as they call him, once a little Boy that trotted at my knee with blithe face, will have some human pity on me! So they rushed along all day, as at the gallop, his few attendants and he; and when the shades of night fell, and speech had now left the poor man, he still passionately gasped some gurgle of a sound like "Osnabrück;" — hanging in the arms of Fabrice, and now evidently in the article of death. What a gallop, sweeping through the slumber of the world: To Osnabrück, Osnabrück!

In the hollow of the night (some say, one in the morning), they reach Osnabrück. And the poor old Brother, — Ernst August, once youngest of six brothers, of seven children, now the one survivor, has human pity in the heart of him, full surely. But George is dead; careless of it now.** After sixty-seven years of it, he has flung his big burdens, — English crowns, Hanoverian crownlets, sulkinesses, indignations, lean women and fat, and earthly contradictions and confusions, — fairly off him; and lies there.

* Gottfried: *Historische Chronik* (Frankfurt, 1759), iii. 872. Boyer: *The Political State of Great Britain*, vol. xxxiii. pp. 545, 546.

** Coxe (l. 266) is "indebted to his friend Nathaniel Wraxall" for these details, — the since famous Sir Nathaniel, in whose *Memoirs* (vague, but not mendacious, not unintelligent) they are now published more at large. See his *Memoirs of the Courts of Berlin, Dresden, &c.* (London, 1799), l. 35-40; also *Historical Memoirs* (London, 1836), iv. 516-518.

The man had his big burdens, his honours so-called, absurd enough some of them, in this world; but he bore them with a certain gravity and discretion: a man of more probity, insight and general human faculty, than he now gets credit for. His word was sacred to him. He had the courage of a Welf, or Lion-Man; quietly royal in that respect at least. His sense of equity, of what was true and honourable in men and things, remained uneffaced to a respectable degree; — and surely it had resisted much. Wilder puddle of muddy infatuations from without and from within, it we consider it well, — of irreconcilable incoherences, bottomless universal hypocrisies, solecisms bred with him and imposed on him, — few Sons of Adam had hitherto lived in.

He was, in one word, the First of our Hanover Series of English Kings; that hitherto unique sort, who are really strange to look at in the History of the World. Of whom, in the English annals, there is hitherto no Picture to be had; nothing but an empty blur of discordant nonsenses, and idle, generally angry flourishings of the pen, by way of Picture. The English Nation, having flung its old Puritan, Sword-and-Bible Faith into the cesspool, — or rather having set its old Bible-Faith, *minus* any Sword, well up in the organ-loft, with plenty of revenue, there to preach and organ at discretion, on condition always of meddling with nobody's practice farther, — thought the same (such their mistake) a mighty pretty arrangement; but found it hitch before long. They had to throw out

their beautiful Nell-Gwyn Defenders of the Faith; fling them also into the cesspool; and were rather at a loss what next to do. "Where is our real King, then? Who is to lead us Heavenward, then; to rally the noble of us to him, in some small measure, and save the rest and their affairs from running Devilward?" — The English Nation being in some difficulty as to Kings, the English Nation clutched up the readiest that came to hand; "Here is our King!" said they, — again under mistake, still under their old mistake. And, what was singular, they then avenged themselves by mocking, calumniating, by angrily speaking, writing and laughing at the poor mistaken King so clutched! — It is high time the English were candidly asking themselves, with very great seriousness indeed, *What* it was they had done, in the sight of God and man, on that and the prior occasion? And above all, *What* it is they will now propose to do in the sequel of it! Dig gold-nuggets, and rally the *ignoble* of us? —

George's poor lean Mistress, coming on at the usual rate of the road, was met, next morning, by the sad tidings. She sprang from her carriage into the dusty highway; tore her hair (or head-dress), half frantic; declared herself a ruined woman; — and drove direct to Berlin, there to compose her old mind. She was not ill seen at Court there; had her connexions in the world. Fieldmarshal Schulenburg, who once had the honour of fighting (not to his advantage) with Charles XII., and had since grown famous by his Anti-Turk performances in the Venetian service, is a

Brother of this poor Maypole's; and there is a Nephew of hers, one of Friedrich Wilhelm's Field-Officers here, whom we shall meet by and by. She has been obliging to Queen Sophie on occasions; they can, and do, now weep heartily together. I believe she returned to England, being Duchess of Kendal, with heavy pensions there; and "assiduously attended divine ordinances, according to the German Protestant form, ever afterwards." Poor foolish old soul, what is this world, with all its dukeries! —

The other or fat Mistress, "Cataract of fluid Tallow," Countess of Darlington, whom I take to have been a Half-Sister rather, sat sorrowful at Isleworth; and kept for many years a Black Raven, which had come flying in upon her; which she somehow understood to be the soul, or connected with the soul of his Majesty of happy memory.* Good Heavens, what fat fluid-tallowy stupor, and entirely sordid darkness, dwells among mankind; and occasionally finds itself lifted to the very top, by way of sample! —

Friedrich Wilhelm wept tenderly to Brigadier Dubourgay, the British Minister at Berlin (an old military gentleman, of diplomatic merit, who spells rather ill), when they spoke of this sad matter. My poor old Uncle; he was so good to me in boyhood, in those old days, when I blooded Cousin George's nose! Not unkind, ah, only proud and sad; and was called sulky, being of few words and heavy-laden. Ah me, your

* Horace Walpole, *Reminiscences*.

Excellenz; if the little nightingales have all fallen silent, what may not I, his Son and Nephew do? — And the rugged Majesty blubbered with great tenderness;* having fountains of tears withal, hidden in the rocky heart of him, not suspected by every one.

I add only, that the Fabrice, who had poor George in his arms that night, is a man worth mentioning. The same Fabrice (Fabricius, or perhaps *Goldschmidt* in German) who went as Envoy from the Holstein-Gottorp people to Charles XII. in his Turkish time; and stayed with his Swedish Majesty there, for a year or two, indeed till the catastrophe came. His *Official Letters* from that scene are in print, this long while, though considerably forgotten;** a little Volume, worth many big ones that have been published on that subject. The same Fabrice, following Hanover afterwards, came across to London in due course; and there he did another memorable thing: made acquaintance with the Monsieur Arouet, then a young French Exile there, Arouet Junior (“*le Jeune*, or *l. j.*”), who, — by an ingenious anagram, contrived in his indignation at such banishment, — writes himself *Voltaire* ever since; who has been publishing a *Henriade*, and doing other things. Now it was by questioning this Fabrice, and industriously picking the memory of him clean, that M. de Voltaire wrote another Book, much more of an

* Dubourgay's Despatches, in the State-Paper Office.

** *Anecdotes du Séjour du Roi de Suède à Bender, ou Lettres de M. le Baron de Fabrice pour servir d'éclaircissement à l'Histoire de Charles XII.* (Hambourg, 1760, 8vo)

“Epic” than Henri IV., — a *History*, namely, of *Charles XII.*;* which seems to me the best-written of all his Books, and wants nothing but *truth* (indeed a dreadful want) to make it a possession forever. *Voltaire*, if you want fine writing; *Adlerfeld* and *Fabrice*, if you would see the features of the Fact: these three are still the Books upon Charles XII.

His Prussian Majesty falls into one of his Hypochondriacal Fits.

Before this event, his Majesty was in gloomy humour; and special vexations had superadded themselves. Early in the Spring, a difficult huff of quarrel, the consummation of a good many grudges long subsisting, had fallen-out with his neighbour of Saxony the Majesty of Poland, August, whom we have formerly heard of. A conspicuous Majesty in those days; called even “August the Great” by some persons in his own time; but now chiefly remembered by his splendour of upholstery, his enormous expenditure in drinking and otherwise, also by his ‘Three-Hundred and Fifty-four Bastards (probably the maximum of any King’s performance in that line), and called August *der Starke*, “August the Physically Strong.” This exemplary Sovereign could not well be a man according to Friedrich Wilhelm’s heart: accordingly they had their huffs and little collisions now and then: that of the Protestant

* See Voltaire, *Œuvres Complètes*, ii. 149, xxx. 7, 127. Came out in 1731 (ib. xxx. Avant-Propos, p. ii.).

Directorate and Heidelberg Protestants, for instance; indeed it was generally about Protestantism; and more lately there had been high words and correspondings about the "Protestants of Thorn" (a bad tragedy, of Jesuit intrusion and Polish ferocity, enacted there in 1724);* — in which sad business Friedrich Wilhelm loyally interfered, though Britannic George of blessed memory, and others were but lukewarm; and nothing could be done in it. Nothing except angry correspondence with King August; very provoking to the poor soul, who had no hand but a nominal one in the Thorn catastrophe, being driven into it by his unruly Diet alone.

In fact, August, with his glittering eyes and excellent physical constitution, was a very good-humoured fellow; supremely pleasant in society; and by no means wishful to cheat you, or do you a mischief in business, — unless his necessities compelled him; which often were great. But Friedrich Wilhelm always kept a good eye on such points; and had himself suffered nothing from the gay eupeptic Son of Belial, either in their old Stralsund copartnery or otherwise. So that, except for these Protestant affairs, — and alas, one other little cause, — Friedrich Wilhelm had contentedly left the Physically Strong to his own course, doing the civilities of the road to him when they met; and nothing ill had fallen-out between them. This other little cause — alas, it is the old story of recruiting; one's poor Hobby again giving offence! Special re-

* Account of it in Buchholz, l. 98-102.

cruiting brabbles there had been; severe laws passed in Saxony about these kidnapping operations: and always in the Diets, when question rose of this matter, August had been particularly loud in his denouncings. Which was unkind, though not unexpected. But now, in the Spring of 1727, here has a worse case than any arisen.

Captain Natzmer, of I know not what Prussian Regiment, "Sachsen-Weimar Cuirassiers"* or another, had dropt over into Saxony, to see what could be done in picking up a tall man or two. Tall men, one or two, Captain Natzmer did pick up, nay a tall deserter or two (Saxon soldier, inveigled to desert); but finding his operations get air, he hastily withdrew into Brandenburg territory again. Saxon Officials followed him into Brandenburg territory; snapt him back into Saxon; tried him by Saxon law there; — Saxon law, express in such case, condemns him to be hanged; and that is his doom accordingly.

"Captain Natzmer to swing on the gallows? Taken on Brandenburg territory, too, and not the least notice given me?" Friedrich Wilhelm blazes into flaming whirl-wind; sends an Official Gentleman, one Katsch, to his Excellenz Baron von Suhm (the Crown-Prince's cultivated friend), with this appalling message: "If Natzmer be hanged, for certain I will use reprisals; you yourself shall swing!" Whereupon Suhm, in panic, fled over the marches to his Master; who bullied him for his pusillanimous terrors; and applied to Fried-

* *Militair Lexikon*, iii. 104.

rich Wilhelm, in fine frenzy of indignant astonishment, "What, in Heaven's name, such meditated outrage on the law of nations, and flat insult to the Majesty of Kings, can have meant?" Friedrich Wilhelm, the first fury being spent, sees that he is quite out of square; disavows the reprisals upon Suhm. "Message misdelivered by my Official Gentleman, that stupid Katsch; never did intend to hang Suhm; oh, no;" with much other correspondence;* — and is very angry at himself, and at the Natzmer affair, which has brought him into this bad pass. Into open impropriety; into danger of an utter rupture, had King August been of quarrelsome turn. But King August was not quarrelsome; and then Seckendorf and the Tobacco-Parliament, — on the Kaiser's score, who wants Pragmatic Sanction and much else out of these two Kings, and can at no rate have them quarrel in the present juncture, — were eager to quench the fire. King August let Natzmer go; Suhm returned to his post;** and things hustled themselves into some uneasy posture of silence again; — uneasy to the sensitive fancy of Friedrich Wilhelm above all. This is his worst collision with his Neighbour of Saxony; and springing from one's Hobby again! —

These sorrows, the death of George I., with anxieties as to George II. and the course he might take; all this, it was thought, preyed upon his Majesty's spirits;

* In Mauvillon (il. 189-195) more of it than any one will read.

** Pöllnitz, il. 254.

— Wilhelmina says it was “the frequent carousals with Seckendorf,” and an affair chiefly of the royal digestive-apparatus. Like enough; — or both might combine. It is certain his Majesty fell into one of his hypochondrias at this time; talked of “abdicating” and other gloomy things, and was very black indeed. So that Seckendorf and Grumkow began to be alarmed. It is several months ago he had Franke the Halle Methodist giving ghostly counsel; his Majesty ceased to have the Newspapers read at dinner; and listened to lugubrious Franke’s exhortations instead. Did English readers ever hear of Franke? Let them make a momentary acquaintance with this famous German Saint. August Hermann Franke, a Lübeck man, born 1663; Professor of Theology, of Hebrew, Lecturer on the Bible; a wandering, persecuted, pious man. Founder of the “Pietists,” a kind of German Methodists, who are still a famed Sect in that country; and of the *Waisenhaus*, at Halle, grand Orphan-house, built by charitable beggings of Franke, which also still subsists. A reverend gentleman, very mournful of visage, now sixty-four; and for the present, at Berlin, discoursing of things eternal, in what Wilhelmina thinks a very lugubrious manner. Well; but surely in a very serious manner! The shadows of Death were already round this poor Franke; and in a few weeks more, he had himself departed.* But hear Wilhelmina, what account she gives of her own and the young Grenadier-Major’s behaviour on these mournful occasions. Seckendorf’s

* Died 8th June 1727.

dinners she considers to be the cause; all spiritual sorrows only an adjunct not worth mentioning. It is certain enough,

“His Majesty began to become valetudinary; and the hypochondria which tormented him rendered his humour very melancholy. Monsieur Franke, the famous Pietist, founder of the Orphan-house at Halle University, contributed not a little to exaggerate that latter evil. This reverend gentleman entertained the King by raising scruples of conscience about the most innocent matters. He condemned all pleasures; damnable all of them, he said, even hunting and music. You were to speak of nothing but the Word of God only; all other conversation was forbidden. It was always he that carried-on the improving talk at table; where he did the office of reader, as if it had been a refectory of monks. The King treated us to a sermon every afternoon; his valet-de-chambre gave out a psalm, which we all sang: you had to listen to this sermon with as much devout attention as if it had been an apostle’s. My Brother and I had all the mind in the world to laugh; we tried hard to keep from laughing; but often we burst out. Thereupon reprimand, with all the anathemas of the Church hurled out on us; which we had to take with a contrite penitent air, a thing not easy to bring your face to at the moment. In a word, this dog of a Franke” (he died within few months, poor soul, *ce chien de Franke*).“led us the life of a set of Monks of La Trappe.

“Such excess of bigotry awakened still more gothic thoughts in the King. He resolved to abdicate the crown in favour of my Brother. He used to talk, He would reserve for himself 10,000 crowns a-year; and retire with the Queen and his Daughters to Wusterhausen. There, added he, I will pray to God; and manage the farming economy, while

“my wife and girls take care of the household matters. You
“are clever, he said to me; I will give you the inspection of
“the linen, which you shall mend and keep in order, taking
“good charge of laundry matters. Frederica” (now thirteen,
married to *Anspach* two years hence), “who is miserly, shall
“have charge of all the stores of the house. Charlotte” (now
eleven, Duchess of *Brunswick* by and by) “shall go to market
“and buy our provisions; and my Wife shall take charge of
“the little children,” says Friedrich Wilhelm, “and of the
“kitchen.” *

Poor Friedrich Wilhelm; what an innocent *Idyllium*; —
which cannot be executed by a King. “He had even begun
“to work at an Instruction, or Farewell-Advice, for my
“Brother;” and to point towards various steps, which alarmed
Grumkow and Seckendorf to a high degree. **

“Abdication,” with a Crown-Prince ready to fall
into the arms of England, and a sudden finis to our
Black-Art, will by no means suit Seckendorf and
Grumkow! Yet here is Winter coming; solitary
Wusterhausen, with the misty winds piping round it,
will make matters worse: something must be contrived;
and what? The two, after study, persuade Fieldmar-

* Little children are: 1°. Sophie Dorothee, now eight, who married
Margraf of Schwedt, and was unhappy; 2°. Ulrique, a grave little soul of
seven, Queen of Sweden afterwards; 3°. August Wilhelm, age now five,
became Father of a new Friedrich Wilhelm, who was King by and by, and
produced the Kings that still are; 4°. Amelia, now four, born in the way
we saw; and 5°. *Henri*, still in arms, just beginning to walk. There will
be a *Sixth* and no more (son of this Sixth, a *Berlin Roué*, was killed, in
1806, at the Battle of Jena, or a day or two before); but the Sixth is not yet
come to hand.

** *Wilhelmina: Mémoires de Bareith*, i. 108.

shal Flemming over at Warsaw (August the Strong's chief man, the Flemming of Voltaire's *Charles XII.*; Prussian by birth, though this long while in Saxon service), That if he the Fieldmarshal were to pay, accidentally, as it were, a little visit to his native Brandenburg just now, it might have fine effects on those foolish Berlin-Warsaw clouds that had risen. The Fieldmarshal, well-affected in such a case, manages the little visit, readily persuading the Polish Majesty; and dissipates the clouds straightway, — being well received by Friedrich Wilhelm, and seconded by the Tobacco-Parliament with all its might. Out at Wusterhausen everything is comfortably settled. Nay Madam Flemming, young, brilliant, and direct from the seat of fashion; it was she that first "built-up" Wilhelmina's hair on just principles, and put some life into her appearance.* And now the Fieldmarshal (Tobacco-Parliament suggesting it) hints farther, "If his Prussian Majesty, in the mere greatness of his mind, were to appear suddenly in Dresden when his royal Friend was next there, — what a sunburst after clouds were that; how welcome to the Polish Majesty!" — "Hm, Na, would it, then?" — The Polish Majesty puts that out of question; specially sends invitation for the Carnival-time just coming; and Friedrich Wilhelm will, accordingly, see Dresden and him on that occasion.** In those days, Carnival means "Fashionable Season," rural nobility rallying to headquarters for a while, and

* Wilhelmina, i. 117.

** Ibid. i. 108, 109; Pöllnitz, ii. 254; Fassmann, p. 374.

social gaieties going on; and in Protestant Countries it means nothing more.

This, in substance, was the real origin of Friedrich Wilhelm's sudden visit to Dresden, which astonished the world, in January next. It makes a great figure in the old Books. It did kindle Dresden Carnival and the Physically Strong into supreme illumination, for the time being; and proved the seal of good agreement, and even of a kind of friendliness between this heteroclite pair of Sovereigns, — if anybody now cared for those points. It is with our Crown-Prince's share in it that we are alone concerned; and that may require a Chapter to itself.

CHAPTER III.

VISIT TO DRESDEN.

ONE of the most important adventures, for our young Crown-Prince, was this visit of his, along with Papa, to Dresden in the Carnival of 1728. Visit contrived by Seckendorf and Company, as we have seen, to divert the King's melancholy, and without view to the Crown-Prince at all. The Crown-Prince, now sixteen, and not in the best favour with his Father, had not been intended to accompany; was to stay at Potsdam and diligently drill: nevertheless an estafette came for him from the gallant Polish Majesty; — Wilhelmina had spoken a word to good Suhm, who wrote to his King, and the hospitable message came. Friedrich made no loitering, — to Dresden is but a hundred miles, one good day; — he arrived there on the morrow after his Father; King "on the 14th January 1728," dates Fassmann; "Crown-Prince on the 15th," which I find was Thursday. The Crown-Prince lodged with Fieldmarshal Flemming; Friedrich Wilhelm, having come in no state, refused King August's pressings, and took up his quarters with "the General Fieldmarshal Wackerbart, Commandant in Dresden," — pleasant old military gentleman, who had besieged Stralsund along with him in times gone. Except Grumkow,

Derschau and one or two of less importance, with the due minimum of Valettry, he had brought no retinue; the Crown-Prince had Finckenstein and Kalkstein with him, Tutor and Sub-Tutor, officially there. And he lodges with old Count Flemming and his clever fashionable Madam, — the diligent but unsuccessful Flemming, a courtier of the highest civility, though iracund, and “with a passion for making Treaties,” whom we know since Charles XII.’s time.

Amongst the round of splendours now set on foot, Friedrich Wilhelm had, by accident of Nature, the spectacle of a house on fire, — rather a symbolic one in those parts, — afforded him, almost to start with. Deep in the first Saturday night, or rather about two in the morning of Sunday, Wackerbart’s grand house, kindling by negligence somewhere in the garrets, blazed up, irrepressible; and, with its endless upholsteries, with a fine library even, went all into flame: so that “his Majesty, scarcely saving his *chatouille* (box of preciosities), had to hurry-out in undress;” — over to Flemming’s where his Son was; where they both continued thenceforth. This was the one touch of rough, amid so much of dulcet that occurred: no evil, this touch, almost rather otherwise, except to poor Wackerbart, whose fine House lay wrecked by it.

The visit lasted till February 12th, four weeks and a day. Never were such thrice-magnificent Carnival amusements: illuminations, cannon salvoings and fireworks; operas, comedies, redoubts, sow-baitings, fox-and-badger baiting, reviewing, running at the ring: —

dinners of never-imagined quality, this, as a daily item, needs no express mention.

To the young Soldier-Apprentice all this was, of course, in pleasant contrast with the Potsdam Guard-house; and Friedrich Wilhelm himself is understood to have liked at least the dinners, and the airy courteous ways, light table-wit and extreme good humour of the host. A successful visit; burns off like successful fireworks, piece after piece: and what more is to be said? Of all this nothing; — nor, if we could help it, of another little circumstance, not mentioned by the Newspapers or Fassmann, which constitutes the meaning of this Visit for us now. It is a matter difficult to handle in speech. An English Editor, chary of such topics, will let two witnesses speak, credible both, though not eyewitnesses; and leave it to the reader so. Babbling Pöllnitz is the first witness; he deposes, after alluding to the sumptuous dinings and drinkings there:

“One day the two Kings, after dinner, went in domino to “the redoubt” (*ridotto*, what we now call *rout* or evening-party). “August had a mind to take an opportunity, and try “whether the reports of Friedrich Wilhelm’s indifference to “the fair sex were correct or not. To this end, he had had a “young damsel (*junge Person*) of extraordinary beauty introduced into some side-room; where they now entered. She “was lying on a bed, in a loose gauzy undress; and though “masked, showed so many charms to the eye that the imagination could not but judge very favourably of the rest. The “King of Poland approached, in that gallant way of his, “which had gained him such favour with women. He begged

“her to unmask; she at first affected reluctance, and would
“not. He then told her who he was; and said, He hoped she
“would not refuse, when two Kings begged her to show them
“this complaisance. She thereupon took off her mask, and
“showed them one of the loveliest faces in the world. August
“seemed quite enchanted; and said, as if it had been the first
“time he ever saw her, He could not comprehend how so
“bewitching a beauty had hitherto remained unknown to
“him.

“Friedrich Wilhelm could not help looking at her. He
“said to the King of Poland, ‘She is very beautiful, it must
“be owned;’ — but at the same instant, turned his eyes away
“from her; and left the room, and the ridotto altogether
“without delay; went home, and shut himself in his room.
“He then sent for Herr von Grumkow, and bitterly com-
“plained that the King of Poland wanted to tempt him. Herr
“von Grumkow, who was neither so chaste nor so conscien-
“tious as the King, was for making a jest of the matter; but
“the King took a very serious tone; and commanded him to
“tell the King of Poland in his name, ‘That he begged him
“very much not to expose him again to accidents of that
“nature, unless he wished to have him quit Dresden at once.’
“Herr von Grumkow did his message. The King of Poland
“laughed heartily at it; went straight to Friedrich Wilhelm,
“and excused himself. The King of Prussia, however, kept
“his grim look; so that August ceased joking, and turned the
“dialogue on some other subject.” *

This is Pöllnitz’s testimony, gathered from the whis-
pers of the Tabagie, or rumours in the Court-circles,
and may be taken as indisputable in the main. Wil-
helmina, deriving from similar sources, and equally un-

* Pöllnitz, ii. 256.

certain in details, paints more artistically; nor has she forgotten the sequel for her Brother, which at present is the essential circumstance;

“One evening, when the rites of Bacchus had been well
“attended to, the King of Poland led the King” (my Father),
“strolling about, by degrees, into a room very richly orna-
“mented, all the furniture and arrangements of which were in
“a quite exquisite taste. The King, charmed with what he
“saw, paused to contemplate the beauties of it a little; when,
“all on a sudden, a curtain rose, and displayed to him one of
“the most extraordinary sights. It was a girl in the condition
“of our First Parents, carelessly lying on a bed. This crea-
“ture was more beautiful than they paint Venus and the
“Graces; she presented to view a form of ivory whiter than
“snow, and more gracefully shaped than the Venus de’ Medici
“at Florence. The cabinet which contained this treasure
“was lighted by so many wax-candles that their brilliancy
“dazzled you, and gave a new splendour to the beauties of
“the goddess.

“The Authors of this fine comedy did not doubt but the
“object would make an impression on the King’s heart; but
“it was quite otherwise. No sooner had he cast his eyes on
“the beauty than he whirled round with indignation; and
“seeing my Brother behind him, he pushed him roughly out
“of the room, and immediately quitted it himself; very angry
“at the scene they had been giving him. He spoke of it, that
“same evening, to Grumkow, in very strong terms; and de-
“clared with emphasis that if the like frolics were tried on
“him again, he would at once quit Dresden.

“With my Brother it was otherwise. In spite of the King’s
“care, he had got a full view of that Cabinet Venus; and the

“sight of her did not inspire in him so much horror as in his “Father.”* — Very likely not! — And in fact, “he obtained “her from the King of Poland, in a rather singular way (*d'une façon assez singulière*),” — describable, in condensed terms, as follows:

Wilhelmina says, her poor Brother had been already charmed over head and ears by a gay young baggage of a Countess Orzelska; a very high and airy Countess there; whose history is not to be touched, except upon compulsion, and as if with a pair of tongs, — thrice-famous as she once was in this Saxon Court of Beelzebub. She was King August's natural daughter; a French milliner in Warsaw had produced her for him there. In due time, a male of the three-hundred and fifty-four, one Rutowski, soldier by profession, whom we shall again hear of, took her for mistress; regardless of natural half-sisterhood, which perhaps he did not know of. The admiring Rutowski, being of a participative turn, introduced her, after a while, to his honoured parent and hers; by whom next — Heavens, human language is unequal to the history of such things! And it is in this capacity she now shines supreme in the Saxon Court; ogling poor young Fritz, and driving him distracted; — which phenomenon the Beelzebub Parent-Lover noticed with pain and jealousy, it would appear.

“His Polish Majesty distinguished her extremely,” says Pöllnitz,** “and was continually visiting her; so “that the universal inference was” — to the above un-

* Wilhelmina, i. 112.

** *Memoiren*, ii. 261.

speakable effect. "She was of fine figure; had something grand in her air and carriage, and the prettiest humour in the world. She often appeared in men's clothes, which became her very well. People said, "she was extremely openhanded;" as indeed the Beelzebub Parent-Lover was of the like quality (when he had cash about him), and to her, at this time, he was profuse beyond limit. Truly a tempting aspect of the Devil, this expensive Orzelska: something beautiful in her, if there are no Laws in this Universe; not so beautiful, if there are! Enough to turn the head of poor Crown-Prince, if she like, for some time. He is just sixteen gone; one of the prettiest lads and sprightliest; his homage, clearly enough, is not disagreeable to the baggage. Wherefore jealous August, the Beelzebub-Parent, takes his measures; signifies to Fritz, in direct terms, or by discreet diplomatic hints and innuendos, That he can have the Cabinet Venus (Formera her name, of Opera-singer kind); — hoping thereby that the Orzelska will be left alone in time coming. A "*façon assez singulière*" for a Sovereign Majesty and Beelzebub Parent-Lover, thinks Wilhelmina.

Thus has our poor Fritz fallen into the wake of Beelzebub; and is not in a good way. Under such and no better guidance, in this illicit premature manner, he gets his introduction to the paradise of the world. The Formera, beautiful as painted Chaos; yes, her; — and why not, after a while, the Orzelska too, all the same? A wonderful Armida-Garden, sure

enough. And cannot one adore the painted divine beauties there (lovely as certain Apples of the Dead Sea), for some time? — The miseries all this brought into his existence, — into his relations with a Father very rigorous in principle, and with a Universe still more so, — for years to come, were neither few nor small. And that is the main outcome of the Dresden visitings for him and us. —

Great pledges pass between the two Kings; Prussian Crown-Prince decorated with the Order of the Saxon Eagle, or what supreme distinction they had; Rutowski taken over to Berlin to learn war and drill, where he did not remain long: in fact a certain liking seems to have risen between the two heteroclite individualities, which is perhaps worth remembering as a point in natural-history, if not otherwise. One other small result of the visit is of pictorial nature. In the famed Dresden Gallery there is still a Picture, high up, visible if you have glasses, where the Saxon Court-Painter, on Friedrich Wilhelm's bidding it is said, soon after these auspicious occurrences, represents the two Majesties as large as life, in their respective costumes and features (short Potsdam Grenadier-Colonel, and tall Saxon Darius or Sardanapalus), in the act of shaking hands; symbolically burying past grudges, and swearing eternal friendship, so to speak.* To this Editor the Picture did not seem good for much; but Friedrich Wilhelm's Portrait in it, none of the

* Förster, i. 226.

best, may be of use to travelling friends of his who have no other.

The visit ended on the 12th of February, as the Newspapers testify. Long before daybreak, at three in the morning, Friedrich Wilhelm, "who had smoked after dinner till nine the night before," and taken leave of everybody, was on the road; but was astonished to find King August and the Electoral Prince or Heir-Apparent (who had privately sat up for the purpose) insist on conducting him to his carriage.* "Great tokens of affection," known to the Newspapers, there were; and one token not yet known, a promise on King August's part that he would return this ever-memorable compliment in person at Potsdam and Berlin in a few months. Remember then! —

As for the poor Crown-Prince, whom already his Father did not like, he now fell into circumstances more abstruse than ever in that and other respects. Bad health, a dangerous lingering fit of that, soon after his return home, was one of the first consequences. Frequent fits of bad health, for some years coming; with ominous rumours, consultations of physicians, and reports to the paternal Majesty, which produced small comfort in that quarter. The sad truth, dimly indicated, is sufficiently visible: his life for the next four or five years was "extremely dissolute." Poor young man, he has got into a disastrous course; consorts chiefly with debauched young fellows, as Lieute-

* Boyer, xxxv. 199.

nants Katte, Keith, and others of their stamp, who lead him on ways not pleasant to his Father, nor conformable to the Laws of this Universe. Health, either of body or of mind, is not to be looked for in his present way of life: The bright young soul, with its fine strengths and gifts; wallowing like a young rhinoceros in the mud-bath: — some say, it is wholesome for a human soul; not we!

All this is too certain; rising to its height in the years we are now got to, and not ending for four or five years to come: and the reader can conceive all this, and whether its effects were good or not. Friedrich Wilhelm's old-standing disfavour is converted into open aversion and protest, many times into fits of sorrow, rage and despair, on his luckless Son's behalf; — and it appears doubtful whether this bright young human soul, comparable for the present to a rhinoceros wallowing in the mud-bath, with nothing but its snout visible, and a dirty gurgle all the sound it makes, will ever get out again or not.

The rhinoceros soul got out; but not uninjured; alas, no, bitterly polluted, tragically dimmed of its finest radiances for the remainder of life. The distinguished Sauerteig, in his *Spring-Wurzeln*, has these words: "To burn away, in mad waste, the divine aromas and plainly celestial elements from our existence; to change our holy-of-holies into a place of riot; to make the soul itself hard, impious, barren! Surely a day is coming, when it will be known again what virtue is in purity and continence of life;

"how divine is the blush of young human cheeks;
 "how high, beneficent, sternly inexorable if forgotten,
 "is the duty laid, not on women only, but on every
 "creature, in regard to these particulars? Well; if
 "such a day never come again, then I perceive much
 "else will never come. Magnanimity and depth of
 "insight will never come; heroic purity of heart and
 "of eye; noble pious valour, to amend us and the
 "age of bronze and lacker, how can they ever come?
 "The scandalous bronze-lacker age, of hungry anima-
 "lisms, spiritual impotencies and mendacities, will have
 "to run its course, till the Pit swallow it." —

In the case of Friedrich, it is certain such a day
 never fully came. The "age of bronze and lacker,"
 so as it then stood, — relieved truly by a backbone of
 real Spartan *iron* (of right battle *steel* when needed):
 this was all the world he ever got to dream of. His
 ideal, compared to that of some, was but low; his
 existence a hard and barren, though a genuine one,
 and only worth much memory in the absence of better.
 Enough of all that.

The Physically Strong pays his Counter-Visit.

August the Strong paid his Return-visit in May
 following. Of which sublime transaction, stupendous
 as it then was to the Journalistic mind, we should
 now make no mention, except for its connexion with
 those points, — and more especially for a foolish ru-
 mour, which now rose about Prince Fred and the
 Double-Marriage, on occasion of it. The magnificence

of this visit and reception being so extreme, — King August, for one item, sailing to it, with sound of trumpet and hautbois, in silken flotillas gayer than Cleopatra's, down the Elbe, — there was a rush towards Berlin of what we will not call the scum, but must call the foam of mankind, rush of the idle moneyed populations from all countries; and such a crowd there, for the three weeks, as was seldom seen. Foam everywhere is stirred up, and encouraged to get under way.

Prince Frederick of Hanover and England, "Duke of Edinburgh" as they now call him, "Duke of Gloucester" no longer, it would seem, nor "Prince of Wales" as yet; he, foamy as another, had thoughts of coming; and rumour of him rose very high in Berlin, — how high we have still singular proof. Here is a myth, generated in the busy Court-Imagination of Berlin at this time; written down by Pöllnitz as plain fact afterwards; and from him idly copied into *Coxe** and other English Books. We abridge from watery Pöllnitz, taking care of any sense he has. This is what ran in certain high-frizzled heads then and there; and was dealt-out in whispers to a privileged few, watery Pöllnitz's informers among them, till they got a myth made of it. Frederick Duke of Edinburgh, second hope of England at this time, he is the hero.

It appears, this loose young gentleman, standing in no favour with his sovereign Father, had never yet been across to England, the royal Parent preferring

* *Coxe's Walpole* (London, 1798), i. 520.

rather not to have him in sight; and was living idle at Hanover; very eager to be wedded to Wilhelmina, as one grand and at present grandest resource of his existence. It is now May 1728; and Frederick Duke of Edinburgh is twenty-one. He writes to his Aunt and intended Mother-in-law, Queen Sophie (date not ascertainable to a day, Note burnt as soon as read): "That he can endure this tantalising suspense no longer; such endless higgling about a supreme blessedness, virtually agreed upon, may be sport to others, but is death to him. That he will come privately at once, and wed his Wilhelmina; and so make an end; the bigwigs to adjust it afterwards as they can and may." Whereupon Sophie Dorothee, gladdest of women, sends for Dubourgay the British Ambassador (Brigadier Dubourgay, the respectable old gentleman who spells ill, who is strong for the Double-Marriage always), to tell him what fine news there is, and what answer she has sent. Respectable Dubourgay stands silent, with lengthening face: "Your Majesty, how unfortunate that I of all men now hear it! I must instantly despatch a courier with the news to London!" And the respectable man, stoically deaf to her Majesty's entreaties, to all considerations but that of his evident duty, sends the courier; — nips thereby that fine Hanover speculation in the bud, sees Prince Fred at once summoned over to England, and produces several effects. Nearly the whole of which, on examining the Documents,* proves to be myth.

* Dubourgay's Despatches, in the State-Paper Office.

Pöllnitz himself adds two circumstances, in regard to it, which are pretty impossible: as, first, that Friedrich Wilhelm had joyfully consented to this clandestine marriage, and was eagerly waiting for it; second, that George II., too, had privately favoured or even instigated the adventure, being at heart willing to escape the trouble of Messages to Parliament, to put his Son in the wrong, and I know not what.* The particles of fact in the affair are likewise two: First, that Queen Sophie, and from her the Courtier Public generally, expected the Hanover Royal Highness, who probably had real thoughts of seeing Berlin and his Intended, on this occasion; Dubourgay reports daily rumours of the Royal Highness being actually "seen" there in an evanescent manner; and Wilhelmina says, her Mother was so certain of him, "she took every ass or mule for the Royal Highness," — heartily indifferent to Wilhelmina. This is the first particle of fact. The Second is, that a subaltern Official about the Royal Highness, one Lamothe of Hanover, who had appeared in Berlin about that time, was thrown into prison not long after, for what misbehaviour none knew, — for encouraging dissolute Royal Highness in wild schemes, it was guessed. And so the Myth grew, and was found ready for Pöllnitz and his followers. Royal Highness did come over to England; not then as the Myth bears, but nine months afterwards in December next; and found other means of irritating his imperative, flighty, irascible and rather foolish little Father, in an ever-increasing degree.

* Pöllnitz, ii. 272-274.

"Very coldly received at Court," it is said: ill-seen by Walpole and the Powers; being too likely to become a focus of Opposition there.

The Visit, meanwhile, though there came no Duke of Edinburgh to see it, was sublime in the extreme; Polish Majesty being magnificence itself; and the frugal Friedrich Wilhelm lighting-up his dim Court into insurpassable brilliancy, regardless of expense; so that even the Smoking Parliament (where August attended now and then) became luminous. The Crown-Prince, who in late months had languished in a state of miserable health, in a manner ominous to his physicians, confined mostly to his room or his bed, was now happily on foot again; — and Wilhelmina notes one circumstance which much contributed to his recovery: That the fair Orzelska had attended her natural (or unnatural) Parent, on this occasion; and seemed to be, as Wilhelmina thinks, uncommonly kind to the Crown-Prince. The Heir-Apparent of Saxony, a taciturn, inoffensive, rather opaque-looking gentleman, now turned of thirty, and gone over to Papistry long since, with views to be King of Poland by and by, which proved effectual as we shall find, was also here: Count Brühl, too, still in a very subaltern capacity, and others whom we and the Crown-Prince shall have to know. The Heir-Apparent's Wife (actual Kaiser's Niece, late Kaiser Joseph's Daughter, a severe Austrian lady, haughtier than lovely) has staid at home in Dresden.

But here, at first hand, is a slight view of that unique Polish Majesty, the Saxon Man of Sin; which the

reader may be pleased to accept out of idle curiosity, if for no better reason. We abridge from *Wilhelmina*;* whom Fassmann, kindled to triple accuracy by this grand business, is at hand to correct where needful:** "The King of Poland arrived upon us at Berlin on the 29th of May," says *Wilhelmina*; had been at Potsdam, under Friedrich Wilhelm's care, for three days past: Saturday afternoon, 29th May 1728; that is with exactitude the ever-memorable date.

He paid his respects in her Majesty's apartment, for an instant, that evening; but made his formal visit next day. Very grand indeed. Carried by two shining particoloured creatures, heyducs so-called, through double rows of mere peerages and sublimities, in a sublime sedan (being lame of a foot, foot lately amputated of two toes, sore still open): "in a sedan covered with red velvet galooned with gold," says the devout Fassmann, tremblingly exact, "up the grand staircase along the grand Gallery;" in which supreme region (Apartments of the late King Friedrich of gorgeous memory) her Majesty now is for the occasion. "The Queen received him at

* i. 124.

** *Des glorwürdigsten Fürsten und Herrn, Herrn Friedrich Augusti des Grossen Leben und Helden-Thaten* (Of that most glorious Prince and Lord, Lord Friedrich August the Great, King of Poland, &c., the Life and Heroic Deeds), by D. F. (David Fassmann), Frankfurt and Leipzig, 1734; 12mo. pp. 1040. A work written with upturned eyes of prostrate admiration for "*Dero Majestdt* ('Theiro' Majesty) *August the Great*;" exact too, but dealing merely with the *clothes* of the matter, and such a matter: work unreadable, except on compulsion, to the stupidest mortal. The same Fassmann, who was at the Fair of St. Germain, who lodged sometimes with the Potsdam Giant, and whose ways are all fallen dark to us.

the door of her third Antichamber," says Wilhelmina; third or outmost Antichamber, end of that grand Gallery and its peerages and shining creatures: "he gave the Queen his hand, and led her in." We Princesses were there, at least the grown ones of us were. All standing, except the Queen only. "He refused to sit, and again refused;" stoically talked graciousities, disregarding the pain of his foot; and did not, till refusal threatened to become uncivil, comply with her Majesty's entreaties. "How unpolite!" smiled he to us young ones. "He "had a majestic port and physiognomy; an affable polite air accompanied all his movements, all his actions." Kind of stereotyped smile on his face; nothing of the inner gloom visible on our Charles II. and similar men of sin. He looked often at Wilhelmina, and was complimentary to a degree, — for reasons undividable to Wilhelmina. For the rest, "much broken for his age;" the terrible debaucheries (*les débauches terribles*) having had their effect on him. He has fallen Widower last year. His poor Wife was a Brandenburg-Baireuth Princess; a devout kind of woman; austere witnessing the irremediable in her lot. He has got far on with his Three hundred and fifty-four; is now going fifty-five; — lame of a foot, as we see, which the great Petit of Paris cannot cure, neither he nor any Surgeon, but can only alleviate by cutting-off two toes. Pink of politeness, no doubt of it; but otherwise the strangest dilapidated hulk of a two-legged animal without feathers; probably, in fact, the chief Natural Solecism under the Sun at that epoch; — extremely complimentary to us Prin-

cesses, to me especially. "He quitted her Majesty's Apartment after an hour's conversation: she rose to reconduct him, but he would by no manner of means permit that," — and so vanished, carried off doubtless by the shining creatures again. "The Electoral Prince," Heir-Apparent, next made his visit; but he was a dry subject in comparison, of whom no Princess can say much. Prince Friedrich will know him better by and by.

Young Maurice, "Count of Saxony," famed afterwards as *Maréchal de Saxe*, he also is here with his Half-Sister Orzelska and the others, in the train of the paternal Man of Sin; and makes acquaintance with Friedrich. He is son of the female Königsmark called Aurora ("who alone of mortals could make Charles Twelfth fly his ground"); nephew, therefore, of the male Königsmark who was cut down long ago at Hanover, and buried in the fireplace. He resembles his Father in strength, vivacity, above all things in debauchery, and disregard of finance. They married him at the due years to some poor rich woman; but with her he has already ended; with her and with many others. Courland, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Anne Iwanowna with the big cheek: — the reader has perhaps searched out these things for himself from the dull History-Books; — or perhaps it is better for him if he never sought them? Dukedom of Courland, connected with Polish sovereignty, and now about to fall vacant, was one of Count Maurice's grand sallies in the world. Adrienne Lecouvreur, foolish French Actress, lent him all the

30,000 l. she had gathered by holding the mirror up to Nature and otherwise, to prosecute this Courland business; which proved impossible for him. He was adventurous enough, audacious enough; fought well; but the problem was, To fall in love with the Dowager Anne Iwanowna, Cousin of Czar Peter II.; big brazen Russian woman (such a *cheek* the Pictures give her, in size and somewhat in expression like a Westphalia ham!), who was Widow of the last active Duke: — and this, with all his adventurous audacity, Count Maurice could not do. The big Widow discovered that he did not like Westphalia hams in that particular form; that he only pretended to like them: upon which, in just indignation, she disowned and dismissed him; and falling herself to be Czarina not long afterwards, and taking Biren the Courlander for her beloved, she made Biren Duke, and Courland became impossible for Count Maurice.

However, he too is a dashing young fellow; “circular black eyebrows, eyes glittering bright, partly “with animal vivacity, partly with spiritual;” stands six feet in his stockings, breaks horse-shoes with his hands; full of irregular ingenuity and audacity; has been soldiering about, ever since birth almost; and understands many a thing, though the worst *speller* ever known. With him too young Fritz is much charmed: the flower, he, of the illegitimate Three hundred and fifty-four, and probably the chief achievement of the Saxon Man of Sin in this world, where he took such trouble. Friedrich and he maintained some occasional

correspondence afterwards; but, to judge by Friedrich's part of it (mere polite congratulations on Fontenoy, and the like), it must have been of the last vacuity; and to us it is now absolute zero, however clearly spelt and printed. *

The Physically Strong, in some three weeks, after kindling such an effulgence about Berlin as was never seen before or since in Friedrich Wilhelm's reign, went his way again, — "towards Poland for the Diet," or none of us cares whither or for what. Here at Berlin he has been sublime enough. Some of the phenomena surpassed anything Wilhelmina ever saw: such floods and rows of resplendent people crowding-in to dinner; and she could not but contrast the splendour of the Polish retinues and their plumages and draperies, with the strait-buttoned Prussian dignitaries, all in mere soldier uniform, succinct "blue coat, white linen gaiters," and no superfluity even in the epaulettes and red facings. At table, she says, they drank much, talked little, and bored one another a great deal (*s'ennuyoient beaucoup*).

Of Princess Wilhelmina's Four Kings and other ineffectual Suitors.

Dilapidated Polish Majesty, we observed, was extremely attentive to Wilhelmina; nor could she ascer-

* Given altogether in *Œuvres de Frédéric le Grand*, xvii. 300-309. See farther, whoever has curiosity, Preuss, *Friedrichs Lebensgeschichte*, iii. 167-169; Espagnac, *Vie du Comte du Saxe* (a good little military Book, done into German, Leipzig, 1774, 2 vols.); Cramer, *Denkwürdigkeiten der Gräfin Aurora von Königsmark* (Leipzig, 1836); &c. &c.

tain, for long after, what the particular reason was. Long after, Wilhelmina ascertained that there had been the wonderfulest scheme concocting, or as good as concocted, in these swearings of eternal friendship: no other than that of marrying her, Wilhelmina, now a slim maiden coming nineteen, to this dilapidated Saxon Man of Sin going (or limping) fifty-five, and broken by *débauches terribles* (rivers of champagne and tokay, for one item), who had fallen a Widower last year! They had schemed it all out, Wilhelmina understands: Friedrich Wilhelm to advance such and such moneys as dowry, and others furthermore as loan, for the occasions of his Polish Majesty, which are manifold; Wilhelmina to have The Lausitz (*Lusatia*) for jointure, Lausitz to be Friedrich Wilhelm's pledge withal; and other intricate conditions:* what would Wilhelmina have thought? One shudders to contemplate; — hopes it might mostly be loose brain-web and courtier speculation, never settled towards fact.

It is certain, the dilapidated Polish Majesty having become a Widower, questions would rise, Will not he marry again? And with whom? Certain also, he wants Friedrich Wilhelm's alliance; having great schemes on the anvil, which are like to be delicate and perilous, — schemes of "partitioning Poland," no less; that is to say, cutting-off the outskirts of Poland, flinging them to neighbouring Sovereigns as propitiation, or price of goodwill, and rendering the rest hereditary in his family. Pragmatic Sanction once acceded to, would pro-

* Wilhelmina, i. 114.

bably propitiate the Kaiser? For which, and other reasons, Polish Majesty still keeps that card in his hand. Friedrich Wilhelm's alliance, with such an army and such a treasury, the uses of that are evident to the Polish Majesty. — By the blessing of Heaven, however, his marriage with Wilhelmina never came to anything: his Electoral Prince, Heir-Apparent, objected to the jointures and alienations, softly, steadily; and the project had to drop before Wilhelmina ever knew of it.

And this man is probably one of the "Four Kings" she was to be asked by? A Swedish Officer, with some skill in palmistry, many years ago, looked into her innocent little hand, and prophesied, "She was to be in terms of courtship, engagement or as good as engagement, with Four Kings, and to wed none of them." Wilhelmina counts them in her mature days. The *first* will surprise every-body, — Charles XII. of Sweden; — who never can have been much of a suitor, the rather as the young Lady was then only six gone; but who might, like enough, be talked of, by transient third-parties, in those old Stralsund times. The *second*, — cannot *we* guess who the second is? The *third* is this August the dilapidated Strong. As to the *second*, Wilhelmina sees already, in credulous moments, that it may be Hanover Fred, whom she will never marry either; — and does not see (nor did, at the time of writing her *Mémoires*, "in 1744" say the Books) that Fred never would come to Kingship, and that the Palmistry was incomplete in that point. The *fourth*,

again, is clearly young Czar Peter II.; of whom there was transient talk or project, some short time after this of the dilapidated *third*. But that too came to nothing; the poor young lad died while only fifteen; nay he had already "fallen in love with his Aunt Elizabeth" (*infâme Catin du Nord* in time coming), and given-up the Prussian prospect. * —

All which would be nothing, or almost less, to Wilhelmina, walking fancy-free there, — were it not for Papa and Mamma, and the importunate insidious bystanders. Who do make a thing of it, first and last! Never in any romance or stage-play was young Lady, without blame, without furtherance and without hindrance of her own, so tormented about a settlement in life; — passive she, all the while, mere clay in the hands of the potter; and begging the Universe to have the extreme goodness only to leave her alone! —

Thus too, among the train of King August in this Berlin visit, a certain Soldier Official of his, Duke of Sachsen-Weissenfels, Johann Adolf by name, a poor Cadet Cousin of the Saxon House, — another elderly Royal Highness of small possibility, — was particularly attentive to Wilhelmina; now and on subsequent

* He was the Great Peter's Grandson (Son having gone a tragical road); Czar, May 1727 — January 1730: Anne Iwanowna (Great Peter's Niece, elder Brother's Daughter), our Courland friend with the big cheek, succeeded; till her death, October 1740: then, after some slight shock of revolution, the Elizabeth just mentioned, who was Daughter of the Great Peter by his little brown Czarina Catherine whom we once met. See Mannstein, *Memoirs of Russia* (London, 1770), pp. 1-23, for some account of Peter II.; and the rest of the Volume for a really intelligent History of this Anne, at least of her Wars, where Mannstein himself usually had part.

occasions. Titular Duke of Weissenfels, Brother of the real Duke, and not even sure of the succession as yet; but living on King August's pay; not without capacity of drink and the like, some allege: — otherwise a mere betitled, betasselled elderly military gentleman, of no special qualities, evil or good; — who will often turn-up again in this History; but fails always to make any impression on us except that of a Serene Highness in the abstract; unexceptionable Human Mask, of polite turn, behung with titles, and no doubt a stomach in the inside of it: he now, and afterwards, by all opportunities, diligently continued his attentions in the Wilhelmina quarter. For a good while it was never guessed what he could be driving at; till at last Queen Sophie, becoming aware of it, took him to task; with cold severity, reminded him that some things are on one's level, and some things not. To which humbly bowing, in unfeigned penitence, he retired from the audacity, back foremost: Would never even in dreams have presumed, had not his Prussian Majesty authorised; would now, since *her* Prussian Majesty had that feeling, withdraw silently, and live forgotten, as an obscure Royal Highness in the abstract (though fallen Widower lately) ought to do. And so at least there was an end of that matter, one might hope, — though in effect it still abortively started up now and then, on Papa's part, in his frantic humours, for years to come.

Then there is the Margraf of Schwedt, Friedrich Wilhelm by name, chief Prince of the Blood, his Majesty's Cousin, and the Old Dessauer's Nephew; none

of the likeliest of men, intrinsically taken: he and his Dowager Mother, — the Dessauer's Sister, a highgoing, tacitly obstinate old Dowager (who dresses, if I recollect, in flagrant colours), — are very troublesome to Wilhelmina. The flagrant Dame, — she might have been "Queen-Mother" once forsooth, had Papa and my Brother but been made away with! — watches her time, and is diligent by all opportunities.

CHAPTER IV.

DOUBLE-MARRIAGE PROJECT IS NOT DEAD.

AND the Double-Marriage, in such circumstances, are we to consider it as dead, then? In the soul of Queen Sophie and those she can influence, it lives flame-bright; but with all others it has fallen into a very dim state. Friedrich Wilhelm is still privately willing, perhaps in a degree wishful; but the delays, the supercilious neglects have much disgusted him; and he, in the mean while, entertains those new speculations. George II., never a lover of the Prussian Majesty's nor loved by him, has been very high and distant ever since his Accession; offensive rather than otherwise. He also is understood to be vaguely willing for the thing; willing enough, would it be so kind as accomplish itself without trouble to him. But the settlements, the applications to Parliament: — and all for this perverse Fred, who has become unlovely, and irritates our royal mind? George pushes the matter into its pigeon-holes again, when brought before him. Higher thoughts occupy the soul of little George. Congress of Soissons, Convention of the Pardo,* Treaty of Seville; a part to be acted on

* Or, in effect, "Treaty of Madrid," 6th March 1728. This was the *preface* to Soissons; Termagant at length consenting there, "at her Palace of the Pardo" (Kaiser and all the world urging her for ten months past), to accept the Peace, and leave off besieging Gibraltar to no purpose (Coxe, i. 303).

the world-theatre, with applauses, with envies, almost from the very demigods? Great Kaisers, over-shadowing Nature with their Pragmatic Sanctions, their preternatural Diplomacies, and making the Terrestrial Balance reel hither and thither; — Kaisers to be clenched perhaps by one's dexterity of grasp, and the Balance steadied again? Prussian Double-Marriage! —

One royal soul there is who never will consent to have the Double-Marriage die: Queen Sophie. She had passed her own private act-of-parliament for it; she was a very obstinate wife, to a husband equally obstinate. "*Je bouleverserai l'Empire,*" writes she once; "I will overturn the German Empire," if they drive me to it, in this matter.* What secret manœuvring and endeavouring went on unweariedly on royal Sophie's part, we need not say; nor in what bad element, of darkness and mendacity, of eaves-dropping, rumouring, backstairs intriguing, the affair now moved. She corresponds on it with Queen Caroline of England; she keeps her two children true to it, especially her Son, the more important of them.

Crown-Prince Friedrich writes certain Letters.

Queen Sophie did not overturn the Empire, but she did almost overturn her own and her family's existence,

* Letter copied by Dubourgay (in Despatch, marked *Private*, to Lord Townshend, 3d-14th May 1729); no clear address given, — probably to Dubourgay himself, conveyed by "a Lady" (one of the Queen's Ladies), as he dimly intimates.

by these courses; which were not wise in her case. It is certain she persuaded Crown-Prince Friedrich, who was always his Mother's boy, and who perhaps needed little bidding in this instance, "to write to Queen Caroline of England:" Letters one or several; thrice-dangerous Letters; setting forth (in substance), His deathless affection to that Beauty of the world, her Majesty's divine Daughter the Princess Amelia (a very paragon of young women, to judge by her picture and one's own imagination); and likewise the firm resolution he, Friedrich Crown-Prince, has formed, and the vow he hereby makes, Either to wed that celestial creature when permitted, or else never any of the Daughters of Eve in this world. Congresses of Soissons, Smoking Parliaments, Preliminaries of the Pardo and Treaties of Seville may go how they can. If well, it shall be well; if not well, here is my vow, solemn promise and unchangeable determination, which your gracious Majesty is humbly entreated to lay-up in the tablets of your royal heart, and to remember on my behalf, should bad days arise! —

It is clear such Letters were sent; at what date first beginning, we do not know; possibly before this date? Nor would matters rise to the vowing pitch all at once. One Letter, supremely dangerous should it come to be known, Wilhelmina has copied for us,* — in Official style (for it is the Mother's composition this one) and without date to it: — the guessable date is

* Wilhelmina, i. 183.

about two years hence; and we will give the poor Document further on, if there be place for it.

Such particulars are yet deeply unknown to Friedrich Wilhelm; but he surmises the general drift of things in that quarter; and how a disobedient Son, crossing his Father's will in every point, abets his Mother's disobedience, itself audacious enough, in regard to this one. It is a fearful aggravation of Friedrich Wilhelm's ill-humour with such a Son, which has long been upon the growing hand. His dislikes, we know, were otherwise neither few nor small. Mere "*dislikes*" properly so called, or dissimilarities to Friedrich Wilhelm, a good many of them; dissimilarities also to a Higher Pattern, some! But these troubles of the Double-Marriage will now hurry them, the just and the unjust of them, towards the flaming pitch. The poor youth has a bad time; and the poor Father too, whose humour we know! Surly gusts of indignation, not unfrequently cuffs and strokes; or still worse, a settled aversion, and rage of the chronic kind; studied neglect and contempt, — so as not even to help him at table, but leave him fasting while the others eat:* — all this the young man has to bear. The innumerable maltreatments, authentically chronicled in *Wilhelmina's* and the other Books, though in a dateless, unintelligible manner, would make a tragic sum! — Here are two Billets, copied from the Prussian State-archives, which will show us to what height matters had gone, in this the young man's seventeenth year.

* Dubourgay, *sæpius*.

To His Majesty (from the Crown-Prince).

“Wusterhausen, 11th September 1728.

“My dear Papa, — I have not, for a long while, presumed
“to come to my dear Papa; partly because he forbade me;
“but chiefly because I had reason to expect a still worse re-
“ception than usual: and, for fear of angering my dear Papa
“by my present request, I have preferred making it in writing
“to him.

“I therefore beg my dear Papa to be gracious to me; and
“can here say that, after long reflection, my conscience has
“not accused me of any the least thing with which I could re-
“proach myself. But if I have, against my will and knowledge,
“done anything that has angered my dear Papa, I herewith
“most submissively beg forgiveness; and hope my dear Papa
“will lay aside that cruel hatred which I cannot but notice in
“all his treatment of me. I could not otherwise suit myself
“to it; as I always thought I had a gracious Papa, and now
“have to see the contrary. I take confidence, then, and hope
“that my dear Papa will consider all this, and again be gra-
“cious to me. And, in the mean while, I assure him that I
“will never, all my days, fail with my will; and, notwith-
“standing his disfavour to me, remain

“My dear Papa’s

“Most faithful and obedient Servant and Son,

“FRIEDRICH.”

To which Friedrich Wilhelm, by return of mes-
senger, writes what follows. Very implacable, we may
perceive; — not calling his Petitioner “Thou,” as kind
Paternity might have dictated; infinitely less by the
polite title “They (*Sie*),” which latter indeed, the dis-
tinguished title of “*Sie*,” his Prussian Majesty, we can
remark, reserves for Foreigners of the supremest qua-

lity, and domestic Princes of the Blood; naming all other Prussian subjects, and poor Fritz in this place, "He (*Er*)," in the style of a gentleman to his valet, — which style even a valet of these new days of ours would be unwilling to put up with. "*Er*, He," "His" and the other derivatives sound loftily repulsive in the German ear; and lay-open impassable gulfs between the Speaker and the Spoken-to. "His obstinate" — But we must, after all, say *Thy* and *Thou*, for intelligibility's sake:

"Thy obstinate perverse disposition" (*Kopf*, head), "which does not love thy Father, — for when one does everything" (everything commanded) "and really loves one's Father, one does what the Father requires, not while he is there to see it, but when his back is turned too" — (His Majesty's style is very abstruse, ill-spelt, intricate, and in this instance trips itself, and falls on its face here, a mere intricate nominative without a verb!) — "For the rest, thou know'st very well that I can endure no effeminate fellow (*efeminirten Kerl*), who has no human inclination in him; who puts himself to shame, cannot ride nor shoot; and withal is dirty in his person; frizzles his hair like a fool, and does not cut it off. And all this I have, a thousand times, reprimanded; but all in vain, and no improvement in nothing (*keine Besserung in nits ist*). For the rest, haughty, proud as a churl; speaks to nobody but some few, and is not popular and affable; and cuts grimaces with his face, as if he were a fool; and does my will in nothing unless held to it by force; nothing out of love; — and has pleasure in nothing but following his own whims" (own *Kopf*), — "no use to him in anything else. This is the answer.

"FRIEDRICH WILHELM." *

* Preuss, i. 27; from Cramer, pp. 33, 34.

Double-Marriage Project reëmerges in an Official shape.

These are not favourable outlooks for the Double-Marriage. Nevertheless it comes and goes; and within three weeks later, we are touched almost with a kind of pity to see it definitely emerging in a kind of Official state once more. For the question is symbolical of important political questions. The question means withal, What is to be done in these dreadful Congress-of-Soissons complexities, and mad reelings of the Terrestrial Balance? Shall we hold by a dubious and rather losing Kaiser of this kind, in spite of his dubieties, his highly inexplicit procedures (for which he may have reasons) about the Promise of Jülich and Berg? Or shall we not clutch at England, after all, — and perhaps bring him to terms? The Smoking Parliament had no Hansard; but we guess its Debates (mostly done in dumb-show) were cloudy, abstruse and abundant, at this time! The Prussian Ministers, if they had any power, take different sides; old Ilgen, the oldest and ablest of them, is strong for England.

Enough, in the beginning of October, Queen Sophie, “by express desire of his Majesty,” who will have explicit Yes or No on that matter, writes to England, a Letter “*private and official*,” of such purport, — Letter (now invisible) which Dubourgay is proud to transmit.* Dubourgay is proud; and old Ilgen, her Majesty

* Despatch, 5th October 1728, in State-Paper Office.

informed me on the morrow, "wept for joy," so zealous was he on that side. Poor old gentleman, — respectable rusty old Iron safe with seven locks, which nobody would now care to pick, — he died few weeks after, at his post as was proper; and saw no Double-Marriage, after all. But Dubourgay shakes-out his feathers; the Double-Marriage being again evidently alive.

For England answers, cordially enough, if not with all the hurry Friedrich Wilhelm wanted, "Yea, we are willing for the thing;" — and meets, with great equanimity and liberality, the new whims, difficulties and misgivings, which arose on Friedrich Wilhelm's part, at a wearisome rate, as the negotiation went on; and which are always frankly smoothed away again by the cooler party. Why did not the bargain close, then? Alas, one finds, the answer *Yea* had unfortunately set his Prussian Majesty on viewing, through magnifiers, what advantages there might have been in *No*: this is a difficulty there is no clearing away! Probably, too, the Tobacco-Parliament was industrious. Friedrich Wilhelm, at last, tries if Half will not do; anxious, as we all too much are, "to say Yes *and* No;" being in great straits, poor man: — "Your Prince of Wales to wed Wilhelmina at once; the other Match to stand over?" To which the English Government answers always briefly, "No; both the Marriages or none!" — Will the reader consent to a few compressed glances into the extinct Dubourgay Correspondence; much compressed, and here and there a rushlight stuck in it, for

his behoof. Dubourgay, at Berlin, writes; my Lord Townshend, in St. James's, reads, usually rather languid in answering:

Berlin, 9th November 1728. "Prussian Majesty much
"pleased with English Answers" to the Yes-or-No question;
"will send a Minister to our Court about the time his Britannic
"Majesty may think of coming over to his German Dominions.
"Would Finckenstein (Head Tutor), or would Knyphausen
"(distinguished Official here), be the agreeable man?" —
'Either,' answer the English; 'either is good.'

Berlin, same date. "Queen sent for me just now; is highly
"content with the state of things. 'I have now,' said her
Majesty, 'the pleasure to tell you that I am free, God be
'blessed, of all the anguish I have laboured under for some
'time past, which was so great that I have several times been
'on the point of sending for you to procure my Brother's pro-
'tection for my Son, who, I thought, ran the greatest danger
'from the artifices of Seckendorf and'" — Poor Queen!

Nov. 16th. "Queen told me: When the Court was at
"Wusterhausen," two months ago, hunting partridges and
wild swine,* "Seckendorf and Grumkow intrigued for a
"match between Wilhelmina and the Prince of Weissenfels,"
elderly Royal Highness in the Abstract, whom we saw al-
ready, "thereby to prevent a closer union between the Prus-
"sian and English Courts, — and Grumkow having withal
"the private view of ousting his antagonist the Prince of
"Anhalt" (Old Dessauer, whom he had to meet in duel, but
did not fight), "as Weissenfels, once Son-in-law, would
"certainly be made Commander-in-Chief,"** to the extrusion

* Fassmann, p. 386.

** Dubourgay, in State-Paper Office (Prussian Despatches, vol. xxxv.).

of Anhalt from that office. Which notable piece of policy her Majesty, by a little plain speech, took her opportunity of putting an end to, as we saw. For the rest, "the Dutch Minister and also the French Secretaries here," greatly interested about the Peace of Europe, and the Congress of Soissons in these weeks, "have had a communication, from "this Court, of the favourable disposition ours is in with "respect to the Double Match," — beneficent for the Terrestrial Balance, as they and I hope. So that things look well? Alas, —

December, 25th. "Queen sent for me yesterday: Hopes "she does no wrong in complaining of her Husband to her "Brother. King shows scruples about the Marriages; does "not relish the expense of an establishment for the Prince; "hopes, at all events, the Marriage will not take place for a "year yet; — would like to know what Dowry the English "Princess is to bring?" — 'No Dowry with our Princess,' the English answer; 'nor shall you give any with yours.'

New-Year's Day, 1729. "Queen sent for me: King is getting intractable about the Marriages; she reasoned with "him from two o'clock till eight," without the least permanent effect. "It is his covetousness," I Dubourgay privately think! — Knyphausen, who knows the King well, privately tells me, 'He will come round.' 'It is his avarice,' thinks Knyphausen too; 'nay it is also his jealousy of the 'Prince, who is very popular with the Army. King does 'everything to mortify him, uses him like a child; Crown-Prince bears it with admirable patience.' This is Knyphausen's weak notion; rather a weak croaky official gentleman, I should gather, of a crypto-splenetic turn. "Queen "told me some days later, His Majesty ill-used the Crown-Prince because he did not drink hard enough; makes him "hunt though ill;" is very hard upon the poor Crown-Prince,

— who, for the rest, “sends loving messages to England,” as usual; * covertly meaning the Princess Amelia, as usual. “Some while ago, I must inform your Lordship, the Prince “was spoken to,” by Papa as would appear, “to sound his “inclination as to the Princess Caroline,” Princess likewise of England, and whose age, some eighteen months less than his own, might be suitabler, the Princess Amelia being half-a-year his elder; ** “but,” — mark how true he stood, — “his Royal Highness broke-out into such raptures of love and “passion for the Princess Amelia, and showed so much im- “patience for the conclusion of that Match, as gave the King “of Prussia a great deal of surprise, and the Queen as much “satisfaction.” Truth is, if an old Brigadier Diplomatist may be judge, “The great and good qualities of that young “Prince, both of person and mind, deserve a distinct and par- “ticular account, with which I shall trouble your Lordship “another day;” *** — which unluckily I never did; his Lordship Townshend having, it would seem, too little curiosity on the subject.

And so the matter wavers; and in spite of Dubourgay’s and Queen Sophie’s industry, and the Crown-Prince’s willing mind, there can nothing definite be made of it at this time. Friedrich Wilhelm goes on visits, goes on huntings; leaves the matter to itself to mature a little. Thus the negotiation hangs-fire; and will do so, — till dreadful waterspouts come, and perhaps quench it altogether?

* Dubourgay, 16th January.

** Caroline born 10th June 1718; Amelia, 10th July 1711.

*** Despatch, 25th December 1728.

, *His Majesty slaughters 3,602 Head of Wild Swine.*

His Majesty is off for a Hunting Visit to the Old Dessauer, — Crown-Prince with him, who hates hunting. Then, “19th January 1729,” says the reverential Fassmann, he is off for a grand hunt at Cöpenick; then for a grander in Pommern (Crown-Prince still with him): such a slaughter of wild swine as was seldom heard of, and as never occurred again. No fewer than “1,882 head (*Stück*) of wild swine, 300 of them of un-“common magnitude,” in the Stettin and other Pommern regions; “together with 1,720 *Stück* in the Mark “Brandenburg, once 450 in a day: in all, 3,602 *Stück*.” Never was his Majesty in better spirits: a very Nimrod or hunting Centaur; trampling the cobwebs of Diplomacy, and the cares of life, under his victorious hoofs. All this slaughter of swine, 3,602 *Stück* by tale, was done in the season 1729. “From which,” observes the adoring Fassmann,* “is to be inferred the importance,” at least in wild swine, “of those royal Forests in Pommern and the Mark;” not to speak of his Majesty’s supreme talent in hunting as in other things.

What Friedrich Wilhelm did with such a mass of wild pork? Not an ounce of it was wasted, every ounce of it brought money in. For there exist Official Schedules, lists as for a window-tax or property-tax, drawn-up by his Majesty’s contrivance, in the chief Localities: every man, according to the house he keeps,

* p. 387.

is bound to take, at a just value by weight, such and such quantities of suddenly slaughtered wild swine, one or so many; and consume them at his leisure, as ham or otherwise, — cash payable at a fixed term, and no abatement made.* For this is a King that cannot stand waste at all; thrifty himself, and the cause of thrift.

Falls ill, in consequence; and the Double-Marriage cannot get forward.

This was one of Friedrich Wilhelm's grandest hunting-bouts, this of January 1729; at all events, he will never have another such. By such fierce riding, and defiance of the winter elements and rules of regimen, his Majesty returned to Potsdam with ill symptoms of health; — symptoms never seen before; except transiently, three years ago, after a similar bout; when the Doctors, shaking their heads, had mentioned the word "Gout." — "*Narren-Possen!*" Friedrich Wilhelm had answered, "Gout?" — But now, February 1729, it is gout in very deed. His poor Majesty has to admit: "I am gouty, then! Shall have gout for companion henceforth. I am breaking-up, then?" Which is a terrible message to a man. His Majesty's age is not forty-one till August coming: but he has hunted furiously.

Adoring Fassmann gives a quite touching account of Friedrich Wilhelm's performances under gout, now

* Förster, Beneckendorf (if they had an Index!).

and generally, which were begun on this occasion. How he suffered extremely, yet never neglected his royal duties in any press of pain. Could seldom get any sleep till towards four or five in the morning, and then had to be content with an hour or two; after which his Official Secretaries came in with their Papers, and he signed, despatched, resolved, with best judgment, — the top of the morning always devoted to business. At noon, up if possible; and dines, “in dressing-gown, with Queen and children.” After dinner, commonly to bed again; and would paint in oil; sometimes do light joiner-work, chiselling and inlaying; by and by lie inactive, with select friends sitting round, some of whom had the right of entry, others not, under penalties. Buddenbrock, Derschau, rough old Marlborough stagers, were generally there; these, “and two other persons,” — Grumkow and Seckendorf, whom Fassmann does not name, lest he get into trouble, — “sat, well within earshot, round the bed. And always “at the head was Theiro Majesty the Queen, sometimes “with the King’s hand laid in hers, and his face turned “up to her, as if he sought assuagement” — O my dim old Friend, let us dry our tears!

“Sometimes the Crown-Prince read aloud in some French Book,” Title not given; Crown-Prince’s voice known to me as very fine. Generally the Princess Louisa was in the room, too; Louisa, who became of Anspach shortly; not Wilhelmina, who lies in fever and relapse and small-pox, and close at death’s door, almost since the beginning of these bad days. The

Crown-Prince reads, we say, with a voice of melodious clearness, in French more or less instructive. "At other times there went on discourse, about public matters, foreign news, things in general; discourse of a cheerful or of a serious nature," always with some substance of sense in it, — "and not the least *smut* permitted, as is too much the case in certain higher circles!" says adoring Fassmann; who privately knows of "Courts" (perhaps the *Glorwürdigste*, Gloryworthiest, August the Great's Court, for one?) "with their hired Tom-Fools," not yet an extinct species, attempting to ground wit on that bad basis. Prussian Majesty could not endure any "*Zoten*:" profanity and indecency, both avaunt. "He had to hold out in this way, awake till ten o'clock, for the chance of night's sleep." Earlier in the afternoon, we said, he perhaps does a little in oil-painting, having learnt something of that art in young times; — there is a poor Artist in attendance, to mix the colours, and do the first sketch of the thing. Specimens of such Pictures still exist, Portraits generally; all with this epigraph, *Fredericus Wilhelmus in tormentis pinxit* (Painted by Friedrich Wilhelm in his torments); and are worthy the attention of the curious.* Is not this a sublime patient?

Fassmann admits, "there might be spurts of impatience now and then; but how richly did Majesty make it good again after reflection! He was also subject to whims even about people whom he otherwise esteemed. One meritorious gentleman, who shall

* Fassmann, p. 392; see Förster, &c.

"be nameless, much thought of by the King, his Majesty's nerves could not endure, though his mind well did: "Makes my gout worse to see him drilling in the esplanade there; let another do it!" — and vouchsafed an apologetic assurance "to the meritorious gentleman afflicted in consequence." — O my dim old Friend, these surely are sublimities of the sick bed? "So it lasted for some five weeks long," well on towards the summer of this bad Year 1729. Wilhelmina says, in briefer business language, and looking only at the wrong-side of the tapestry, "It was "a Hell-on-Earth to us, *Les peines du Purgatoire ne pouvaient égaler celles que NOUS endurions*;"* and supports the statement by abundant examples, during those flamy weeks.

For, in the interim, withal, the English negotiation is as good as gone out; nay there are waterspouts brewing aloft yonder, enough to wash negotiation from the world. Of which terrible weather-phenomena we shall have to speak by and by: but must first, by way of commentary, give a glance at Soissons and the Terrestrial *Libra*, so far as necessary for human objects, — not far by any means.

* i. 157.

CHAPTER. V.

CONGRESS OF SOISSONS, SIXTH CRISIS IN THE SPECTRE-HUNT.

THE so-called Spanish-War, and dangerous futile Siege of Gibraltar, had not ended at the death of George I.; though measures had already been agreed upon, by the Kaiser and parties interested, to end it, — only the King of Spain (or King's Wife, we should say) made difficulties. Difficulties, she; and kept firing, without effect, at the Fortress for about a year more; after which her humour or her powder being out, Spanish Majesty signed like the others. Peace again for all and sundry of us: "Preliminaries" of Peace signed at Paris, 31st May 1727, three weeks before George's death, "Peace" itself finally at the Pardo or at Madrid, the Termagant having spent her powder, 6th March 1728;* and a "Congress" (bless the mark!) to settle on what terms in every point.

Congress, say at Aix-la-Chapelle; say at Cambrai again, — for there are difficulties about the place. Or say finally at Soissons; where Fleury wished it to be, that he might get the reins of it better in hand; and where it finally was, — and where the ghost or name of it yet is, an empty enigma in the memories of some men. Congress of Soissons did meet, 14th

* Schöll, ii. 212, 213.

June 1728; opened itself, as a Corporeal Entity in this world; sat for above a year; — and did nothing; Fleury quite declining the Pragmatic Sanction, though the anxious Kaiser was ready to make astonishing sacrifices, give up his *Ostend Company* (Paper Shadow of a Company), or what you will of that kind, — if men would have conformed.

These Diplomatic gentlemen, — say, are they aught? They seem to understand me, by each at once his choppy finger laying on his skinny lips! Princes of the Powers of the Air, shall we define them? It is certain the solid Earth or her facts, except being held in perpetual terror by such workings of the Shadow-world, reaped no effect from those Twenty Years of Congressing; Seckendorf himself might as well have lain in bed, as ridden those 25,000 miles, and done such quantities of double-distillations. No effect at all: only some futile gunpowder spent on Gibraltar, and splinters of shot and shells (saleable as old iron) found about the rocks there; which is not much of an effect, for Twenty Years of such industry.

The sublime Congress of Soissons met, as we say, at the above date (just while the Polish Majesty was closing his Berlin Visit); but found itself no abler for work than that of Cambrai had been. The Deputies from France I do not mention; nor from Spain, nor from Austria. The Deputies from England were Colonel or now properly Brigadier-General Stanhope, afterwards Lord Harrington; Horace Walpole (who is Robert's Brother, and whose Secretary is Sir Thomas

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Robinson, "*Quoi donc, Crusoe?*" whom we shall hear of farther); and Stephen Poyntz, a once bright gentleman, now dim and obsolete, whom the readers of Coxe's *Walpole* have some nominal acquaintance with. Here, for Chronology's sake, is a clipping from the old English Newspapers to accompany them: "There
"is rumour that *Polly Peachum* is gone to attend
"the Congress at Soissons; where, it is thought, she
"will make as good a figure, and do her country
"as much service, as several others that shall be
"nameless."*

Their task seemed easy to the sanguine mind. The Kaiser has agreed with Spain in the Italian-Apanage matter; with the Sea-Powers in regard to his Ostend Company, which is abolished forever: what then is to prevent a speedy progress, and glad conclusion? The Pragmatic Sanction. "Accept my Pragmatic Sanction," said the Kaiser; "let that be the preliminary of all things." — "Not the preliminary," answered Fleury; "we will see to that as we go on; not the preliminary, by any means!" There was the rub. The sly old Cardinal had his private treaties with Sardinia; views of his own in the Mediterranean, in the Rhine quarter; and answered steadily, "Not the preliminary, by any means!" The Kaiser was equally inflexible. Whereupon immensities of protocolling, arguing, and the Congress "fell into complete languor," say the Histories.** Congress ate its dinner

* *Mist's Weekly Journal*, 29th June 1728.** *Schöll*, II. 215.

heartily, and wrote immensely, for the space of eighteen months; but advanced no hairsbreadth anywhither; no prospect before it, but that of dinner only, for unlimited periods.

Kaiser will have his Pragmatic Sanction, or not budge from the place; stands mulelike amid the rain of cudgellings from the bystanders; can be beaten to death, but stir he will not. — — Hints, glances of the eye, pass between Elizabeth Farnese and the other bystanders: suddenly, 9th November 1729, it is found they have all made a "*Treaty of Seville*" with Elizabeth Farnese; France, England, Holland, Spain, have all closed, — Italian Apanages to be at once secured, Ostend to be at once suppressed, with what else behoves; and the Kaiser is left alone; standing upon his Pragmatic Sanction there, nobody bidding him now budge!

At which the Kaiser is naturally thrice and four times wroth and alarmed: — and Seckendorf in the *Tabaks-Collegium* had need to be doubly busy. As we shall find he is (though without effect), when the time comes round: — but we have not yet got to November of this Year 1729; there are still six or eight important months between us and that. Important months; and a Prussian-English "Waterspout," as we have named it, to be seen, with due wonder, in the political sky! —

Congress of Soissons, now fallen mythical to mankind, and as inane as that of Cambrai, is perhaps still

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memorable in one or two slight points. First, it has in it, as one of the Austrian Deputies, that Baron von Bentenrieder, tallest of living Diplomatsists, who was pressed, at one time, for a Prussian soldier; — readers recollect it? Walking through the streets of Halberstadt, to stretch his long limbs till his carriage came up, the Prussian sentries laid hold of him, “Excellent Potsdam giant, this one!” — and haled him off to their guardhouse; till carriage and lackeys came; then, “Thousand humblest pardons, your Excellenz!” who forgave the fellows. Barely possible some lighter readers might wish to see, for one moment, an Excellenz that has been seized by a Pressgang? Which perhaps never happened to any other Excellenz; — the like of which, I have been told, might merit him a soiree from strong-minded women, in some remoter parts of the world. Not to say that he is the tallest of living Diplomatsists; another unique circumstance! — Bentenrieder soon died; and had his place at Soissons filled up by an Excellenz of the ordinary height, who had never been pressed. But nothing can rob the Congress of this fact, that it once had Bentenrieder for member; and, so far, is entitled to the pluperfect distinction in one particular.

Another point is humanly interesting in this Congress; but cannot fully be investigated for want of dates. Always, we perceive, according to the news of it that reach Berlin, — of England going right for the Kaiser or going wrong for him, — his Prussian Majesty’s treatment of his children varies. If England go

right for the Kaiser, well, and his Majesty is in good-humour with Queen, with Crown-Prince and Wilhelmina. If England go wrong for the Kaiser, dark clouds gather on the royal brow, in the royal heart; explode in thunderstorms; and at length crockery goes flying through the rooms, blows descend on the poor Prince's back; and her Majesty is in tears, mere Chaos come again. For as a general rule, unless the English Negotiation have some prospering fit, and produce exceptional phenomena, Friedrich Wilhelm, ever loyal in heart, stands steadfast by his Kaiser; ever ready "to strike out (*los zu schlagen*," as he calls it) with his best strength in behalf of a cause which, good soul, he thinks is essentially German; — all the readier if at any time it seem now exclusively German, the French, Spanish, English, and other unlovely Foreign world being clean cut loose from it, or even standing ranked against it. "When will it go off, then (*Wann geht es los*)?" asks Friedrich Wilhelm often; diligently drilling his Sixty Thousand, and snorting contempt on "Ungermanism (*Undeutschheit*)," be it on the part of friends or of enemies. Good soul, and whether he will ever get Jülich and Berg out of it, is distractingly problematical; and the Tobacco-Parliament is busy with him.

Curious to see, so far as dates go, how Friedrich Wilhelm changes his tune to Wife and Children, in exact correspondence to the notes given out at Soissons for a Kaiser and his Pragmatic Sanction. Poor Prussian Household, poor back, and heart, of Crown-Prince;

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what a concert it is in this world, Smoking Parliament for souffleur! Let the big Diplomatist Bassoon of the Universe go this way, there are caresses for a young Soldier and his behaviour in the giant regiment; let same Bassoon sound that way, bangs and knocks descend on him; the two keep time together, — so busy is the Smoking Parliament with his Majesty of Prussia. The world has seen, with horror and wonder, Friedrich Wilhelm's beating of his grown children: but the pair of *Meerkatzen*, or enchanted Demon-Apes, disguised as loyal Counsellors, riding along with him the length of a Terrestrial Equator, have not been so familiar to the world. Seckendorf, Grumkow: we had often heard of Devil-Diplomatists; and shuddered over horrible pictures of them in Novels, hoping it was all fancy: but here actually is a pair of them, transcending all Novels; — perhaps the highest cognisable fact to be met with in Devil-Diplomacy. And it may be a kind of comfort to readers, both to know it, and to discern gradually what the just gods make of it withal. Devil-Diplomatists do exist, at least have existed, never doubt it farther; and their astonishingly dextrous mendacities and enchanted spiderwebs, — *can* these go any road but one in this Universe?

That the Congress of Cambrai was not a myth, we convinced ourselves by a Letter of Voltaire's, who actually saw it dining there in the Year 1722, as he passed that way. Here, for Soissons in like manner, are two Letters, by a less celebrated but a still known

English hand; which, as utterances in presence of the fact itself, leave no doubt on the subject. These the afflicted reader will perhaps consent to take a glance of. If the Congress of Soissons, for the sake of memorable objects concerned there, is still to be remembered, and believed in, for a little while, — the question arises, How to do it, then?

The writer of these Letters is a serious, rather long-nosed young English gentleman, not without intelligence, and of a wholesome and honest nature; who became Lord Lyttleton, *First* of those Lords, called also “the Good Lord,” father of “the Bad:” a lineal descendant of that Lyttleton *upon* whom Coke sits, or seems to sit, till the end of things: author by and by of a *History of Henry the Second* and other well-meant things: a man of real worth, who attained to some note in the world. He is now upon the Grand Tour, — which ran, at that time, by Lunéville and Lorraine, as would appear; at which point we shall first take him up. He writes to his Father, Sir Thomas, at Hagley among the pleasant Hills of Worcestershire, — date shortly after the assembling of that Congress to rear of him; — and we strive to add a minimum of commentary. The “piece of negligence,” the “Mr. D.,” — none of mortals now knows who or what they were:

To Sir Thomas Lyttelton, Bart., at Hagley.

“Lunéville, 21st July” 1728.

“Dear Sir, — I thank you for so kindly forgiving the piece
“of negligence I acquainted you of in my last. Young fellows
“are often guilty of voluntary forgetfulness in those affairs;

“but I assure you mine was quite accidental:” — Never mind it, my Son!

“Mr. D. tells you true that I am weary of losing money at “Cards; but it is no less certain that without them I shall “soon be weary of Lorraine. The spirit of quadrille” (obsolete game at cards) “has possessed the land from morning “till midnight; there is nothing else in every house in Town.

“This Court is fond of strangers, but with a proviso that “strangers love quadrille. Would you win the hearts of the “Maids of Honour, you must lose your money at quadrille; “would you be thought a well-bred man, you must play “genteelly at quadrille; would you get a reputation of good “sense, show judgment at quadrille. However, in summer “one may pass a day without quadrille; because there are “agreeable promenades, and little parties out-of-doors. But “in winter you are reduced to play at it, or sleep, like a fly, “till the return of spring.

“Indeed in the morning the Duke hunts,” — mark that Duke, and two Sons he has. “But my malicious stars have “so contrived it, that I am no more a sportsman than a “gamester. There are no men of learning in the whole Coun- “try; on the contrary, it is a character they despise. A man “of quality caught me, the other day, reading a Latin “Author; and asked me, with an air of contempt, Whether I “was designed for the Church? All this would be tolerable “if I was not doomed to converse with a set of English, who “are still more ignorant than the French; and from whom, “with my utmost endeavours, I cannot be absent six hours in “the day. Lord” *Blank*, — Baltimore, or Heaven-knows-who, — “is the only one among them who has common sense; “and he is so scandalously debauched, in his principles as “well as practice, that his conversation is equally shocking to “my morals and my reason.” — Could not one contrive to get

away from them; to Soissons, for example, to see business going on, and the Terrestrial Balance settling itself a little?

"My only improvement here is in the company of the "Duke," who is a truly distinguished Duke to his bad Country; "and in the exercise of the Academy," — of Horsemanship, or what? "I have been absent from the latter near "three weeks, by reason of a sprain I got in the sinews of my "leg. My duty to my dear Mother; I hope you and she continue well. I am, Sir, your dutiful Son. — G. L." *

These poor Lorrainers are in a bad way; their Country all trampled to pieces by France, in the Louis-Fourteenth and still earlier times. Indeed ever since the futile Siege of Metz, where we saw the great Kaiser, Karl V., silently weeping because he could not recapture Metz,** the French have been busy with this poor Country; — new sections of it clipt away by them; "military roads through it, ten miles broad," bargained for; its Dukes oftenest in exile, especially the Father of this present Duke:*** — and they are now waiting a

* The Works of Lord George Lyttelton, by Ayscough (London, 1786), iii. 215.

** Antea, vol. i. p. 304.

*** A famed Soldier in his day; under Kaiser Leopold, "the little Kaiser in the red stockings," one of whose Daughters he had to wife. He was at the Rescue of Vienna (Sobleski's), and in how many far fiercer services; his life was but a battle and a march. Here is his famed Letter to the Kaiser, when Death suddenly called, Halt!

"Wels near Linz on the Donau, 17th April 1690.

"Sacred Majesty, — According to your Orders, I set out from Innsbruck to come to Vienna; but I am stopped here by a Greater Master. "I go to render account to Him of a life which I had wholly consecrated to "you. Remember that I leave a Wife with whom you are concerned" (qui

good opportunity to swallow it whole, while the people are so busy with quadrille-parties. The present Duke, returning from exile, found his Land in desolation, much of it "running fast to wild forest again;" and he has signalised himself by unwearied efforts in every direction to put new life into it, which have been rather successful. Lyttelton, we perceive, finds improvement in his company. The name of this brave Duke is Leopold; age now forty-nine; life and reign not far from done: a man about whom even Voltaire gets into enthusiasm.*

The Court and Country of Lorraine, under Duke Leopold, will prove to deserve this brief glance from Lyttelton and us. Two sons Duke Leopold has: the elder, Franz, now about twenty, is at Vienna, with the highest outlooks there: Kaiser Karl is his Father's uncle; and Kaiser Karl's young Daughter, high beautiful Maria Theresa, — the sublimest maiden now extant, — yes, this lucky Franz is to have her: what a prize, even without Pragmatic Sanction! With the younger son, Karl of Lorraine, Lyttelton may have made acquaintance, if he cared: a lad of sixteen; by and by an Austrian General, as his father had been; General much noised of, — whom we shall often see

vous touche, — who is your lawful Daughter); "children to whom I can bequeath nothing but my sword; and Subjects who are under Oppression. —

" CHARLES OF LORRAINE.

(Hénault, *Abrégé Chronologique*, Paris, 1775, p. 850). — Charles 'V.' the French uniformly call this one; Charles 'IV.' the Germans, who, I conclude, know better.

* *Siècle de Louis XIV* (*Œuvres*, xxvi. 95-97); Hübnér, t. 281.

beaten, in this world, at the head of men. — But let us now get to Soissons itself, skipping an intermediate Letter or two:

To Sir Thomas Lyttelton, Bart., at Hagley.

"Soissons, 28th October" 1728.

"I thank you, my dear Sir, for complying so much with my inclinations as to let me stay some time at Soissons: but as you have not fixed how long, I wait for farther orders.

"One of my chief reasons for disliking Lunéville was the multitude of English there; who, most of them, were such worthless fellows that they were a dishonour to the name and Nation. With these I was obliged to dine and sup, and pass a great part of my time. You may be sure I avoided it as much as possible; but *malgré moi* I suffered a great deal. To prevent any comfort from other people, they had made a law among themselves, not to admit any foreigner into their company: so that there was nothing but English talked from June to January. — On the contrary, my countrymen at Soissons are men of virtue and good sense; they mix perpetually with the French, and converse for the most part in that language. I will trouble you no more upon this subject: but give me leave to say that, however capricious I may have been on other subjects, my sentiments in this particular are the strongest proofs I ever gave you of my strong and hereditary aversion to vice and folly.

"Mr. Stanhope," our Minister, the Colonel or Brigadier-General, "is always at Fontainebleau. I went with Mr. Poyntz," Poyntz not yet a dim figure, but a brilliant, who hints about employing me, "to Paris for four days, when the Colonel himself was there, to meet him; he received me with great civility and kindness. We have done expecting

“Mr. Walpole,” fixed he in the Court regions; “who is “obliged to keep strict guard over the Cardinal,” sly old Fleury, “for fear the German Ministers should take him from “us. They pull and haul the poor old gentleman so many “ways, that he does not know where to turn, or into whose “arms to throw himself.” Never fear him! —

“Ripperda’s escape to England,” — grand Diplomatic bulldog that was, who took refuge in Colonel Stanhope’s at Madrid to no purpose, and kindled the sputtering at Gibraltar, is now got across to England, and will go to Morocco and farther, to no purpose, — “will very much embroil affairs; “which did not seem to want another obstacle to hinder them “from coming to an accommodation. If the Devil is not very “much wanting to his own interests in this Business, it is im- “possible that the good work of Peace should go on much “longer. After all, most young fellows are of his party; and “wish he may bring matters to a War: for they make but ill “Ministers at a Congress, but would make good Soldiers in “a Campaign.

“No news from Madam” *Blank* “and her beloved Hus- “band. Their unreasonable fondness for each other can never “last: they will soon grow as cold to one another as the Town “to *The Beggars’ Opera*.” And cannot warm again, you think? “Pray Heaven I may prove a false prophet: but married Love and English Music are too domestic to continue “long in favour.” * *

November 20th, Soissons still. “This is one of the agree- “ablest Towns in France. The people are infinitely obliging “to strangers: we are of all their parties, and perpetually “share with them in their pleasures. I have learnt more “French since I came hither, than I should have picked up in “a twelvemonth in Lorraine.” * *

“A fool with a majority on his side is the greatest tyrant in

“the world:” — how can I go back to loiter in Lorraine, honoured Father, where fools are in such majority? “Then
 “the extraordinary civilities I receive from Mr. Poyntz: He
 “has in a manner taken me into his family;” will evidently
 make an Apprentice of me. “The first Packet that comes
 “from Fontainebleau, I expect to be employed. Which is
 “no small pleasure to me; and will I hope be of service.” * *

December 20th. “A sudden order to Mr. Poyntz has broken
 “all my measures. He goes tomorrow to Paris, to stay there
 “in the room of Messrs. Stanhope and Walpole, who are on
 “their return for England.” Congress falling into complete
 languor, if we knew it! But ought not I to accompany this
 friendly and distinguished Mr. Poyntz, “who has already
 “given me Papers to copy;” — in fact I am setting off with
 him, honoured Father! * * *

“Prince Frederick’s journey,” — first arrival in England
 of dissolute Fred from Hanover, who had *not* been to Berlin to
 get married last summer, — “was very secret: Mr. Poyntz
 “did not hear of it till Friday last; at least he had no public
 “notice of it.” Why should he? “There will be fine strug-
 “gling for places” in this Prince’s new Household. “I hope
 “my Brother will come-in for one.” * —

But here we pull the string of the curtain upon Lyttel-
 ton, and upon his Congress falling into complete languor;
 Congress destined, after dining for about a year more, to
 explode, in the Treaty of Seville, and to leave the Kaiser
 sitting horrorstruck, solitary amid the wreck of Political
 Nature, — which latter, however, pieces itself together
 again for him and others. Beneficent Treaty of Vienna
 was at last achieved; Treaty and Treaties there, which

* Ayscough’s *Lyttelton*, iii. 200-231.

brought matters to their old bearing again, — Austria united with the Sea-Powers, Pragmatic Sanction accepted by them, subsidies again to be expected from them; Baby Carlos fitted with his Apanages, in some tolerable manner; and the Problem, with which Creation had groaned for some twenty years past, finally accomplished better or worse.

Lyttelton himself will get a place in Prince Frederick's Household, and then lose it; place in Majesty's Ministry at last, but not for a long while yet. He will be one of Prince Frederick's men, of the Carterets, Chesterfields, Pitts, who "patronise Literature," and are in opposition to dark Walpole; one of the "West-Wickham set;" — and will be of the Opposition party, and have his adventures in the world. Meanwhile let him go to Paris with Mr. Poyntz; and do his wisest there and elsewhere.

"Who's dat who ride astride de pony,
"So long, so lean, so lank and bony?
"Oh, he be de great orator, Little-ton-y." *

For now we are round at Friedrich Wilhelm's Pommeranian Hunting again, in the Newyear's time of 1729; and must look again into the magnanimous sick-room which ensued thereon; where a small piece of business is going forward. What a magnanimous patient Friedrich Wilhelm was, in Fassmann's judgment,

* Caricature of 1741, on Lyttelton's getting into the Ministry, with Carteret, Chesterfield, Argyll, and the rest: see Phillimore's *Lyttelton* (London, 1845), i. 110; Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, § Lyttelton; &c. &c.

we know: but it will be good to show both sides of the tapestry, and let Wilhelmina also speak. The small business is only, a Treaty of Marriage for one of our Princesses: not Wilhelmina, but Louisa the next-younger, who has been asked, and will consent, as appears.

Fassmann makes a very touching scene of it. King is in bed, ill of his gout after that slaughter of the 3,602 wild swine: attendants are sitting round his Majesty, in the way we know; Queen Sophie at his head, "Seckendorf and several others" round the bed. Letters arrive; Princess Frederica Louisa, a very young Lady, has also had a Letter; which, she sees by the seal, will be interesting, but which she must not herself open. She steps in with it; "beautiful as an angel, but rather foolish, and a spoilt child of fifteen," says Wilhelmina: trips softly in with it; hands it to the King. "Give it to thy Mother, let her read it," says the King. Mother reads it, with audible soft voice: Formal demand in marriage from the Serenity of Anspach, as foreseen.

"Hearken, Louisa (*Höre Luise*), it is still time," said the King: "Tell us, wouldst thou rather go to Anspach, now, or stay with me? If thou choose to stay, thou shalt want for nothing, either, to the end of thy life. Speak!" — "At such unexpected question," says Fassmann, "there rose a fine blush over the Princess's face, who seemed to be at a loss for her answer. "However, she soon collected herself; kissed his Majesty's hand, and said: 'Most gracious Papa, I will to Anspach!' To which the King: 'Very well, then; ,

“God give thee all happiness and thousand blessings!
“— But hearken, Louisa,’ the King’s Majesty was
“pleased at the same time to add, ‘We will make a
“bargain, thou and I. You have excellent Flour at
“Anspach (*schönes Mehl*); but in Hams and Smoked
“Sausages you don’t come up, either in quality or
“quantity, to us in this Country. Now I, for my
“part, like good pastries. So, from time to time, thou
“shalt send me a box of nice flour, and I will keep
“thee in hams and sausages. Wilt thou, Louisa?’
“That the Princess answered Yea,” says poor Fassmann
with the tear in his eye, “may readily be supposed!”
Nay all that heard the thing round the royal bed there,
— simple humanities of that kind from so great a King,
— had almost or altogether tears in their eyes.*

This surely is a very touching scene. But now
listen to Wilhelmina’s account of another on the same
subject, between the same parties. “At table;” no
date indicated, or a wrong one, but evidently after
this; in fact, we find it was about the beginning of
March 1729; and had sad consequences for Wilhel-
mina.

“At table his Majesty told the Queen that he had Letters
“from Anspach; the young Margraf to be at Berlin in May
“for his wedding; that M. Bremer his Tutor was just coming
“with the ring of betrothal for Louisa. He asked my Sister,
“If that gave her pleasure? and How she would regulate her
“housekeeping when married? My Sister had got into the

* Fassmann, pp. 393, 394.

“way of telling him whatever she thought, and home-truths
“sometimes, without his taking it ill. She answered with her
“customary frankness, That she would have a good table,
“which should be delicately served; and, added she, ‘which
“‘shall be better than yours. And if I have children, I will
“‘not maltreat them like you, nor force them to eat what they
“‘have an aversion to.’ — “What do you mean by that?”
“replied the King: ‘What is there wanting at my table?’ —
“‘There is this wanting,’ she said, ‘that one cannot have
“‘enough; and the little there is consists of coarse potherbs
“‘that nobody can eat.’ The King,” as was not unnatural,
“had begun to get angry at her first answer: this last put him
“quite in a fury; but all his anger fell on my Brother and me.
“He first threw a plate at my Brother’s head, who ducked out
“of the way; he then let fly another at me, which I avoided
“in like manner. A hailstorm of abuse followed these first
“hostilities. He rose into a passion against the Queen; re-
“proaching her with the bad training she gave her children;
“and, addressing my Brother: ‘You have reason to curse your
“‘Mother,’ said he, ‘for it is she that causes your being an ill-
“‘governed fellow (*un mal gouverné*). I had a Preceptor,’ con-
“tinued he, ‘who was an honest man. I remember always a
“‘story he told me in my youth. There was a man, at Carthage,
“‘who had been condemned to die for many crimes he had
“‘committed. While they were leading him to execution, he
“‘desired he might speak to his Mother. They brought his
“‘Mother: he came near, as if to whisper something to her;—
“‘and bit away a piece of her ear. I treat you thus, said he,
“‘to make you an example to all parents who take no heed to
“‘bring-up their children in the practice of virtue! — Make the
“‘application,’ continued he, always addressing my Brother:
“and getting no answer from him, he again set to abusing us
“till he could speak no longer. We rose from table. As we

“had to pass near him in going out, he aimed a great blow at
“me with his crutch; which, if I had not jerked away from it,
“would have ended me. He chased me for a while in his
“wheel-chair, but the people drawing it gave me time to
“escape into the Queen’s chamber.” *

Poor Wilhelmina, beaten-upon by Papa in this manner, takes to bed in miserable feverish pain, is ordered out by Mamma to evening party, all the same; is evidently falling very ill. “Ill? I will cure you!” says Papa next day, and makes her swallow a great draught of wine. Which completes the thing: “declared smallpox,” say all the Doctors now. So that Wilhelmina is absent thenceforth, as Fassmann already told us, from the magnanimous paternal sickroom; and lies balefully eclipsed, till the paternal gout and some other things have run their course. “Smallpox; what will Prince Fred think? A perfect fright, if she do live!” say the English Court-gossips in the interim. But we are now arrived at a very singular Prussian-English phenomenon; and ought to take a new Chapter.

* Wilhelmina, i. 159.

CHAPTER VI.

IMMINENCY OF WAR OR DUEL, BETWEEN THE BRITISH
AND PRUSSIAN MAJESTIES.

THE Double-Marriage negotiation hung fire, in the end of 1728; but everybody thought, especially Queen Sophie thought, it would come to perfection; old Frederick almost the last thing he did, shed tears of joy about it. These fine outlooks received a sad shock in the autumn now come; when secret grudges burst out into open flame; and Berlin, instead of scenic splendours, Polish Majesty, was clangorous with note of preparation for imminent War. Probably Queen Sophie had a more agitated Summer than this of 1729. We are now arrived at that thrice-famous Quarrel, or a Duel, of Friedrich Wilhelm and his Britannic Brother-in-law little George II.; and must try to riddle those distracted Paper-masses some notice of it, wholly unintelligible to the reader. It is loudly talked of, loudly, but alas also loosely to a degree, in the manner of dull Books; and is at once thrice-famous and extremely obscure. The fact is, Nature intended it for eternal oblivion;— and that, sure enough, would have been its fate long since, had not persons who were thought to be of no importance, but are now seen to be of some, stood connected with it more or less.

Friedrich Wilhelm, for his own part, had seen in the death of George I. an evil omen from the English quarter; and all along, in spite of transient appearances to the contrary, had said to himself, "If the First George, with his solemnities and tacit sublimities, was offensive now and then, what will the Second George be? The Second George has been an offence from the beginning!" In which notions the Smoking Parliament, vitally interested to do it, in these perilous Soissons times, big with the fate of the Empire and Universe, is assiduous to confirm his Majesty. The Smoking Parliament, at Potsdam, at Berlin, in the solitudes of Wusterhausen, has been busy; and much tobacco, much meditation and insinuation have gone up, in clouds more abstruse than ever, since the death of George I.

It is certain, George II. was a proud little fellow; very high and airy in his ways; not at all the man to Friedrich Wilhelm's heart, nor reciprocally. A man of some worth, too; "scrupulously kept his word," say the witnesses: a man always conscious to himself, "Am not I a man of honour, then?" to a punctilious degree. For the rest, courageous as a Welf; and had some sense withal, — though truly not much, and indeed, as it were, none at all in comparison to what he supposed he had! — One can fancy the aversion of the little dapper Royalty to this heavy-footed Prussian Barbarian, and the Prussian Barbarian's to him. The bloody nose in childhood was but a symbol of what passed through life. In return for his bloody nose, little George, five

years the elder, had carried-off Caroline of Anspach; and left Friedrich Wilhelm sorrowing, a neglected cub, — poor honest Beast tragically shorn of his Beauty. Offences could not fail; these two Cousins went on offending one another by the mere act of living simultaneously. A natural hostility, that between George II. and Friedrich Wilhelm; anterior to Caroline of Anspach, and independent of the collisions of interest that might fall-out between them. Enmity as between a glancing self-satisfied fop, and a loutish thick-soled man of parts, who feels himself the better though the less successful House-Mastiff seeing itself neglected, driven to its hutch, for a tricky Ape dressed-out in ribbons, who gets favour in the drawingroom.

George, I perceive by the very State-Papers, George and his English Lords have a provoking slighting tone towards Friedrich Wilhelm; they answer his violent convictions, and thoroughgoing rapid proposals, by brief Official negation, with an air of superiority, — traces of a polite sneer perceptible occasionally. A mere Clown of a King, thinks George; a mere gesticulating Coxcomb, thinks Friedrich Wilhelm. "*Mein Bruder der Comödiant*, My Brother the Playactor" (particoloured Merry-Andrew of a highflying turn)! was Friedrich Wilhelm's private name for him, in after days. Which George repaid by one equal to it, "My Brother the Head-Beadle of the Holy Roman Empire," — "*Erz-Sandstreuer*," who solemnly brings up the *Sandbox* (no blotting-paper yet in use) when the Holy Roman Empire is pleased to write. "*Erz-Sandstreuer*, Arch-Sand-

box-Beadle of the *Heilige Römische Reich*:" it is a lumbering nickname, but intrinsically not without felicity, and the wittiest thing I know of little George.

Special cause of quarrel they had none that was of the least significance; and, at this time, prudent friends were striving to unite them closer and closer, as the true policy for both; English Townshend himself rather wishing it, as the best Prussian Officials eagerly did; Queen Sophie passionate for it; and only a purchased Grumkow, a Seckendorf and the Tobacco-Parliament set against it. The Treaty of Wusterhausen was not known; but the fact of some Treaty made or making, some Imperial negotiation always going on, was too evident; and Friedrich Wilhelm's partialities to the Kaiser and his Seckendorf could be a secret nowhere.

Negotiation always going on, we say; for such indeed was the case, — the Kaiser striving always to be loose again (having excellent reasons, a secret bargain to the contrary, to wit!) in regard to that Jülich-and-Berg Succession; proposing "substitutes for Jülich and Berg;" and Friedrich Wilhelm refusing to accept any imaginable substitute, anything but the article itself. So that, I believe, the Treaty of Wusterhausen was never perfectly ratified, after all; but hung, for so many years, always on the point of being so. These are the uses of your purchased Grumkow, and of riding the length of a Terrestrial Equator keeping a Majesty in company. If, by a Double-Marriage with England, that intricate web of chicanery had been once fairly slit in two, and new combinations formed, on a basis *not*

of fast-and-loose, could it have been of disadvantage to either of the Countries, or to either of their Kings? — Real and grave causes for agreement we find; real or grave causes for quarrel none anywhere. But light or imaginary causes, which became at last effectual, can be enumerated, to the length of three or four:

Cause First: the Hanover Joint-Heritages, which are not in a liquid state.

First, the "Ahlden Heritage" was one cause of disagreement, which lasted long. The poor Mother of George II. and of Queen Sophie had left considerable properties; "three million *thalers*," that is, 900,000*l.*, say some; but all was rather in an unliquid state, not so much as her Will was to be had. The Will, with a 10,000*l.* or so, was in the hands of a certain Graf von Bar, one of her confidants in that sad imprisonment: "money lent him," Büsching says,* "to set-up a Wax-Bleachery at Cassel:" — and the said Count von Bar was off with it, Testamentary Paper and all; gone to the *Reichshofrath* at Vienna, supreme Judges, in the Empire, of such matters. Who accordingly issued him a "Protection," to start with: so that when the Hanover people attempted to lay hold of the questionable wax-bleaching Count, at Frankfurt-on-the-Mayn, — secretly

* *Beyträge zur Lebensgeschichte denkwürdiger Personen* (Halle, 1788-1789), i. 306, § Nüssler. Some distracted fractions of Business Correspondence with this Bar, in Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea — unintelligible as usual there.

sending "a lieutenant and twelve men" for that object, — he produced his Protection Paper, and the lieutenant and twelve men had to hasten home again.* Count von Bar had to be tried at law, — never ask with what results; — and this itself was a long story. Then as to the other properties of the poor Duchess, question arises, Are they *allodia*, or are they *feuda*, — that is to say, shall the Son have them, or the Daughter? In short, there was no end to questions. Friedrich Wilhelm has an Envoy at Hanover, one Kannegiesser, labouring at Hanover, the second of such he has been obliged to send; who finds plenty of employment in that matter. "My Brother the *Comödiant* quietly put his Father's Will in his pocket, I have heard; and paid no regard to it (except what he was compelled to pay, by Chesterfield and others): will he do the like with his poor Mother's Will?" Patience, your Majesty: he is not a covetous man, but a self-willed and a proud, — always conscious to himself that he is the soul of honour, this poor Brother King!

Nay withal, before these testamentary bickerings are settled, here has a new Joint Heritage fallen: on which may rise discussions. Poor Uncle Ernst of Osnabrück, — to whom George I., chased by Death, went galloping for shelter that night, and who could only weep over his poor Brother dead, — has not survived him many months. The youngest Brother of the lot is now gone too. Electress Sophie's Seven are now all

* *Beyträge zur Lebensgeschichte denkwürdiger Personen* (Halle, 1788-1789), i. 306, § Nüssler.

gone. She had six sons: four became Austrian soldiers, three of whom perished in war long since; the other three, the Bishop, the King, the eldest of the Soldiers, have all died within two years (1726—1728):* Sophie Charlotte, “Republican Queen” of Prussia, Friedrich Wilhelm’s Mother, whom we knew long since, was the one Daughter. Her also Uncle Ernst saw die, in his youth, as we may remember. They are all dead. And now the Heritages are to settle, at least the recent part of them. Let Kannegiesser keep his eyes open. Kannegiesser is an expert high-mannered man; but said to be subject to sharpness of temper; and not in the best favour with the Hanover people. That is Cause *first*.

Cause Second: the Troubles of Mecklenburg.

Then, *secondly*, there is the Business of Mecklenburg; deplorable Business for Mecklenburg, and for everybody within wind of it, — my poor readers included. Readers remember, — what reader can ever forget? — that extraordinary Duke of Mecklenburg, the “Unique of Husbands,” as we had to call him, who came with his extraordinary Duchess, to wait on her Uncle Peter, the Russian (say rather *Samoiedic*) Czar, at Magdeburg, a dozen years ago? We feared it was in the fates we might meet that man again; and so it turns out! The Unique of Husbands has proved also to be the unluckiest of Misgoverning Dukes in his

* Michaelis, i. 153. See Feder, *Kurfürstinn Sophie*; Hoppe, *Geschichte der Stadt Hannover*; &c.

epoch; and spreads mere trouble all round him. Mecklenburg is in a bad way, this long while, especially these ten years past. "Owing to the Charles-Twelfth Wars," or whatever it was owing to, this unlucky Duke had fallen into want of more money; and impoverished Mecklenburg alleged that it was in no condition to pay more. Almost on his accession, while the tar-barrels were still blazing, years before we ever saw him, he demanded new subvention from his *Ritters* (the "Squires" of the Country); subvention new in Mecklenburg, though common in other sovereign German States, and at one time in Mecklenburg too. The *Ritters* would not pay; the Duke would compel them: *Ritters* appeal to Kaiser in Reichshofrath, who proves favourable to the *Ritters*. Duke still declines obeying Kaiser; asserts that "he is himself in such matter the sovereign:" Kaiser fulminates what of rusty thunder he has about him; to which the Duke, flung on his back by it, still continues contumacious in mind and tongue: and so between thunder and contumacy, as between hammer and stithy, the poor Country writhes painfully ever since, and is an affliction to everybody near it.

For ten years past, the unluckiest of Misgoverning Dukes has been in utter controversy with his *Ritters*; — at law with them before the Courts of the Empire, nay occasionally trying certain of them himself, and cutting off their heads; getting Russian regiments, and then obliged to renounce Russian regiments; — in short, a very great trouble to mankind thereabouts.* So that

* Michaelis, ii. 416-435.

the Kaiser in Reichshofrath, about the date indicated (Year 1719), found good to send military coercion on him; and entrusted that function to the Hanover-Brunswick people, to George I. more especially; to whom, as *Kreis-Hauptmann* ("Captain of the Circle," Circle of Lower-Saxony, where the contumacy had occurred), such function naturally fell. The Hanover Sovereignty, sending 13,000 men, horse, foot and artillery into Mecklenburg, soon did their function, with only some slight flourishes of fighting on the part of the contumacious Duke, — in which his chief Captain, one Schwerin, distinguishes himself: Kurt von Schwerin, whom we shall know better by and by, for he went into the Prussian service shortly after. Colonel von Schwerin did well what was in him; but could not save a refractory Duke, against such odds. The contumacious Duke was obliged to fly his country; — deposed, or, to begin with, suspended, a Brother of his being put in as interim Duke: — and the Unique of Husbands and paragon of Mismanaging Dukes lives about Dantzic ever since, on a Pension allowed him by his interim Brother; contumacious to the last; and still stirring-up strife, though now with diminished means, Uncle Peter being now dead, and Russian help much cut off.

The Hanover Sovereignities did their function soon enough: but their "expenses for it," these they have in vain demanded ever since. No money to be got from Mecklenburg; and Mecklenburg owes us "ten tons of gold," — that is to say, 1,000,000 thalers, "ton" being

he tenth part of a million in that coin. Hanover, herefore, holds possession, — and has held ever since, with competent small military force, — of certain Districts in Mecklenburg: Taxes of these will subsist our soldiery in the interim, and yield interest; the principal once paid, we at once give them up: principal, by these schedules, if you care to count them, is one million thalers (ten *Tonnen Goldes*, as above said), or about 150,000*l*. And so it has stood for ten years past; Mecklenburg the most anarchic of countries, owing to the kind of Ritters and kind of Duke it has. Poor souls, it is evident they have all lost their beaten road, and got among the *ignes fatui* and peat-pools: none knows the necessities and sorrows of this poor idle Duke himself! In his young years, before accession, he once tried soldiering; served one campaign with Charles XII., but was glad to “return to Hamburg” again, to the peaceable scenes of fashionable life there.* Then his Russian Unique of Wives: — his probable adventures, prior and subsequent, in Uncle Peter’s sphere, can these have been pleasant to him? The angry Ritters, too, their country had got much trampled to pieces in the Charles-Twelfth Wars, Stralsund Sieges: money seemed necessary to the Duke, and the Ritters were very scarce of it. Add, on both sides, pride and want of sense, with mutual anger going-on *crescendo*; and we have the sad phenomenon now visible: A Duke

* See *German Spy* (London, 1725, by Lediard, Biographer of Marlborough) for a lively picture of the then Hamburg, — resort of Northern *Ionied-Idleness*, as well as of better things.

fled to Dantzig, anarchic Ritters none the better for his going; Duke perhaps threatening to return, and much flurrying his poor interim Brother, and stirring up the Anarchies: — in brief, Mecklenburg become a house on fire, for behoof of neighbours and self.

In these miserable brabbles Friedrich Wilhelm did not hitherto officially interfere; though not uninterested in them; being a next neighbour, and even, by known treaties, “eventual heir,” should the Mecklenburg Line die out. But we know he was not in favour with the Kaiser, in those old years; so the military coercion had been done by other hands, and he had not shared in the management at all. He merely watched the course of things; always advised the Duke to submit to Law, and be peaceable; was sometimes rather sorry for him, too, as would appear.

Last year, however (1728), — doubtless it was one of Seckendorf’s minor measures, done in Tobacco-Parliament, — Friedrich Wilhelm, now a pet of the Kaiser’s, is discovered to be fairly concerned in that matter; and is conjoined with the Hanover-Brunswick Commissioners for Mecklenburg; Kaiser specially requiring that his Prussian Majesty shall “help in executing Imperial Orders” in the neighbouring Anarchic Country. Which rather huffed little George, — hitherto, since his Father’s death, the principal, or as good as sole Commissioner, — if so big a Britannic Majesty *could* be huffed by paltry slights of that kind! Friedrich Wilhelm, who has much meditated Mecklenburg, strains his intellect, sometimes to an intense degree, to find out ways of

settling it: George, who has never cared to meditate it, nor been able if he had, is capable of sniffing scornfully at Friedrich Wilhelm's projects on the matter, and dismissing them as moonshine.* To a wise much-meditative House-Mastiff, can that be pleasant, from an unthinking dizen'd creature of the Ape species? The troubles of Mecklenburg, and discrepancies thereupon, are capable of becoming a *second* source of quarrel.

Causes Third and Fourth; — and Cause Fifth, worth all the others.

Cause *third* is the old story of recruiting; a standing cause between Prussia and all its neighbours. And the *fourth* cause is the tiniest of all: the "Meadow of Clamei." Meadow of Clamei, some square yards of boggy ground; which, after long study, one does find to exist in the obscurest manner, discoverable in the best Maps of Germany, — some twenty miles south of the Elbe river, on the boundary between Hanover-Lüneburg and Prussia-Magdeburg, dubious on which side of the boundary. Lonesome unknown Patch of Meadow, lying far amid peaty wildernesses in those Salzwedel regions: unknown to all writing mortals as yet; but which threatens, in this summer of 1729, to become famous as Runnymede among the Meadows of History! And the *fifth* cause — In short, there was no real "cause" of the least magnitude; the effect was produced by the combination of many small and imaginary ones. For

* Dubourgay Despatches and the Answers to them (more than once).

if there is a will to quarrel, we know there is a way. And perhaps the *fifth* nameable cause, in efficiency worth all the others together, might be found in the Debates of the Smoking Parliament that season, were the Journal of its Proceedings extant! We gather symptoms, indisputable enough, of very diligent elaborations and insinuations there; and conclude that to have been the really effective cause. Clouds had risen between the two Courts; but except for the Tobacco-Parliament there never could have thunder come from them.

Very soon after George's accession there began clouds to rise; the perfectly accomplished little George assuming a severe and high air towards his rustic Brother-in-law. "We cannot stand these Prussian enlistments and encroachments; rectify these, in a high and severe manner!" says George to his Hanover Officials. George is not warm on his throne till there comes in, accordingly, from the Hanover Officials a Complaint to that effect, and even a List of Hanoverian subjects who are, owing to various injustices, now serving in the Prussian ranks: "Your Prussian Majesty is requested to return us these men!"

This List is dated 22d Jannary 1728; George only a few months old in his new authority as yet. The Prussian Majesty grumbles painfully responsive: "Will, with eagerness, do whatever is just; most surely! But *is* his Britannic Majesty aware? Hanover Officials are *quite* misinformed as to the circumstances;" — and

does not return any of the men. Merely a pacific grumble, and nothing done in regard to the complaints. Then there is the Meadow of Clamei which we spoke of: "That belongs to Brandenburg, you say? Nevertheless the contiguous parts of Hanover have rights upon it. Some 'eight cart-loads of hay,' worth say almost 5*l.* or 10*l.* sterling: who is to mow that grass, I wonder?" —

Friedrich Wilhelm feels that all this is a pettifogging vexatious course of procedure; and that his little Cousin the *Comödiant* is not treating him very like a gentleman. "Is he, your Majesty!" suggests the Smoking Parliament. — About the middle of March, Dubourgay hears Borck, an Official not of the Grumkow party, sulkily commenting on "the constant hostility of the Hanover Ministry to us" in all manner of points; — inquires withal, Could not Mecklenburg be somehow settled, his Prussian Majesty being somewhat anxious upon it?* Anxious, yes: his poor Majesty, intensely meditative of such a matter in the night-watches, is capable of springing out of bed, with an "Eureka! I have found what will do!" and demanding writing materials. He writes or dictates in his shirt, the good anxious Majesty; despatches his Eureka by estafette on the wings of the wind: and your Townshend, your *un-meditative* George, receives it with curt official negative, and a polite sneer.**

A few weeks farther on, this is what the News-

* Despatch, 17th March 1729.

** Dubourgay, 12th-14th April 1729; and the Answer from St. James's.

papers report of Mecklenburg, in spite of his Prussian Majesty's desire to have some mercy shown the poor infatuated Duke: "The Elector of Hanover and the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel," his Britannic Majesty and Squire in that sad Business, "*refuse* to withdraw "their forces out of Mecklenburg, or part with the "Chest of the Revenues thereof, until an entire satisfaction be given them for the arrears of the Charges "they have been at in putting the Sentence of the "Aulic Council" (Kaiser's *Reichshofrath* and rusty thunder) "against the said Duke."*

Matters grew greatly worse when George paid his first Visit to Hanover in character of King, early in the Summer of 1729. Part of his road lies through Prussian territory: "Shall he have free post-horses, as his late Majesty was wont?" asks the Prussian Official person. "If he write to request them, yes," answers Friedrich Wilhelm; "if he 'don't write, no." George does not write; pays for his post-horses; — flourishes along to Hanover, in absolute silence towards his clownish Brother-in-law. You would say he looks over the head of him, as if there were no such clown in existence; — he has never yet so much as notified his arrival. "What is this? There exists no Prussia, then, for little George?" Friedrich Wilhelm's inarticulate, interjectionary utterances, in clangorous metallic tone, we can fancy them, now and then; and the Tobacco-

* Salmon's *Chronological Historian* (London, 1748, — a Book never to be quoted without caution), II. 216; — date (translated into new style), 10th July 1729.

Parliament is busy! British Minister Dubourgay, steady old military gentleman, who spells imperfectly, but is intent to keep down mischief, writes at last to Hanover, submissively suggesting, "Could not, as was the old wont, some notification of the King's arrival be sent hither, which would console his Prussian Majesty?" To which my Lord Townshend answers, "Has not been the custom, I am informed" (*wrong* informed, your Lordship); "not necessary in the circumstances." Which is a high course between neighbours, and royal gentlemen and kinsfolk. The Prussian Court hereupon likewise shuts its lips; no mention of the Hanoverian Court, not even by her Majesty and to Englishmen, for several weeks past.* Some inarticulate metallic growl, in private, at dinner or in the *Tabaks-Collegium*: the rest is truculent silence. Nor are our poor Hanover Recruits (according to our List of Pressed Hanoverians) in the least sent back; nor the Clamei Meadows settled; "Big Meadow" or "Little one," both of which the Brandenburgers have mown in the mean time.

Hanover Pressed men not coming home, — I think, not one of them, — the Hanover Officials decide to seize such Prussian Soldiers as happen to be seizable, in Hanover Territory. The highway in that border country, runs now on this side of the march, now on that; — watch well, and you will get Prussian soldiers from time to time! Which the Hanover people do; and seize several, common men and even officers. Here

* Dubourgay.

is once more a high course of proceeding. Here is coal to raise smoke enough, if well blown upon, — which, with Seckendorf and Grumkow working the bellows, we may well fancy it was! But listen to what follows, independently of bellows.

On the 28th June 1729, hay lying now quite dry upon the Meadow of Clamei, lo, the Bailiff of Hanoverian Bühlitz, — Unpicturesque Traveller will find the peat-smoky little Village of Bühlitz near by a dusty little Town called Lüchow, midway from Hamburg to Magdeburg; altogether peaty, mossy country; in the Salzwedel district, where used to be Wendic populations, and a Mark or Border Fortress of Salzwedel set up against them: — Bailiff of Bühlitz, I say, sallies forth with several carts, with all the population of the Village, with a troop of horse to escort, and probably flags flying and some kind of drums beating; — publicly rakes together the hay, defiant of the Prussian Majesty and all men; loads it on his carts, and rolls home with it; leaving to the Brandenburgers nothing but stubble, and the memory of having mown for Hanover to eat. This is the 28th June 1729; King of Prussia is now at Magdeburg, reviewing his troops; within a hundred miles of these contested quag-countries: who can blame him that he flames-up now into clear blaze of royal indignation? The correspondence henceforth becomes altogether lively: but in the Britannic Archives there is nothing of it, — Dubourgay having received warning from my Lord Townshend to be altogether ignorant of the matter henceforth, and

let the Hanover Officials manage it. His Prussian Majesty returns home in the most tempestuous condition.

We may judge what a time Queen Sophie had of it; what scenes there were with Crown-Prince Friedrich and Wilhelmina, in her Majesty's Apartment and elsewhere! Friedrich Wilhelm is fast mounting to the redhot pitch. The bullyings, the beatings even, of these poor Children, love-sick one of them, are lamentable to hear of, as all the world has heard: — "Disobedient unnatural whelps, biting the heels of your poor old parent mastiff in his extreme need, what is to be done with you?" Fritz he often enough beats, gives a slap to with his rattan; has hurled a plate at him, on occasion, when bad topics rose at table; nay at Wilhelmina too, she says: but the poor children always ducked, and nothing but a little noise, and loss of crockery ensued. Fritz he deliberately detests, as a servant of the Devil, incorrigibly rebelling against the paternal will, and going on those dissolute courses: a silly French cockatoo, suspected of disbelief in Scripture; given to nothing but fiving and playbooks; who will bring Prussia and himself to a bad end. "God grant he do not finish on the gallows!" sighed the sad Father once to Grumkow. The records of these things lie written far and wide, in the archives of many countries as well as in Wilhelmina's Book.

To me there was one undiplomatic reflection continually present: Heavens, could nobody have got a *bit of rope*, and hanged those two Diplomatic swindlers;

clearly of the scoundrel genus, more than common pickpockets are? Thereby had certain young hearts, and honest old ones too, escaped being broken; and many a thing might have gone better than it did. *Jarni-Bleu*, Herr Feldzeugmeister, though you are an orthodox Protestant, this thousandfold perpetual habit of distilled-lying seems to me a bad one. I do not blame an old military gentleman, with a brow so puckered as yours, for having little of the milk of human kindness so-called: but this of breaking, by force of lies merely, and for your own uses, the hearts of poor innocent creatures, nay of grinding them slowly in the mortar, and employing their Father's hand to do it withal; this — Herr General, forgive me, but there are moments when I feel as if the extinction of probably the intensest scoundrel of that epoch might have been a satisfactory event! — Alas, it could not be. Seckendorf is lying abroad for his Kaiser; “the only really able man we have,” says Eugene sometimes. Snuffles and lisps; and travels in all, as they count, about 25,000 miles, keeping his Majesty in company. Here are some glimpses into the interior, dull but at first-hand, which are worth clipping and condensing from Dubourgay, with their dates:

30th July 1729. To the respectable old Brigadier, this day or yesterday, “her Majesty, all in tears, complained of her situation: King is nigh losing his senses on account of the differences with Hanover; goes from bed to bed in the night-time, and from chamber to chamber, ‘like one whose brains are turned.’ Took a fit, at two in the morning, lately, to be

“off to Wusterhausen:” — about a year ago Seckendorf and Grumkow had built a Lodge out there, where his Majesty, when he liked, could be snug and private with them: thither his Majesty now rushed, at two in the morning; but seemingly found little assuagement. “Since his return, he gives himself up entirely to drink: — Seckendorf,” the snuffling Belial, “is busy, above ground and below; has been heard saying, He alone could settle these businesses, Double-Mariage and all, would her Majesty but trust him!” —

“The King will not suffer the Prince-Royal to sit next his Majesty at table, but obliges him to go to the lower end; where things are so ordered,” says the sympathetic Dubourgay, “that the poor Prince often rises without getting one bit,” — woe’s me! “Insomuch that the Queen was obliged two days ago” (28th July 1729, let us date such an occurrence) “to send, by one of the servants who could be trusted, a Box of cold fowls and other eatables for his Royal Highness’s subsistence!” *

In the first blaze of the outrage at Clamei, Friedrich Wilhelm’s ardent mind suggested to him the method of single combat: defiance of George, by cartel, To give the satisfaction of a gentleman. There have been such instances on the part of Sovereigns; though they are rare: Karl Ludwig of the Pfalz, Winter-king’s Son, for example, did, as is understood, challenge Turenne for burning the Pfalz (*first* burning that poor country got); but nothing came of it, owing to Turenne’s prudence. Friedrich Wilhelm sees well that it all comes from George’s private humour: Why should human blood be shed except George’s and mine?

* Dubourgay, 30th July 1729.

Friedrich Wilhelm is decisive for sending off the cartel; he has even settled the particulars, and sees in his glowing poetic mind how the transaction may be: say, at Hildesheim for place; Derschau shall be my second; Brigadier Sutton (if anybody now know such a man) may be his. Seconds, place and general outline he has schemed out, and fixed, so far as depends on one party; will fairly fence and fight this insolent little Royal Gentleman; give the world a spectacle (which might have been very wholesome to the world) of two Kings voiding their quarrel by duel and fair personal fence.

In England the report goes, "not without foundation," think Lord Hervey and men of sarcastic insight in the higher circles, That it was his Britannic Majesty who "sent or would have sent a challenge of single "combat to his Prussian Majesty," the latter being the passive party! Report flung into an *inverse* posture, as is liable to happen; "going" now with its feet uppermost; "not without foundation," thinks Lord Hervey. "But whether it" (the cartel) "was carried and re-jected, or whether the prayers and remonstrances of "Lord Townshend prevented the gauntlet being actually "thrown down, is a point which, to me" (Lord Hervey) "at least, has never been cleared."*

The Prussian Ministers, no less than Townshend would, feel well that this of Duel will never do. Astonishment, *flebile ludibrium*, tragical tehee from gods and men, will come of the Duel! But how to turn it aside?

* Lord Hervey: *Memoirs of George II.* (London, 1848), i. 127.

For the King is determined. His truculent veracity of mind points out this as the real way for him; reasoning, entreating are to no purpose. "The true method, I tell you! As to the world and its cackling, — let the world cackle!" At length Borck hits on a consideration: "Your Majesty has been ill lately; hand perhaps not so steady as usual? Now if it should turn out that your Majesty proved so inferior to yourself as to — Good Heavens!" This, it is said, was the point that staggered his Majesty. Tobacco-Parliament, and Borck there, pushed its advantage: the method of duel (prevalent through the early part of July, I should guess) was given up.* Why was there no Hansard in that Institution of the Country? Patience, idle reader! We shall get some scraps of the Debates, on other subjects, by and by. — But hear Dubourgay again, in the absence of Morning Newspapers:

August 9th, 1729. "Berlin looks altogether warlike. At "Magdeburg they are busy making ovens to bake Ammunition-bread; Artillery is getting hauled out of the Arsenal "here;" all is clangour, din of preparation. "It is said the "King will fall on Mecklenburg;" can at once, if he like. 'These intolerable usages from England' (Seckendorf is rumoured to have said), 'can your Majesty endure them forever? Why not marry the Prince-Royal, at once, to another Princess, and have done with them!' — or words to that effect, as reported by Court-rumour to her Majesty and Dubourgay. And there is a Princess talked of for this match,

* Bielfeld: *Lettres familières et autres* (Second édition, 2 vols. Leide, 1767), l. 117, 118.

Russian Princess, little Czar's Sister (little Czar to have Wilhelmina, Double-Marriage to be with Russia, not with England); but the little Czar soon died, little Czar's Sister went out of sight, or I know not what happened, and only brief rumour came of that.

As for the Crown-Prince, he has not fallen desperate; no; but appears to have strange schemes in him, deep under cover. "He has said to a confidant" (Wilhelmina, it is probable), "'As to his ill-treatment, he well knew to free himself of that'" (will fly to foreign parts, your Highness?), "'and would have done so long since, were it not for his Sister, upon whom the whole weight of his Father's resentment would then fall. Happen what will, therefore, he is resolved to share with her all the hardships which the King his Father may be pleased to put upon her.'"* Means privately a flight to England, Dubourgay sees, and in a reticent diplomatic way is glad to see.

I possess near a dozen Hanoverian and Prussian Despatches upon this strange Business; but should shudder to inflict them on any innocent reader. Clear, grave Despatches, very brief and just, especially on the Prussian side: and on a matter, too, which truly is not lighter than any other Despatch matter of that intrinsically vacant Epoch: — O reader, would I could bury all vacant talk and writing whatsoever, as I do these poor Despatches about the "eight cartloads of hay!" Friedrich Wilhelm is fairplay itself; will do all things that Earth or Heaven can require of him. Only, he is much in a hurry withal; and of this the Hanover

* Dubourgay, 11th August 1729.

Officials take advantage, perhaps unconsciously, to keep him in provocation. He lies awake at night, his heart is sore, and he has fled to drink. Towards the middle of August, — here again is a phenomenon, — “he springs out of bed in the middle of night,” has again an *Eureka* as to this of Clamei: “Eureka, I see now what will bring a settlement!” and sends off post-haste to Kannegiesser at Hanover. To Kannegiesser, — Herr Reichenbach, the special Envoy in this matter, being absent at the moment, gone to the Göhrde, I believe, where Britannic Majesty itself is: but Kannegiesser is there, upon the Ahlden Heritages; acquainted with the ground, a rather precise official man, who will serve for the hurry we are in. Post-haste; dove with olive-branch cannot go too quick! — Kannegiesser applying for an interview, not with the Britannic Majesty, who is at Göhrde, hunting, but with the Hanover Council, is — refused admittance. Here are Herr Kannegiesser’s official Reports; which will themselves tell the rest of the story, thank Heaven:

To his Prussian Majesty (From Herr Kannegiesser).

No. 1. “*Done at Hanover, 15th August 1729.*”

“One the 15th day of August at ten o’clock in the morning, “I received Two Orders of Council” (these are *The Eureka*, never ask farther what they are), “despatched on the 13th instant at seven in the evening; whereupon I immediately went “to the Council-chamber here; and informed the Herr von “Hartoff, Privy Secretary, who met me in a room adjoining,

“‘That, having something to propose to his Ministry’” (now sitting deliberative in the interior here; something to propose to his Ministry) “‘on the part of the Prussian Ministers, it “was necessary I should speak to them.’ Herr von Hartoff, “after having reported my demand, let me know, ‘He had “received orders from the Ministry to defer what I had to say “to another time.’

“I replied, ‘That, since I could not be allowed the honour “of an audience at that time, I thought myself obliged to acquaint him I had received an Order from Berlin to apply to “the Ministry of this place, in the name of the Ministers of “Prussia, and make the most pressing instances for a speedy “Answer to a Letter lately delivered to them by Herr Hofrath “Reichenbach’” (my worthy assistant here; Answer to his Letter, in the first place); “‘and to desire that the Answer “might be lodged in my hands, in order to remit it with “safety.’

“Herr von Hartoff returned immediately to the Council-chamber; and after having told the Ministers what I had “said, brought me the following answer, in about half-a- “quarter of an hour,” seven minutes by the watch: “‘That “the Ministers of this Court would not fail answering the said “Letter as soon as possible; and would take care to give me “notice of it, and send the Answer to me.’”

That was all that the punctual Kannegiesser could get out of them. “But,” continues he, “not thinking this reply sufficient, I added, ‘That delays being dangerous, I would come “again the next day for a more precise answer.’”

Rather a highmannered positive man, this Kannegiesser, of the Ahlden Heritages; not without sharpness of temper, if the Hanover Officials drive it too far.

No. 2. "*At Hanover, 16th August 1729.*

"According to the orders received from the King my
"Master, and pursuant of my promise of yesterday, I went at
"noon this day to the Castle (*Schloss*), for the purpose of
"making appearance in the Council-chamber where the Minis-
"ters were assembled.

"I let them know I was there, by Von Hartoff, Privy Se-
"cretary; and, in the mildest terms, desired to be admitted
"to speak with them. Which was refused me a second time;
"and the following answer delivered me by Von Hartoff:
"'"That since the Prussian Ministers had entrusted me with
"this Commission, the Ministers of this Court had directed him
"to draw up my yesterday's Proposals in writing, and report
"them to the Council.'

"Whereupon I said, 'I could not conceive any reason why
"I was the only person who could not be admitted to audience.
"That, however, as the Ministers of this Court were pleased
"to authorise him, Herr von Hartoff, to receive my Proposals,
"I was obliged to tell him," as the first or preliminary point
of my Commission, "I had received orders to be very pressing
"with the said Ministers of this Court for an Answer to a
"Letter from the Prussian Ministry, lately delivered by Herr
"Legationsrath von Reichenbach; and finding that the said
"Answer was not yet finished, I would stay two days for it,
"that I might be more secure of getting it. But that then I
"should come to put them in mind of it, and desire audience
"in order to acquit myself of the *rest* of my Commission.'

"The Privy Secretary drew up what I said in writing.
"Immediately afterwards he reported it to the Ministry, and
"brought me this answer: 'That the Ministers of this Court
"would be as good as their word of yesterday, and answer the
"above-mentioned Letter with all possible expedition.' After
"which we parted."

No. 3. "*At Hanover, 17th August 1729.*

"At two in the afternoon, this day, Herr von Hartoff came
"to my house; and let me know 'He had business of conse-
"quence from the Ministry, and that he would return at five.'
"By my direction he was told, 'I should expect him.'

"At the time appointed he came; and told me, 'That
"the Ministers of the Court, understanding from him that I
"designed to ask audience tomorrow, did not doubt but my
"business would be to remind them of the Answer which I had
"demanded yesterday and the day before. That such appli-
"cations were not customary among sovereign Princes; that
"they" the Ministers "dared not treat farther in that affair
"with me; that they desired me not to mention it to them
"again till they had received directions from his Britannic
"Majesty, to whom they had made their report; and that as
"soon as they received their instructions, the result of these
"should be communicated to me.'

"To this I replied, 'That I did not expect the Ministers
"of this Court would refuse me the audience which I designed
"to ask tomorrow; and that therefore I would not fail of being
"at the Council-chamber, at eleven, next day," according
to bargain, "to know their answer to the rest of my Pro-
"posals.' — Secretary Von Hartoff would not hear of this
"resolution; and assured me positively he had orders to listen
"to nothing more on the subject from me. After which he
"left me."

No. 4. "*At Hanover, 18th August 1729.*

"At eleven, this day, I went to the Council-chamber,
"for the third time; and desired Secretary Hartoff 'To pre-
"vail with the Ministry to allow me to speak with them, and
"communicate what the King of Prussia had ordered me to
"propose.'

“Herr von Hartoff gave them an account of my request; and brought me for answer, ‘That I must wait a little, because the Ministers were not yet all assembled.’” Which I did. “But after having made me stay almost an hour, and after the President of the Council was come, Herr von Hartoff came out to me; and repeated what he had said yesterday, in very positive and absolute terms, ‘That the Ministers were resolved not to see me, and had expressly forbid him taking any Paper at my hands.’

“To which I replied, ‘That this was very hard usage; and the world would see how the King of Prussia would relish it. But having strict orders from his Majesty, my most gracious Master, to make a Declaration to the Ministers of Hanover in his name; and finding Herr von Hartoff would neither receive it, nor take a copy of it, I had only to tell him that I was under the necessity of leaving it in writing, — and had brought the Paper with me,’” let Herr von Hartoff observe! — “‘And that now, as the Council were pleased to refuse to take it, I was obliged to leave the said Declaration on a table in an adjoining room, in the presence of Herr von Hartoff and other Secretaries of the Council, whom I desired to lay it before the Ministry.’

“After this I went home; but had scarcely entered my apartment, when a messenger returned me the Declaration, still sealed as I left it, by order of the Ministers: and perceiving I was not inclined to receive it, he laid it on my table, and immediately left the house.”*

* A Letter from an English Traveller to his Friend at London, relating to the Differences betwixt the Courts of Prussia and Hanover, with Copies of &c. Translated from the French (London, A. Millar, at Buchanan's Head, 1730), pp. 29-34. An excellent distinct little Pamphlet; very explanatory in this matter, — like the smallest rushlight in a dark cellar of shot lumber.

Whereupon Kannegiesser, without loss of a moment, returns to Berlin, 19th August; and reports progress.

Simple honest Orson of a Prussian Majesty, what a bepainted beribanded insulting Playactor Majesty has he fallen in with! — “Hm, so? Hm, na!” and I see the face of him, all colours of the prism, and eyes in a fine frenzy; betokening thundery weather to some people! Instantly he orders 44,000 men to get on march;* and these instantly begin to stir; small preparation needed, ever-ready being the word with them. From heavy guns, ammunition-wagons and draught-horses, down to the last buckle of a spatterdash, things are all ticketed and ready in his Majesty’s country; things, and still more evidently men. Within a week, the amazed Gazetteers (Newspaper Editors we now call them) can behold the actual advent of horse, foot and artillery regiments at Magdeburg; actual rendezvous begun, and with a frightful equable velocity going on day after day. On the 15th day of September, if Fate’s almanac hold steady, there will be 44,000 of them ready there. Such a mass of potential battle as George or the Hanover Officiality are — ready to fight?

Alas, far enough from that. Forces of their own they have, after a sort; subsidised Hessians, Danes, these they can begin to stir up; but they have not a regiment ready for fighting: and have *nothing*, if all were ready, which this 44,000 cannot too probably sweep out of the world. I suppose little George must

* Friedrich Wilhelm’s ‘Manifesto’ is in Mauvillon, ii. 210-215, dated “20th August 1729” (the day after Kannegiesser’s return).

have exhibited some prismatic colours of countenance, too. This insulted Orson is swinging a tremendous club upon the little peruked ribanded high gentleman, promenading loftily in his preserves yonder! The Prussian forces march, steady, continual; Crown-Prince Friedrich's regiment of Giants is on march, expressly under charge of Friedrich himself: — the young man's thoughts are not recorded for us; only that he gets praise from his Father, so dextrous and perfect is he with the Giants and their getting into gear. Nor is there, says our Foreign Correspondent, the least truth in your rumour that the Prussian forces, officers or men, marched with bad will; "conspicuously the reverse is the truth, as I myself can testify." * And his Britannic Majesty, now making a dreadful flutter to assemble as fast as possible, is like to get quite flung into the bogs by this terrible Orson! —

What an amazement among the Gazetteers: thunder-clouds of war mounting up over the zenith in this manner, and blotting out the sun; — may produce an effect on the Congress of Soissons? Presumably: and his Imperial Majesty, left sitting desolate on his Pragmatic Sanction, gloomily watching events, may find something turn up to his advantage? Prussia and England are sufficiently in quarrel, at any rate; perhaps almost too much. — The Pope, in these circumstances, did a curious thing. The Pope, having prayed lately for rain and got it, proceeds now, in the end of Sep-

* Pamphlet cited above.

tember, while such war-rumours are still at their height in Rome, to pray, or even do a Public Mass, or some other so-called Pontificality, "in the Chapel of Philip Neri in the new Church," by way of still more effectual miracle. Prays, namely, That Heaven would be graciously pleased to foment, and blow up to the proper degree, this quarrel between the two chief Heretic Powers, Heaven's chief enemies, whereby Holy Religion might reap a good benefit, if it pleased Heaven. But, this time, the miracle did not go off according to program. *

For at this point, before the Pope had prayed, but while the troops and artillery were evidently all on march ("Such an artillery as I," who am Kaiser's Artillery-Master, "for my poor part never had the happiness to see before in any country," snuffles Seckendorf in the Smoking Parliament), and now swords are, as it were, drawn, and in the air make horrid circles, — the neighbours interfere: "Heavens! put up your swords!" — and the huge world-wide tumult suddenly (I think, in the very first days of this month September) collapses, sinks into something you can put into a snuff-box.

Of course it could never come to actual battle, after all. Too high a pickleherring tragedy that. Here is a *Comödiant* not wanting to be smitten into the bogs; an honest Orson who wants nothing, nor has ever

* "Extract of a Letter from Rome, 24th September 1729," in *Townshend's Despatch*, Whitehall, 10th October 1729.

wanted, but fairplay. Fairplay; — and not to be insulted on the streets, or have one's poor Hobby quite knocked from under one! — Neighbours, as we say, struck in; France, Holland, all the neighbours, at this point: "Do it by arbitration; Wolfenbüttel for the one, Sachsen-Gotha for the other; Commissioners to meet at Brunswick!" And that, accordingly, was the course fixed upon; and settlement, by that method, was accomplished, without difficulty, in some six months hence.* Whether Clamei was awarded to Hanover or to Brandenburg, I never knew, or how the hay of it is cut at this moment. I only know there was no battle on the subject; though at one time there was like to be such a clash of battle, as the old Markgrafs never had with their old Wends; not if we put all their battlings into one.

Seckendorf's radiant brow has to pucker itself again: this fine project, of boiling the Kaiser's eggs by setting the world on fire, has not prospered, after all. The gloomy old villain came to her Majesty one day,** while things were near the hottest; and said or insinuated, He was the man that could do these businesses, and bring about the Double-Marriage itself, if her Majesty were not so harsh upon him. Whereupon her Majesty, reporting to Dubourgay, threw out the hint, "What if we (that is, you) did give him a forty or fifty thousand thalers verily, for he will do anything for money?" To which Townshend answers from the

* 16th April 1780 (Förster, ii. 105).

** Dubourgay, 30th July 1729.

Göhrde, to the effect: "Pooh, he is a mere bag of noxious futilities; consists of gall mainly, and rusty old lies and crotchets; breathing very copperas through those old choppy lips of his: let him go to the —!" Next Spring, at the happy end of the Arbitration, which he had striven all he could to mar and to retard, he fell quite ill; took to his bed for two days, — colics, or one knows not what; — "and I can't say I am very sorry for him," writes the respectable Dubourgay.*

On the 8th day of September 1729, Friedrich Crown-Prince reënters Potsdam** with his Two battalions of Giants; he has done so well, the King goes out from Berlin to see him march in with them; rejoicing to find something of a soldier in the young graceless, after all. "The King distributed 100,000 "thalers (15,000*l.*) among his Army;" being well pleased with their behaviour, and doubtless right glad to be out of such a Business. The Ahlden Heritages will now get liquidated; Mecklenburg, — our Knyp-hausen, with the Hanover Consorts, will settle Mecklenburg; and all shall be well again, we hope! —

The fact, on some of these points, turned out different; but it was now of less importance. As to Knyp-hausen's proceedings at Mecklenburg, after the happy Peace, they were not so successful as had been hoped. Need of quarrel, however, between the Majesties, there henceforth was not in Mecklenburg; and if slight rufflings and collisions did arise, it was not till after our

* 25th April 1730.

** *Ib.* 11th Sept. 1729.

poor Double-Marriage was at any rate quite out of the game, and they are without significance to us. But the truth is, though Knyphausen did his best, no settlement came; nor indeed could ever come. Shall we sum up that sorry matter here, and wash our hands of it?

Troubles of Mecklenburg, for the last time.

Knyphausen, we say, proved futile; nor could human wit have succeeded. The exasperated Duke was contumacious, irrational; the two Majesties kept pulling different ways upon him. Matters grew from very bad to worse; and Mecklenburg continued long a running sore. Not many months after this (I think, still in 1729), the irrational Duke, having got money out of Russia, came home again from Dantzic; to notable increase of the Anarchies in Mecklenburg, though without other result for himself. The irrational Duke proved more contumacious than ever, fell into deeper trouble than ever; — at length (1733) he made Proclamation to the Peasantry to rise and fight for him; who did turn out, with their bill-hooks and bludgeons, under Captains named by him, “to the amount of 18,000 Peasants,” — with such riot as may be fancied, but without other result. So that the Hanover Commissioners decided to seize the very *Residenz* Cities (Schwerin and Domitz) from this mad Duke, and make the country clear of him, — his Brother being Interim Manager *always*, under countenance of the Commis-

sioners. Which transactions, especially which contemplated seizure of the Residence Cities, Friedrich Wilhelm, eventual heir, could not see with equanimity at all. But having no forces in the country, what could he do? Being "Joint-Commissioner" this long while past, though without armed interference hitherto, he privately resolves that he will have forces there; the rather as the poor Duke professes penitence, and flies to him for help. Poor soul, his Russian Unique of Wives has just died, far enough away from him this long while past: what a life they have had, these two Uniques!—

Enough, "on the 19th of October 1733, Lieutenant-General Schwerin," — the same who was Colonel Schwerin, the Duke's chief Captain here, at the beginning of these troubles, now Lieutenant-General and a distinguished *Prussian* officer, — "marches into Mecklenburg with three regiments, one of foot, two of horse:"* he, doubtless, will help in quelling those Peasant and other Anarchies? Privately his mission is most delicate. He is not to fight with the Hanoverians; is delicately but effectually to shove them well away from the Residence Cities, and fasten himself down in those parts. Which the Lieutenant-General dextrously does. "A night's quarter here in Parchim," — such is the Lieutenant-General's request, polite but impressive, from the outskirts of that little Town, a Town essential to certain objects, and in fact the point he is aiming at: "night's quarter; you cannot refuse it to this Prussian Company marching under the Kaiser's

* Buchholz, i. 122, 142; Michaelis, ii. 433, 437.

Commission?" No, the Hanoverian Lieutenant of Foot dare not take upon him to refuse: — but next morning, he is himself invited to withdraw, the Prussians having orders to continue here in Parchim! And so with the other points and towns, that are essential in the enterprise on hand. A dextrous Lieutenant-General this Schwerin: — his two Horse-Colonels are likewise men to be noted; Colonel Wreech, with a charming young wife, perhaps a too charming; Colonel Truchsess von Waldburg, known afterwards, with distinction, in London Society and widely otherwise. And thus, in the end of 1733, the Mecklenburg Residence Cities, happen what may, are secured for their poor irrational Duke. These things may slightly ruffle some tempers at Hanover; but it is now 1733, and our poor Double-Marriage is clean out of the game by that time! —

The irrational Duke could not continue in his Residence Cities, with the Brother administering over him; still proving contumacious, he needed absolutely to be driven out, to Wismar or I know not whither; went wandering about for almost twenty years to come; disturbed, and stirring-up disturbance. Died, 1747, still in that sad posture; Interim Brother, with Posterity, succeeding.* But Hanover and Prussia interfered no farther; the Brother administered on his own footing, "supported by troops hired from Hamburg. Hanover "and Prussia, 400 Hanoverians, 200 Prussians, merely "retained hold of their respective Hypothecs" (Districts held in pawn) "till the expenses should be paid," —

* Michaelis, ii. 434-440.

million of *thalers*, and by those late anarchies, a new heavy score run up.

Prussia and Hanover retained hold of their Hypothecs; for as to the expenses, what hope was there? Fifty years hence we find the Prussian Hypothecs occupied as at first; and "rights of enlistment exercised." Never in this world were those expenses paid; nor could be, any part of them. The last accounts were: George III. of England, on marrying, in 1761, a Mecklenburg Princess, — "Old Queen Charlotte," then young enough, — handsomely tore up the bill; and so ended that part of a desperate debt. But of the Prussian part there was no end, nor like to be any: "down to this day" (says Buchholz, in 1775) "two squadrons of the Ziethen Hussars usually lie there," and rights of enlisting are exercised. I conclude, the French Revolution and its Wars wiped away this other desperate item. And now let us hope that Mecklenburg is better off than formerly, — that, at least, our hands are clear of it in time coming. I add only, with satisfaction, that this Unique of Dukes was no ancestor of Old Queen Charlotte's, but only a remote Welsh-Uncle, far enough apart; — cannot be too far.

*One Nüssler settles the Ahlden Heritages; sends
Money home in Boxes.*

Knyphausen did not settle Mecklenburg, as we receive! Neither did Kannegiesser and the unliquid Heritages prosper, at Hanover, quite to perfection.

Heritage, that of Uncle Osnabrück, little George flatly refused to share: *Feudum* the whole of that, not *Allodium* any part of it, so that a Sister cannot claim. Which, I think, was confirmed by the Arbitrators at Brunswick; thereby ending that. Then as to the Ahlden *Allodia* or *Feuda*, — Kannegiesser, blamably or not, never could make much of the business. A precise strict man, as we saw at the Hanover Council-room lately; whom the Hanover people did not like. So he made little of it. Nay at the end of next year (December 1730), sending-in his accounts to Berlin, he demands, in addition to the three thalers (or nine shillings) daily allowed him, almost a second nine shillings for sundries, chiefly for “hairpowder and shoeblacking”! And is instantly recalled; and vanishes from History at this point.*

Upon which Friedrich Wilhelm selects another; “sends deal boxes along with him,” to bring home what cash there is. This one’s name is Nüssler; an expectant Prussian Official, an adroit man, whom we shall meet again doing work. He has the nine shillings a-day, without hair-powder or blacking, while employed here; at Berlin no constant salary whatever, — had to “borrow 75*l.* for outfit on this business;” — does a great deal of work without wages, in hope of effective promotion by and by. Which did follow, after tedious years; Friedrich Wilhelm finding him, on such proof (other proof will not do) *fit* for promoting to steady employment.

* Büsching: *Beyträge*, i. 307, &c., § Nüssler.

Nüssler was very active at Hanover, and had his deal boxes; but hardly got them filled according to hope. However, in some eighteen months he had actually worked out, in difficult instalments, about 13,000/, and dug the matter to the bottom. He came home with his last instalment, not disapproved of, to Berlin (May 1732); six years after the poor Duchess's death. So the Ahlden *Allodia* too had their end.

CHAPTER VII.

A MARRIAGE; NOT THE DOUBLE-MARRIAGE: CROWN-PRINCE
DEEP IN TROUBLE.

WHILE the Hanover Imminency was but beginning, and horrid crisis of War or Duel was yet in nobody's thoughts, the Anspach Wedding* had gone on at Berlin. To Friedrich Wilhelm's satisfaction; not to his Queen's, the match being but a poor one. The bride was Frederika Louisa, not the eldest of their Daughters, but the next-eldest; younger than Wilhelmina, and still hardly fifteen; the first married of the Family. Very young she; and gets a very young Margraf, — who has been, and still is a minor; under his Mother's guardianship till now: not rich, and who has not had a good chance to be wise. The Mother, an excellent magnanimous Princess, still young and beautiful, but labouring silently under some mortal disease, — has done her best to manage for him these last four or five years;** and, as I gather, is impatient to see him settled, that she may retire and die.

* 30th May 1729.

** Pöllnitz: *Memoirs and Letters* (English Translation, London, 1745), 1. 200–204. There are "*Memoirs of Pöllnitz*," then "*Memoirs and Letters*," besides the "*Memoirs of Brandenburg*" (posthumous, which we often cite); all by this poor man. Only the last has any Historical value, and that not much. The first two are only worth consulting, cautiously, as loose contemporary babble, — written for the Dutch Booksellers, one can perceive.

Friday forenoon, 19th May 1729, the young Margraf arrived in person at Berlin, — just seventeen gone Saturday last, poor young soul, and very foolish. Sublime royal carriage met him at the Prussian frontier; and this day, what is more interesting, our “Crown-Prince rides out to meet him; mounts into the royal carriage beside him;” and the two young fools drive, in such a cavalcade of hoofs and wheels, — talking we know not what, — into Potsdam; met by his Majesty and all the honours. What illustrious gala there then was in Potsdam and the Court world, read, — with tedium, unless you are in the tailor line, — described with minute distinctness by the admiring Fassmann.* There are Generals, high Ladies, sons of Bellona and Latona; there are dinners, there are haut-boys, — “two-and-thirty blackamoors,” in flaming uniforms, capable of cymballing and hautboying “up the grand staircase, and round your table, and down again,” in a frightfully effective manner, while you dine. Madam Kamecke is to go as Oberhofmeisterinn to Anspach; and all the lackeys destined thither are in their new liveries, blue turned up with red velvet. Which is delightful to see. Review of the Giant grenadiers cannot fail; conspicuous on parade with them our Crown-Prince as Lieutenant-Colonel: “the beauty of this Corps as well as the perfection of their *exercitia*,” — ah yes, we know it, my dim old friend. The Marriage itself followed, at Berlin, after many *exercitia*, snipe-shootings, feastings, hautboyings; on the 30th of the month; with

* pp. 396-401.

torch-dance and the other customary trimmings; "Bride's garter cut in snips" for dreaming upon "by his Royal Majesty himself." The *Lustbarkeiten*, the stupendous public entertainments, having ended, there is weeping and embracing (*more humano*); and the happy couple, so-called happy, retire to Anspach with their destinies and effects.

A foolish young fellow, this new Brother-in-law, testifies Wilhelmina in many places. Finances in disorder; Mother's wise management, ceasing too soon, has only partially availed. King "has lent some hundreds of thousands of crowns to Anspach" (says Friedrich at a later period), "which there is no chance "of ever being repaid. All is in disorder there, in the "finance way: if the Markgraf get his hunting and his "heroning, he laughs at all the rest; and his people "pluck him bare at every hand."*

Nor do the married couple agree to perfection; — far from it: "hate one another like cat and dog (like the fire, *comme le feu*)," says Friedrich:** "his Majesty may see what comes of ill-assorted marriages!" — In fact, the union proved none of the most harmonious; subject to squalls always; — but to squalls only; no open tempest, far less any shipwreck: the marriage held together till death, the Husband's death, nearly thirty years after, divided it. There was then left one Son; the same who at length inherited Baireuth too, — inherited Lady Craven, — and died in Bubb Doddington's Mansion, as we often teach our readers.

* Schulenburg's Letter (in Förster, iii. 72).

** Correspondence (more than once).

Last year, the Third Daughter was engaged to the Heir-Apparent of Brunswick; will be married, when of age. Wilhelmina, flower of them all, still hangs on the bush, "asked," or supposed to be "asked, by four Kings," but not attained by any of them; and one knows not what will be her lot. She is now risen out of the sickness she has had, — not small-pox at all, as malicious English rumour gave it in England; — and "looks prettier than ever," writes Dubourgay.

Here is a Marriage, then; first in the Family; — but not the Double-Marriage, by a long way! The late Hanover Tornado, sudden Waterspout as we called it, has quenched that Negotiation; and one knows not in what form it will resuscitate itself. The royal mind, both at Berlin and St. James's, is in a very uncertain state after such a phenomenon.

Friedrich Wilhelm's favour for the Crown-Prince, marching home so gallantly with his Potsdam Giants, did not last long. A few weeks later in the Autumn we have again ominous notices from Dubourgay. And here, otherwise obtained, is a glimpse into the interior of the Berlin Schloss; momentary perfect clearness, as by a flash of lightning, on the state of matters there; which will be illuminative to the reader.

Crown-Prince's Domesticities seen in a flash of lightning.

This is another of those tragi-comic scenes, tragic enough in effect, between Father and Son; Son now

about eighteen, — fit to be getting through Oxford, had he been an English gentleman of private station. It comes from the irrefragable Nicolai; who dates it about this time, uncertain as to month or day.

Fritz's love of music, especially of fluting, is already known to us. Now a certain Quantz was one of his principal instructors in that art, and indeed gave him the last finish of perfection in it. Quantz, famed Saxon music-master and composer, Leader of the Court-Band in Saxony, king of flute-players in his day, — (a village-farrier's son from the Göttingen region, and himself destined to shoe horses, had not imperative Nature prevailed over hindrances); — Quantz, ever from Fritz's sixteenth year, was wont to come occasionally, express from Dresden for a week or two, and give the young man lessons on the flute. The young man's Mother, good Queen Feeke, had begged this favour for him from the Saxon Sovereignties; and pleaded hard for it at home, or at worst kept it secret there. It was one of the many good maternities, clandestine and public, which she was always ready to achieve for him where possible; — as he also knew full well in his young grateful heart, and never forgot, however old he grew! Illustrious Quantz, we say, gives Fritz lessons on the flute; and here is a scene they underwent; — they and a certain brisk young soldier fellow, Lieutenant von Katte, who was there too; of whom the reader will tragically hear more in time.

On such occasions Fritz was wont to pull-off the tight Prussian coat or *coatie*, and clap himself into

flowing brocade of the due roominess and splendour,—bright scarlet dressing-gown, done in gold, with tags and sashes complete;—and so, in a temporary manner, feel that there was such a thing as a gentleman's suitable apparel. He would take his music-lessons, follow his clandestine studies, in that favourable dress:—thus Buffon, we hear, was wont to shave, and put-on clean linen, before he sat down to write, finding it more comfortable so. Though again there have been others who could write in considerable disorder; not to say litter, and palpable imperfection of equipment: Samuel Johnson, for instance, did some really grand writing in a room where there was but one chair, and that one incapable of standing unless you sat on it, having only three feet. A man is to fit himself to what is round him: but surely a Crown-Prince may be indulged in a little brocade in his leisure moments! —

Fritz and Quantz sat doing music, an unlawful thing, in this pleasant but also unlawful costume; when Lieutenant Katte, who was on watch in the outer room, rushes in, distraction in his aspect: Majesty just here! Quick, double quick! Katte snatches the music-books and flutes, snatches Quantz; hurries with him and them into some wall-press, or closet for firewood, and stands quaking there. Our poor Prince has flung aside his brocade, got on his military coatie; and would fain seem busy with important or indifferent routine matters. But, alas, he cannot undo the French hairdressing; cannot change the graceful French bag into the strict Prussian queue in a moment. The French bag betrays him; kindles

the paternal vigilance, — alas, the paternal wrath, into a tornado pitch. For his vigilant suspecting Majesty searches about; finds the brocade article behind a screen; crams it, with loud indignation, into the fire; — finds all the illicit French Books; confiscates them on the spot, confiscates all manner of contraband goods; — and there was mere sulphurous whirlwind in those serene spaces for about an hour! If his Majesty had looked into the wood-closet? His Majesty, by Heaven's express mercy, omitted that. Haude the Bookseller was sent for; ordered to carry-off that poisonous French cabinet-library in mass; sell every Book of it, to an undiscerning public, at what price it will fetch. Which latter part of his order, Haude, in deep secrecy, ventured to disobey, being influenced thereto. Haude, in deep secrecy, kept the cabinet-library secure; and "lent" the Prince book after book from it, as his Royal Highness required them.

Friedrich, it is whispered in Tobacco-Parliament, has been known, in his irreverent impatience, to call the Grenadier uniform his "shroud (*Sterbe-kittel*, or death-clothes);" so imprisoning to the young mind and body! Paternal Majesty has heard this blasphemous rumour; hence doubtless, in part, his fury against the wider brocade garment.

It was Quantz himself that reported this explosion to authentic Nicolai, many years afterwards; confessing that he trembled, every joint of him, in the wood-closet, that hour of hurricane; and the rather as he had on "a

red dress-coat," which colour, foremost of the flaring colours, he knew to be his Majesty's aversion, on a man's back.* Of incomparable Quantz, and his heart-thrilling adagios, we hope to hear transiently again, under joyfuller circumstances. Of Lieutenant von Katte, — a short stout young fellow, with black eyebrows, pock-marked face, and rather dissolute manners, — we shall not fail to hear.

* Nicolai: *Anecdoten* (Berlin, 1790), II. 148.

CHAPTER VIII.

CROWN-PRINCE GETTING BEYOND HIS DEPTH IN TROUBLE.

IT is not certain that the late Imminency of Duel had much to do with such explosions. The Hanover Imminency, which we likened to a tropical waterspout, or sudden thunderous blotting-out of the sky to the astonished Gazetteers, seems rather to have passed away as waterspouts do, — leaving the earth and air, if anything, a little *refreshed* by such crisis. Leaving, that is to say, the two Majesties a little less disposed for open quarrel, or rash utterance of their ill humour in time coming. But, in the mean while, all mutual interests are in a painful state of suspended-animation: in Berlin there is a privately rebellious Spouse and Household, there is a Tobacco-Parliament withal; — and the royal mind, sensitive, imaginative as a poet's, as a woman's, and liable to transports as of a Norse Baresark, is of uncertain movement. Such a load of intricacies and exaggerated anxieties hanging on it, the royal mind goes like the most confused smoke-jack, sure only to *have* revolutions; and we know how, afar from Soissons, and at home in Tobacco-Parliament, the machine is influenced! Enough, the explosive procedures continue, and are on the increasing hand.

Majesty's hunting at Wusterhausen was hardly done,

when that alarming Treaty of Seville came to light (9th November 1729), France and England ranked by the side of Spain, disposing of Princes and Apanages at their will, and a Kaiser left sitting solitary, — which awakens the domestic whirlwinds at Berlin, among other results. “*Canaille Anglaise*, English Doggery!” and similar fine epithets, addressed to Wilhelmina and the Crown-Prince, fly about; not to speak of occasional crockery and other missiles. Friedrich Wilhelm has forbidden these two his presence altogether, except at dinner: Out of my sight, ye *Canaille Anglaise*; darken not the sunlight for me at all!

This is in the Wusterhausen time, — Hanover Imminency only two months gone. And Mamma sends for us to have private dialogues in her Apartment there, with spies out in every direction to make signal of Majesty’s return from his hunt, — who, however, surprises us on one occasion, so that we have to squat for hours, and almost get suffocated.* Whereupon the Crown-Prince, who will be eighteen in a couple of months, and feels the indignity of such things, begs of Mamma to be excused in future. He has much to suffer from his Father again, writes Dubourgay in the end of November: “it is difficult to conceive the vile “stratagems that are made use of to provoke the “Father against the Son.”** Or again, take this, as perhaps marking an epoch in the business, a fortnight farther on:

* Wilhelmina, i. 172.

** Dubourgay, 28th November 1729.

December 10th, 1729. "His Prussian Majesty cannot bear the sight of either the Prince or Princess-Royal. The other day, he asked the Prince; 'Kalkstein makes you English; does not he?'" Kalkstein, your old Tutor, Borck, Knypausen, Finckenstein, they are all of that vile clique! "To which the Prince answered, 'I respect the English because I know the people there love me;' upon which the King seized him by the collar, struck him fiercely with his cane," a fact rained showers of blows upon him; "and it was only by superior strength," thinks Dubourgay, "that the poor Prince escaped worse. There is a general apprehension of something tragical taking place before long."

Truly the situation is so violent, it cannot last. And in effect a wild thought, not quite new, ripens to resolution in the Crown-Prince under such pressures. In reference to which, as we grope and guess, here is Billet to Mamma, which Wilhelmina has preserved. Wilhelmina omits all trace of date, as usual; but Dubourgay, in the above Excerpt, probably supplies that defect:

Friedrich to his Mother (Potsdam, December 1729).

"I am in the uttermost despair. What I had always apprehended has at last come on me. The King has entirely forgotten that I am his Son. This morning I came into his room as usual; at the first sight of me," or at the first passage of Kalkstein-dialogue with me, "he sprang forward, seized me by the collar, and struck me a shower of cruel blows with his rattan. I tried in vain to screen myself, he was in so terrible a rage, almost out of himself; it was only weariness," not my superior strength, "that made him give up."

"I am driven to extremity. I have too much honour to endure such treatment; and I am resolved to put an end to it in one way or another." *

Is not this itself sufficiently tragical? Not the first stroke he had got, we can surmise; but the first torrent of strokes, and open beating like a slave; — which to a proud young man and Prince, at such age, is indeed intolerable. Wilhelmina knows too well what he means by "ending it in one way or another;" but strives to reassure Mamma as to its meaning "flight," or the like desperate resolution. "Mere violence of the moment," argues Wilhelmina; terribly aware that it is deeper rooted than that.

Flight is not a new idea to the Crown-Prince; in a negative form we have seen it present in the minds of bystanders: "a Crown-Prince determined *not* to fly," whispered they.** Some weeks ago, Wilhelmina writes: "The King's bad treatments began again on his reappearance" at Potsdam after the Hunting; "he never saw my Brother without threatening him with his cane. My Brother told me day after day, He would endure everything from the King, only not blows; and that if it ever came to such extremity, he would be prepared to deliver himself by running off." And here, it would seem, the extremity has actually come.

Wilhelmina, pitying her poor Brother, but condem-

* Wilhelmina, i. 175.

** Dubourgay (9th August 1729), *supra*, p. 91.

ning him on many points, continues:* "Lieutenant "Keith," that wild companion of his, "had been gone "some time; stationed in Wesel with his regiment." Which fact let us also keep in mind. "Keith's departure had been a great joy to me; in the hope my "Brother would now lead a more regular life: but it "proved quite otherwise. A second favourite, and a "much more dangerous, succeeded Keith. This was "a young man of the name of Katte, Captain-Lieutenant in the Regiment *Gens-d'Armes*. He was highly "connected in the Army; his Mother had been a "daughter of Feldmarschall Graf von Wartensleben," — a highest dignitary of the last generation. Katte's Father, now a General of distinction, rose also to be Feldmarschall; Cousins too, sons of a Kammer-President von Katte at Magdeburg, rose to Army rank in time coming; but not this poor Katte, — whom let the reader note!

"General Katte his Father," continues Wilhelmina, "had sent him to the Universities, and afterwards to "travel, desiring he should be a Lawyer. But as there "was no favour to expect out of the Army, the young "man found himself at last placed there, contrary to "his expectation. He continued to apply himself to "studies: he had wit, book-culture, acquaintance with "the world; the good company which he continued to "frequent had given him polite manners, to a degree "then rare in Berlin. His physiognomy was rather "disagreeable than otherwise. A pair of thick black

* i. 173-174.

“eyebrows almost covered the eyes of him; his look
“had in it something ominous, presage of the fate he
“met with: a tawny skin, torn by small-pox, increased
“his ugliness. He affected the freethinker, and carried
“libertinism to excess; a great deal of ambition and
“headlong rashness accompanied this vice.” A danger-
ous adviser here in the Berlin element, with lightnings
going! “Such a favourite was not the man to bring
“back my Brother from his follies. This I learned at
“our” (Mamma’s and my) “return to Berlin,” from the
Wusterhausen and the Potsdam tribulations; — and
think of it, not without terror, now that the extremity
seems coming or come!

CHAPTER IX.

DOUBLE-MARRIAGE SHALL BE OR SHALL NOT BE.

FOR one thing, Friedrich Wilhelm, weary of all this English pother and futility, will end the Double-Marriage speculation; Wilhelmina shall be disposed of, and so an end. Friedrich Wilhelm, once the hunting was over at Wusterhausen, ran across, southward, — to “Lubnow,” Wilhelmina calls it, — to Lübben in the Nether Lausitz,* a short day’s drive; there to meet incognito the jovial Polish Majesty, on his route towards Dresden; to see a review or so; and have a little talk with the ever-cheerful Man of Sin. Grumkow and Seckendorf, of course these accompany; Majesty’s shadow is not surer.

Review was held at Lübben, Weissenfels Commander-in-chief taking charge; dinner also, a dinner or two, with much talk and drink; — and there it was settled, Wilhelmina has since known, that Weissenfels, Royal Highness in the Abstract, was to be her Husband, after all. Weissenfels will do; either Weissenfels or else the Margraf of Schwedt, thinks Friedrich Wilhelm; somebody shall marry the baggage out of hand, and let us have done with that. Grumkow, as we know,

* 25th October 1729 (Fassmann, p. 404).

was very anxious for it; calculating thereby to cut the ground from under the Old Dessauer, and make this Weissenfels Generalissimo of Prussia; a patriotic thought. Polish Majesty lent hand, always willing to oblige.

Friedrich Wilhelm, on his return homewards, went round by Dahme for a night: — not “Dam,” O Princess, there is no such town or schloss! Round by Dahme, a little town and patch of territory, in the Saxon Countries, which was Weissenfels’ Apanage; — “where plenty of Tokay” cheered the royal heart; and, in such mood, it seemed as if one’s Daughter might do very well in this extremely limited position. And Weissenfels, though with dark misgivings as to Queen Sophie, was but too happy to consent: the foolish creature; a little given to liquor too! Friedrich Wilhelm, with this fine project in his head, drove home to Potsdam; — and there laid about him, on the poor Crown-Prince, in the way we have seen; terrifying Queen and Princess, who are at Berlin till Christmas and the Carnival be over. Friedrich Wilhelm means to see the Polish Majesty again before long, — probably so soon as this of Weissenfels is fairly got through the Female Parliament, where it is like there will be difficulties.

Christmas came to Berlin, and the King with it; who did the gaieties for a week or two, and spoke nothing about business to his Female Parliament. Dubourgay saw him, at Parade, on Newyear’s morning; whither all manner of Foreign Dignitaries had come to

pay their respects: "Well," cried the King to Dubourgay, "we shall have a War, then," — universal deadly tug at those Italian Apanages, for and against an insulted Kaiser, — "War; and then all that is crooked "will be pulled straight!" So spake Friedrich Wilhelm on the Newyear's morning; War in Italy, universal spasm of wrestle there, being now the expectation of foolish mankind. Crooked will be pulled straight, thinks Friedrich Wilhelm; and perhaps certain high Majesties, deaf to the voice of Should-not, will understand that of Can-not, Excellenz! — Crooked will become straight? "Indeed if so, your Majesty, the sooner the better!" I ventured to answer.*

Newyear's day is not well in, and the ceremonial wishes over, when Friedrich Wilhelm, his mind full of serious domestic and foreign matter, withdraws to Potsdam again; and therefrom begins fulminating in a terrible manner on his womankind at Berlin, what we called his Female Parliament, — too much given to opposition courses at present. Intends to have his measures passed there, in defiance of opposition; straightway; and an end put to this inexpressible Double-Marrriage higgie-haggle. Speed to him! we will say. — Three high Crises occur, three or even four, which can now without much detail be made intelligible to the patient reader: on the back of which we look for some catastrophe and finis to the Business; — any catastrophe that will prove a finis, how welcome will it be!

* Dubourgay, 8th January 1730.

*Wilhelmina to be married out of hand. Crisis First:
England shall say Yes or say No.*

Still early in January, a few days after his Majesty's return to Potsdam, three high Official gentlemen, Count Fink von Finckenstein, old Tutor to the Prince, Grumkow and General Borck announce themselves one morning; "Have a pressing message from the King to her Majesty." * Queen is astonished; expecting anything sooner. — "This regards me, I have a dreading!" shuddered Wilhelmina to Mamma. "No matter," said the Queen, shrugging her shoulders; "one must have firmness; "and that is not what I shall want;" — and her Majesty went into the Audience-chamber, leaving Wilhelmina in such tremors.

Finckenstein, a friendly man, as Borck too is, explains to her Majesty, "That they three have received each a Letter overnight, — Letter from the King, enjoining in the *first* place "silence under pain of death;" in the *second* place, apprising them that he, the King, will no longer endure her Majesty's disobedience in regard to the marriage of his Daughter, but will banish Daughter and Mother "to Oranienburg," quasi-divorce, and outer darkness, unless there be compliance with his sovereign will; *thirdly*, that they are accordingly to go, all three, to her Majesty, to deliver the enclosed Royal Autograph" (which Finckenstein presents), "testifying what said sovereign will is, and on the above

* Wilhelmina, l. 180.

terms expect her Majesty's reply;" — as they have now sorrowfully done, Finckenstein and Borck with real sorrow, Grumkow with the reverse of real.

Sovereign will is to the effect: "Write to England one other time, Will you at once*marry, or not at once; Yea or No? Answer can be here within a fortnight; three weeks, even in case of bad winds. If the answer be not Yea at once; then you, Madam, you at once choose Weissenfels or Schwedt, one or the other, — under what penalties you know; Oranienburg and worse!"

Here is a crisis. But her Majesty did not want firmness. "Write to England? Yes, willingly. But as to Weissenfels and Schwedt, whatever answer come from England, — Impossible!" steadily answers her Majesty. There was much discourse, suasive, argumentative; Grumkow "quoting Scripture on her Majesty, as the Devil can on occasion," says Wilhelmina. Express Scriptures, *Wives be obedient to your husbands*, and the like texts: but her Majesty, on the Scripture side too, gave him as good as he brought. "Did not "Bethuel the son of Milcah,* when Abraham's servant "asked his daughter in marriage for young Isaac, "answer, *We will call the damsel and inquire of her "mouth. And they called Rebekkah, and said unto her, "Wilt thou go with this man? And she said, I will go.*" Scripture for Scripture, Herr von Grumkow! "Wives "must obey their husbands; surely yes. But the hus- "bands are to command things just and reasonable.

* Genesis xxiv. 14-58.

"The King's procedure is not accordant with that law. He is for doing violence to my Daughter's inclination, and rendering her unhappy for the rest of her days; — will give her a brutal debauchee," fat Weissenfels, so describable in strong language; "a younger brother, who is nothing but the King of Poland's officer; landless, and without means to live according to his rank. Or can it be the State that will profit from such a marriage? If they have a Household, the King will have to support it. — Write to England; Yes; but whatever the answer of England, Weissenfels never! A thousand times sooner see my child in her grave than hopelessly miserable!" Here a qualm overtook her Majesty; for in fact she is in an interesting state, third month of her time: "I am not well. You should spare me, Gentlemen, in the state I am in. — I do not accuse the King," concluded she: "I know," hurling a glance at Grumkow, "to whom I owe all this;" — and withdrew to her interior privacies; reading there with Wilhelmina "the King's cruel Letter," and weeping largely, though firm to the death.*

What to do in such a crisis? Assemble the Female Parliament, for one thing: good Madam Finckenstein (old Tutor's wife), good Mamsell Bülow, Mamsell Sonsfeld (Wilhelmina's Governess), and other faithful women: — well if we can keep away traitresses, female spies that are prowling about; especially one "Ramen," a Queen's soubrette, who gets trusted with everything,

* Wilhelmina, i. 179-182; Dubourgay has nothing, — probably had heard nothing, there being "silence under pain of death" for the moment.

and betrays everything; upon whom Wilhelmina is often eloquent. Never was such a traitress; took Dubourgay's bribe, which the Queen had advised; and, all the same, betrays everything, — bribe included. And the Queen, so bewitched, can keep nothing from her. Female Parliament must take precautions about the Ramen! — For the rest, Female Parliament advises two things: 1°. Pressing Letter to England; that of course, written with the eloquence of despair: and then 2°. That in case of utter extremity, her Majesty "pretend to fall ill." That is Crisis First; and that is their expedient upon it.

Letter goes to England, therefore; setting forth the extremity of strait and pinch: "Now or never, O my Sister Caroline!" Many such have gone, first and last; but this is the strongest of all. Nay the Crown-Prince too shall write to his Aunt of England: you, Wilhelmina, draw out a fit brief Letter for him; send it to Potsdam, he will copy it there!* So orders the Mother: Wilhelmina does it, with a terrified heart; Crown-Prince copies without scruple: "I have already given your Majesty my word of honour never to wed any one but the Princess Amelia your Daughter; I here reiterate that promise, in case your Majesty will consent to my Sister's Marriage," — should that alone prove possible in the present intricacies. "We are all reduced to such a state that" — Wilhelmina gives the Letter in full; but as it is professedly of her own

* Wilhelmina, l. 183.

composition, a loose vague piece, the very date of which you have to grope out for yourself, it cannot even count among the several Letters written by the Crown-Prince, both before and after it, to the same effect, which are now probably all of them lost,* without regret to anybody; and we will not reckon it worth transcribing farther. Such Missive, such two Missives (not now found in any Archive) speed to England by express; may the winds be favourable. Her Majesty waits anxious at Berlin; ready to take refuge in a bed of sickness, should bad come to worse.

Dubourgay strikes a light for the English Court.

In England, in the mean while, they have received a curious little piece of secret information. One Reichenbach, Prussian Envoy at London — Dubourgay has long marvelled at the man and at the news he sends to Berlin. Here, of date 17th January 1730, is a Letter on that subject from Dubourgay, official but private as yet, for “George Tilson, Esq. :” — Tilson is Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office, whose name often turns up on such occasions in the *Dubourgay*, the *Robinson* and other extinct Paper-heaps of that time. Dubourgay dates doubly, by old *and* new style; in general we print by the new only, unless the contrary be specified.

* *Trace* of one, Copy of Answer from Queen Caroline to what seems to have been one, Answer rather of dissuasive tenor, is in State-Paper Office: *Prussian Despatches* vol. xl., — dateless; probably some months later in 1720

"To George Tilson, Esq. (Private.)

"Berlin, 6th Jan. 1729 (by new style, 17th Jan. 1730).

"Sir, — I believe you may remember that we have for a
"long time suspected that most of Reichenbach's Despatches
"were dictated by some people here. About two days ago a
"Paper fell into my hands," realised quietly for a considera-
"tion, "containing an Account of money charged to the 'Bro-
"thers Jourdan and Lautiers,' Merchants here, by their Cor-
"respondent in London, for sending Letters from," properly
in, or through, "your City to Reichenbach.

"Jourdan and Lautiers's London Correspondents are Mr.
"Thomas Greenhill in Little Bell Alley and Mr. John Motteux
"in St. Mary Axe. Mr. Guerin my Agent knows them very
"well; having paid them several little bills on my account:"
— Better ask Mr. Guerin. "I know not through the hands of
"which of those Merchants the above-mentioned Letters have
"passed; but you have ways enough to find it out, if you
"think it worth while. I make no manner of doubt but Grum-
"kow and his party make use of this conveyance to (*sic*) their
"instructions to Reichenbach. In the Account which I have
"seen, 'eighteen-pence' is charged for carrying each Letter
"to Reichenbach: the charge in general is for 'Thirty-two
"Letters;' and refers to a former Account." So that they
must have been long at it.

"I am with the greatest truth,

"DUBOURGAY."

Here is a trail which Tilson will have no difficulty
in running down. I forget whether it was in Bell
Alley or St. Mary Axe that the nest was found; but
found it soon was, and the due springes were set; and
game came steadily dropping in, — Letters to and

Letters from, — which, when once his Britannic Majesty had, with reluctance, given warrant to open and decipher them, threw light on Prussian Affairs, and yielded fine sport and speculation in the Britannic Majesty's Apartment on an evening.

This is no other than the celebrated "Cipher Correspondence between Grumkow and Reichenbach;" Grumkow covertly instructing his slave Reichenbach what the London news shall be; Reichenbach answering him, To hear is to obey! Correspondence much noised of in the modern Prussian Books; and which was, no doubt, very wonderful to Tilson and Company; — capable of being turned to uses, they thought. The reader shall see specimens by and by; and he will find it unimportant enough, and unspeakably stupid to him. It does show Grumkow as the extreme of subtle fowling, and how the dirty-fingered Seckendorf and he cooked their birdlime: but to us that is not new, though at St. James's it was. Perhaps uses may lie in it there? At all events, it is a pretty topic in Queen Caroline's apartment on an evening; and the little Majesty and she, with various laughters and reflections, can discern, a little, How a poor King of Prussia is befooled by his servants, and in what way a fierce Bear is led about by the nose, and dances to Grumkow's piping. Poor soul, much of his late raging and growling, perhaps it was only Grumkow's and not his! Does not hate us, he, perhaps; but only Grumkow through him? This doleful enchantment, and that the Royal Wild Bear dances only to tunes, ought to be held in mind,

when we want anything with him. — Those, amid the teheeings, are reflections that cannot escape Queen Caroline and her little George, while the Prussian Express, unknown to them, is on the road.

*Wilhelmina to be married out of hand. Crisis Second:
England shall have said No.*

The Prussian Express, Queen Sophie's Courier to England, made his best speed: but he depends on the winds for even arriving there; and then he depends on the chances for an answer there; an uncertain Courier as to time: and it was not in the power of speed to keep pace with Friedrich Wilhelm's impatience. "No answer yet?" growls Friedrich Wilhelm before a fortnight is gone. "No answer?" — and January has not ended till a new Deputation of the same Three Gentlemen, Finckenstein, Borck, Grumkow, again waits on the Queen, for whom there is now this other message. "Wednesday, 25th January 1730," so Dubourgay dates it; so likewise Wilhelmina, right for once: "a day I shall never forget," adds she.

Finckenstein and Borck, merciful persons, and always of the English party, were again profoundly sorry. Borck has a blaze of temper in him-withal; we hear he apprised Grumkow, at one point of the dialogue, that he, Grumkow, was a "scoundrel," so Dubourgay calls it, — which was one undeniable truth

offered there that day. But what can anything profit? The Message is: "Whatever the answer now be from England, I will have nothing to do with it. Negative, procrastinative, affirmative, to me it shall be zero. You, Madam, have to choose, for Wilhelmina, between Weissenfels and Schwedt; otherwise I myself will choose: and upon you and her will alight Oranienburg, outer darkness, and just penalties of mutiny against the Authority set over you by God and men. Weissenfels or Schwedt: choose straightway." This is the King's message by these Three.

"You can inform the King," replied her Majesty,* "that he will never make me consent to render my Daughter miserable; and that, so long as a breath of life (*un souffle de vie*) remains in me, I will not permit her to take either the one or the other of those persons." Is that enough? "For you, Sir," added her Majesty, turning to Grumkow, "for you, Sir, who are the author of my misfortunes, may my curse fall upon you and your house! You have this day killed me. But I doubt not, Heaven will hear my prayer, and avenge these wrongs."** — And herewith, to a bed of sickness, as the one refuge left!

Her Majesty does now, in fact, take to bed at Berlin; "fallen very ill," it would appear; which gives some pause to Friedrich Wilhelm till he ascertain.

* Wilhelmina, i. 188.

** Dubourgay, 28th January 1730; Wilhelmina, i. 188 (who suppresses the maledictory part).

‘Poorly, for certain,’ report the Doctors, even Friedrich Wilhelm’s Doctor. The humane Doctors have silently given one another the hint; for Berlin is one tempest of whispers about her Majesty’s domestic sorrows. “Poorly, for interesting reasons: — perhaps be worse before she is better, your Majesty!” — “Hmph!” thinks Friedrich Wilhelm out at Potsdam. And then the treacherous Ramen reports that it is all shamming; and his Majesty, a Bear, though a loving one, is driven into wrath again; and so wavers from side to side.

It is certain the Queen held, faster or looser, by her bed of sickness, as a main refuge in these emergencies: the last shift of oppressed womankind; — sanctioned by Female Parliament, in this instance. ‘Has had a miscarriage!’ writes Dubourgay, from Berlin gossip, at the beginning of the business. Nay at one time, she became really ill, to a dangerous length; and his Majesty did not at first believe it; and then was like to break his heart, poor Bear; and paroled Wilhelmina and even Fritz, at the Mother’s request, — till symptoms mended again.* *Jarni-bleu*, Herr Seckendorf, “Grumkow serves us honourably (*dienet ehrlich*)” — does not he! — Ambiguous bed of sickness, a refuge in time of trouble, did not quite terminate till May next, when her Majesty’s time came; a fine young Prince the result;** — and this mode of refuge in trouble ceased to be necessary.

* Wilhelmina, i. 207.

** 23d May 1730, August Ferdinand; her last child.

*Wilhelmina to be married out of hand. Crisis Third:
Majesty himself will choose, then.*

Directly on the back of that peremptory act of disobedience by the womankind on Wednesday last, Friedrich Wilhelm came to Berlin himself. He stormfully reproached his Queen, regardless of the sickbed; intimated the infallible certainty, That Wilhelmina nevertheless would wed without delay, and that either Weissenfels or Schwedt would be the man. And this said, he straightway walked out to put the same in execution.

Walked, namely, to the Mother Margravine of Schwedt, the lady in high colours, Old Dessauer's Sister; and proposed to her that Wilhelmina should marry her Son. — "The supreme wish of my life, your Majesty," replied she of the high colours: "But, against the Princess's own will, how can I accept such happiness? Alas, your Majesty, I never can!" — and flatly refused his Majesty on those terms: a thing Wilhelmina will ever gratefully remember of her.*

So that the King is now reduced to Weissenfels; and returns still more indignant to her Majesty's apartment. Weissenfels, however, it shall be: and frightful rumours go that he is written to, that he is privately coming, and that there will be no remedy.** Wilhelmina, formerly almost too florid, is gone to a shadow; "her waist hardly half an ell;" worn down

* Wilhelmina, i. 197.

** Ib.

by these agitations. The Prince and she, if the King see either of them, — it is safer to run, or squat behind screens.

*How Friedrich Prince of Baireuth came to be the Man,
after all.*

In this high wind of extremity, the King now on the spot and in such temper, Borck privately advises, "That her Majesty bend a little, — pretend to give up the English connexion, and propose a third-party, to get rid of Weissenfels." — "What third-party, then?" "Well, there is young Brandenburg-Culmbach, for example, Heir-Apparent of Baireuth; Friedrich, a handsome enough young Prince, just coming home from the Grand Tour, we hear; will have a fine Territory when his Father dies! age is suitable; old kinship with the House, all money-quarrels settled eight or ten years ago: why not him?" — "Excellent!" said her Majesty; and does suggest him to the King, in the next Schwedt-Weissenfels onslaught. Friedrich Wilhelm grumbles an assent, "Well, then: — but I will be passive, observe; not a *groschen* of Dowry, for one thing!" —

And this is the first appearance of the young Margraf Friedrich, Heir-Apparent of Baireuth; who comes in as a hypothetic figure, at this late stage; — and will carry off the fair prize, as is well known. Still only doing the Grand Tour; little dreaming of the high fortune about to drop into his mouth. So many

woosers, "four Kings" among them, suing in vain; him, without suing, the Fates appoint to be the man.

Not a bad young fellow at all, though no king. Wilhelmina, we shall find, takes charmingly to him, like a good female soul; regretless of the Four Kings; — finds her own safe little island there the prettiest in the world, after such perils of drowning in stormy seas. — Of his Brandenburg genealogy, degree of cousinship to Queen Caroline of England, and to the lately wedded young gentleman of Anspach Queen Caroline's Nephew, we shall say nothing farther, having already^o spoken of it, and even drawn an abstruse Diagram of it,* sufficient for the most genealogical reader. But in regard to that of the peremptory "Not a *groschen* of Dowry" from Friedrich Wilhelm (which was but a bark, after all, and proved the reverse of a bite, from his Majesty), there may a word of explanation be permissible.

The Ancestor of this Baireuth Prince Friedrich, — as readers knew once, but doubtless have forgotten again, — was a Younger Son; and for six generations so it stood: not till the Father of this Friedrich was of good age, and only within these few years, did the Elder branch die out, and the Younger, in the person of said Father, succeed to Baireuth. Friedrich's Grandfather, as all these progenitors had done, lived poorly, like Cadets, on apanages and makeshifts.

So that the young Prince's Father, George Friedrich, **present** incumbent, as we may call him, of Baireuth,

* *Antea*, vol. II. p. 103.

found himself, — with a couple of Brothers he has, whom also we may transiently see by and by, — in very straitened circumstances in their young years. *Their* Father, son of younger sons as we saw, was himself poor, and he had Fourteen of them as family. Now, in old King Friedrich I.'s time, it became apparent, as the then reigning Margraf of Baireuth's children all died soon after birth, that one of these necessitous Fourteen was likely to succeed in Baireuth, if they could hold out. Old King Friedrich thereupon said, "You have chances of succession; true enough, — but nobody knows what will become of that. Sell your chance to me, who am ultimate Heir of all: I will give you a round sum, — the little 'Domain of Weverlingen' in the Halberstadt Country, and say 'Half-a-Million Thalers;' there you can live comfortably, and support your Fourteen Children." — "Done," said the necessitous Cousin; went to Weverlingen accordingly; and there lived the rest of his days, till 1708; leaving his necessitous Fourteen, or about Ten of them that were alive and growing up, still all minors, and necessitous enough.

The young men, George Friedrich at the top of them, kept silence in Weverlingen, and conformed to Papa; having nothing to live upon elsewhere. But they had their own thoughts; especially as their Cousin of Baireuth was more and more likely to die childless. And at length, being in the Kaiser's service as soldiers some of them, and having made what interest was *feasible, they, early in Friedrich Wilhelm's reign, burst*

out. That is to say, appealed to the *Reichshofrath* (Imperial Aulic Council at Vienna; chief Court of the Empire in such cases); openly protesting there, That their Papa had no power to make such a bargain, selling their birthright for immediate pottage; and that, in brief, they would not stand by it at all; — and summoned Friedrich Wilhelm to show cause why they should.

Long lawsuit, in consequence; lengthy law-pleadings, and much parchment and wiggery, in that German Triple-Elixir of Chancery; — little to the joy of Friedrich Wilhelm. Friedrich Wilhelm, from the first, was fairness itself: "Pay me back the money; and let it be, in all points, as you say!" answered Friedrich Wilhelm, from the first. Alas, the money was eaten; how could the money be paid back? The *Reichshofrath* dubitatively shook its wig, for years: "Bargain bad in Law; but Money clearly repayable: the Money was and is good; — what shall be done about the Money!" At length, in 1722, Friedrich Wilhelm, of himself, settled with this present Margraf, then Heir-Presumptive, How, by steady slow instalments, it could be possible, from the revenues of Baireuth, thriftily administered, to pay back that Half-Million and odd Thalers; and the now Margraf, ever since his accession in 1726, has been annually doing it. So that there is, at this time, nothing but composed kinship and friendship between the two Courts, the little and the big: only Friedrich Wilhelm, especially with his will crossed in this matter of the Baireuth Marriage, thinks to himself, "Throw more

money into such a gulf? The 600,000 Thalers had better be got out first!" and says, he will give no Dowry at all, nor take any charge, not so much as give away the Bride, but be passive in the matter.

Queen Sophie, delighted to conquer Grumkow at any rate, is charmed with this notion of Baireuth; and for a moment forgets all other considerations: Should England prove slack and fail, what a resource will Baireuth be, compared with Weissenfels! And Wilhelmina entering, her Majesty breaks forth into admiration over the victory, or half-victory, just gained: What a husband for you this, my dear, in comparison! And as Wilhelmina cannot quite join in the rapture on a sudden; and cannot even consent, unless Papa too give his real countenance to the match, Mamma flies out upon the poor young Lady:* "Take the Grand Turk or the Great Mogul, then," said the Queen, "and follow your own caprice! I should not have brought so many sorrows on myself, had I known you better. Follow the King's bidding, then; it is your own affair. I will no longer trouble myself about your concerns; — and spare me, please, the sorrow of your odious presence, for I cannot stand it!" Wilhelmina wished to reply, but the answer was, "Silence! Go, I tell you!" "And I retired all in tears."

"All in tears." The Double-Marriage drifting furiously this long while, in such a sea as never was, and breakers now close alee, — have the desperate

* Wilhelmina, i. 201.

crew fallen to staving-in the liquor-casks, and quarrelling with one another? — Evident one thing is, her Majesty cannot be considered a perfectly wise Mother! We shall see what her behaviour is, when Wilhelmina actually weds this respectable young Prince. Ungrateful creature, to wish Papa's consent as well as mine! that is the maternal feeling at this moment; and Wilhelmina weeps bitterly, as one of the unluckiest of young Ladies.

Nay, her Brother himself, who is sick of this permanent hurricane, and would fain see the end of it at any price, takes Mamma's part; and Wilhelmina and he come to high words on the matter. This was the unkindest cut of all: — but of course, this healed in a day. Poor Prince, he has his own allowance of insults, disgraces, blows; has just been found out in some plan, or suspicion of a plan; found out to be in debt at least, and been half-miraculously pardoned; — and, except in flight, he still sees no deliverance ahead. Five days ago, 22d January 1730, there came out a Cabinet-Order (summary Act of Parliament, so to speak) against “lending money to Princes of the Blood, were it even to the Prince-Royal.” A crime and misdemeanour, that shall now be; and Forfeiture of the Money is only part of the penalty, according to this Cabinet-Order. Rumour is, the Crown-Prince had purchased a vehicle and appurtenances at Leipzig, and was for running off. Certainty is, he was discovered to have borrowed 1,000 Thalers from a certain moneyed man at Berlin (money made from French scrip, in Mississippi Law's

time); — which debt Friedrich Wilhelm instantly paid. “Your whole debt, then, is that? Tell me the whole!” — “My whole debt,” answered the Prince; who durst not own to about 9,000 other Thalers (1,500*l.*) he has borrowed from other quarters, first and last. Friedrich Wilhelm saw perhaps some premonition of flight, or of desperate measures, in this business; and was unexpectedly mild: paid the 1,000 Thalers instantly; adding the Cabinet-Order against future contingencies.* The Prince was in this humour when he took Mamma’s side, and redoubled Wilhelmina’s grief.

Double-Marriage, on the edge of shipwreck, flies-off a kind of Carrier-Pigeon, or Noah’s-Dove, to England, with cry for Help.

Faithful Mamsell Bülow consoles the Princess: “Wait; I have news that will put her Majesty in fine humour!” — And she really proved as good as her word. Her news is, Dubourgay and Knyphausen, in this extremity of pinch, have decided to send off not letters merely, but a speaking Messenger to the English Court. One Dr. Villa; some kind of “English Chaplain” here,** whose chief trade is that he teaches Wilhelmina English; Rev. Dr. Villa, who honours Wilhelmina as he ought, shall be the man. Is to go instantly; will explain what the fatal pass we are reduced to is, and

* Ranke, i. 296; Förster, &c.

** *Wilhelmina*, i. 203; Dubourgay’s Despatch, 28th January 1780.

whether Princess Wilhelmina is the fright some represent her there or not.

Her Majesty is overjoyed to hear it: who would not be? Her Majesty "writes Letters" of the due vehemency, thinks Wilhelmina, — dare not write at all, says Dubourgay; — but loads Villa with presents, with advices; with her whole heart speeds him under way. "Dismissed, turned off for some fault or other, — or perhaps because the Princess knows enough of English?" so the rumour goes, in Villa's Berlin circle.

"The Chaplain set out with his despatches," says Wilhelmina, who does not name him, but is rather eloquent upon his errand; "loaded with presents from the Queen. On taking leave of me he wept warm tears. He said, saluting in the English fashion," — I hope with bended knee, and the maiden's fingers at his lips, — "'He would deny his Country, if it did not do its duty on this occasion.'" And so hastened forth on his errand. Like a Carrier-Pigeon sent in extremity; like Noah's Dove in the Deluge: may he revisit our perishing Ark with Olive in his bill!

BOOK VII.

**FEARFUL SHIPWRECK OF THE DOUBLE-MARRIAGE
PROJECT.**

February—November 1730.



CHAPTER I

ENGLAND SENDS THE EXCELLENCY HOTHAM TO BERLIN.

THINGS, therefore, are got to a dead-lock at Berlin: rebellious Womankind peremptorily refuse Weissenfels, and take to a bed of sickness; inexpugnable there, for the moment. Baireuth is but a weak middle term; and there are disagreements on it. Answer from England, affirmative or even negative, we have yet none. Promptly affirmative, that might still avail, and be an honourable outcome. Perhaps better pause till that arrive, and declare itself? — Friedrich Wilhelm knows nothing of the Villa mission, of the urgencies that have been used in England: but, in present circumstances, he can pause for their answer.

*Majesty and Crown-Prince with him make a run to
Dresden.*

To outward appearance, Friedrich Wilhelm, having written that message to Baireuth, seems easier in mind; quiet with the Queen; though dangerous for exploding if Wilhelmina and the Prince come in view. Wilhelmina mostly squats; Prince, who has to be in view, gets slaps and strokes “daily (*journellement*),” says the Princess, — or almost daily. For the rest, it is evident

enough, Weissenfels, if not got passed through the Female Parliament, is thrown out on the second reading, and so is at least *finished*. Ought we not to make a run to Dresden, therefore, and apprise the Polish Majesty?

Short run to Dresden is appointed for February 18th;* and the Prince-Royal, perhaps suspected of meditating something, and safer in his Father's company than elsewhere, is to go. Wilhelmina had taken leave of him, night of the 17th, in her Majesty's Apartment; and was in the act of undressing for bed, when, — judge of a young Princess's terror and surprise, —

“There stept into the anteroom,” visible in the half-light there, a most handsome little Cavalier, dressed, not succinctly as Colonel of the Potsdam Giants, but “in magnificent French style. — I gave a shriek, not knowing who it was; and hid myself behind a screen. Madame de Sonsfeld, my Governess, not less frightened than myself, ran out” to see what audacious person, at such undue hour, it could be. “But she returned next moment, accompanying the Cavalier, who was laughing heartily, and whom I recognised for my Brother. His dress so altered him, he seemed a different person. He was in the best humour possible.

““I am come to bid you farewell once more, my dear Sister,” said he: ‘and as I know the friendship you have for me, I will not keep you ignorant of my designs. I go, and do not come back. I cannot endure the usage I suffer; my patience is driven to an end. It is a favourable opportunity for flinging-off that odious yoke; I will glide out of Dresden, and get across to England; where I do not doubt I shall

* Fassmann, p. 404.

“work out your deliverance too, when I am got thither. So
“I beg you, calm yourself. We shall soon meet again in
“places where joy shall succeed our tears, and where we shall
“have the happiness to see ourselves in peace, and free from
“these persecutions.’”*

Wilhelmina stood stupefied, in silence for some moments; — argued long with her Brother; finally got him to renounce those wild plans, or at least postpone them; and give her his word that he would attempt nothing on the present occasion.

This small Dresden Excursion of February 1730 passed, accordingly, without accident. It was but the prelude to a much grander Visit now agreed upon between the neighbouring Majesties. For there is a grand thing in the wind. Something truly sublime, of the scenic-military kind, which has not yet got a name; but shall soon have a world-wide one, — “Camp of Mühlberg,” “Camp of Radewitz,” or however to be named, which his Polish Majesty will hold in those Saxon parts, in a month or two. A thing that will astonish all the world, we may hope; and where the King and Prince of Prussia are to attend as chief guests.

It was during this brief absence in February, or directly after Friedrich Wilhelm had returned, that Queen Sophie had that fit of real sickness we spoke of. Scarcely was his Majesty got home, when the Queen, rather ambiguous in her sicknesses of late, fell really and dangerously ill: so that Friedrich Wilhelm, at last

* Wilhelmina, i. 205.

recognising it for real, came hurrying in from Potsdam; wept loud and abundantly, poor man; declared in private, "He would not survive his Feekin;" and for her sake, solemnly pardoned Wilhelmina, and even Fritz, — till the symptoms mended.*

How Villa was received in England.

Meanwhile Dr. Villa, in England, has sped not ill. Villa's eloquence of truth; the Grumkow-Reichenbach Correspondence in St. Mary Axe: these two things produce their effect. These on the one hand; and then on the other, certain questionable aspects of Fleury, after that fine Soissons Catastrophe to the Kaiser; and certain interior quarrels in the English Ministry, partly grounded thereon: — "On the whole, why should not we detach Friedrich Wilhelm from the Kaiser, if we could, and comply with a Royal Sister?" think they, at St. James's.

Political men take some interest in the question; "Why neglect your Prince of Wales?" grumbles the Public: "It is a solid Protestant match, eligible for Prince Fred and us!" — "Why bother with the Kaiser and his German puddles?" asks Walpole: "Once detach Prussia from him, the Kaiser will perhaps sit still, and leave the world and us free of his Pragmatics and his Sanctions and Apanages." — "Quit of him? German puddles?" answers Townshend dubitatively, — who has gained favour at head-quarters by going deeply

* Wilhelmina, i. 308.

into said puddles; and is not so ardent for the Prussian Match; and indeed is gradually getting into quarrel with Walpole and Queen Caroline.* These things are all favourable to Dr. Villa.

In fact, there is one of those political tempests dreadful to the teapot, were it not experienced in them) going on in England, at this time, — what we call a Change of Ministry; — daily crisis labouring towards fulfilment, or brewing itself ripe. Townshend and Walpole have had (how many weeks ago Coxe does not tell us) that meeting in Colonel Selwyn's, which ended in their clutching at swords, nay almost at coat-collars;** honourable Brothers-in-Law; but the good Sister, who used to reconcile them, is now dead. Their quarrels, growing for some years past, are coming to a head. "When the firm used to be Townshend and Walpole, all was well; when it had to become Walpole and Townshend, all was not well!" said Walpole afterwards.

Things had already gone so far, that Townshend brought Chesterfield over from the Hague, last Autumn; — a Baron de Montesquieu, with the *Esprit des Lois* on his head, sailed with Lord Chesterfield on that occasion, and is now in England "for two years;" — but Chesterfield could not be made Secretary; industrious Duke of Newcastle stuck so close by that office, and by the skirts of Walpole. Chesterfield and Townshend *versus* Walpole, Colonel Stanhope (Harrington) and the Pelhams: the Prussian Match is a card in that game;

* Coxe, i. 332-339.

** Ib. p. 335.

and Dr. Villa's eloquence of truth is not lost on Queen Caroline, who in a private way manages, as always, to rule pretty supreme in it.

There lies in the State-Paper Office,* without date or signature, a loose detached bit of writing, in scholastic style, but brief and to the purpose, which is evidently the Memorial of Villa; but as it teaches us nothing that we do not already know, it need not be inserted here. The man, we can perceive farther, continued useful in those Official quarters, answering questions about Prussia, helping in the St. Mary Axe decipherings, and in other small ways, for some time longer; after which he vanishes again from all record, — whether to teach English farther, or live on some modicum of pension granted, no man knows. Poor old Dove, let out upon the Deluge in serge gown: he did bring back a bit of olive, so to speak; — had the pre-sage but held, as it did in Noah's case!

In a word, the English Sovereignties and Ministries have determined that an Envoy Extraordinary (one Hotham, they think of), with the due solemnity, be sent straightway to Berlin; to treat of those interesting matters, and officially put the question there. Whom Dubourgay is instructed to announce to his Prussian Majesty, with salutation from this Court. As Dubourgay does straightway, with a great deal of pleasure.** How welcome to his Majesty we need not say.

And indeed, after such an announcement (1st

* Close by Despatch (Prussian): "London, 8th February (o.s.) 1729-30."

** Despatches: London, 8th February; Berlin, 2d March, 1730.

March 1730, the day of it), they fell into cheerful dialogue; and the Brigadier had some frank conversation with his Majesty about the "Arbitration Commission" then sitting at Brunswick, and European affairs in general. Conversation which is carefully preserved for us in the Brigadier's Despatch of the morrow. It never was intrinsically of much moment; and is now fallen very obsolete, and altogether of none: but as a glance at first hand into the dim old thoughts of Friedrich Wilhelm, the reader may take it with him:

"The King said next, That though we made little noise, "yet he knew well our design was to kindle a fire in other "parts of Lower Germany. To which I answered, That if "his Majesty would give me favourable hearing, I could easily "persuade him of the peaceable intentions of our Allies. "Well,' says he, 'the Emperor will abandon the Nether- "lands, and who will be master of them? I see the day when "you will make France so powerful, that it will be difficult "to bring them to reason again.' — *Dubourgay*: 'If the Em- "peror abandoned the Netherlands, they would be governed "by their own Magistrates, and defended by their own Mi- "litia. As to the French, we are too well persuaded of the "benefit of our Allies, to —' Upon which the King of Prussia "said, 'It appeared plainly we had a mind to dispose as we "pleased of Kingdoms and provinces in Italy, so that pro- "bably our next thought would be to do the same in Ger- "many.' — *Dubourgay*: 'The allotments made in favour of "Don Carlos have been made with the consent of the Em- "peror and the whole Empire. We could not suffer a longer "interruption of our Commerce with Spain, for the sake of "the *small* difference between the Treaty of Seville and the

“‘Quadruple Alliance, in regard to the Garrison,’” — to the introducing of Spanish Garrisons, at once, into Parma and Piacenza; which was the special thunderbolt of the late Soissons catastrophe, or Treaty of Seville. — “‘Well, then,’ says his Prussian Majesty, ‘you must allow, then, there is an infraction of the Quadruple Alliance, and that the Emperor will make war!’ ‘I hope not,’ said I: ‘but if so, a Ten-years War, in conjunction with the Allies of Seville, never would be so bad as the interruption of our Commerce with Old and New Spain for one year.’

“The King of Prussia’s notion about our *disposing of Provinces in Germany*,” adds Dubourgay, “is, I believe, an insinuation of Seckendorf, who, I doubt not, has made him believe we intended to do so with respect to Berg and Jülich.”

Very probably: — but Hotham is getting under way, hopeful to spoil that game. Prussian Majesty, we see, is not insensible to so much honour; and brightens into hopefulness and fine humour in consequence. What radiancy spread over the Queen’s side of the House we need not say. The Tobacco-Parliament is like to have a hard task. — Friedrich Wilhelm privately is well inclined to have his Daughter married, with such outlooks, if it can be done. The marriage of the Crown-Prince into such a family would also be very welcome; only — only — There are considerations on that side. There are reasons; still more there are whims, feelings of the mind towards an unloved Heir-Apparent: upon these latter chiefly lie the hopes of Seckendorf and the Tobacco-Parliament.

What the Tobacco-Parliament's specific insinuations and deliberations were, in this alarming interim, no Hansard gives us a hint. Faint and timid they needed, at first, to be; such unfavourable winds having risen, blowing off at a sad rate the smoke of that abstruse Institution. — "*Jarni-bleu!*" snuffles the Feldzeugmeister to himself. But "*Si Deus est nobiscum,*" as Grumkow exclaims once to his beautiful Reichenbach, or *Nosti* as he calls him in their slang or cipher language, "If God is with us, who can prevail against us?" For the Grumkow can quote Scripture; nay solaces himself with it, which is a feat beyond what the Devil is competent to.

Excellency Hotham arrives in Berlin.

The Special Envoy to be sent to Berlin, on this interesting occasion, is a dignified Yorkshire Baronet; Sir Charles Hotham, "Colonel of the Horse-Grenadiers;" he has some post at Court, too, and is still in his best years. His Wife is Chesterfield's Sister; he is withal a kind of soldier, as we see; — man of many sabretashes, at least, and acquainted with Cavalry-Drill, as well as the practices of Gold-Sticks: his Father was a General Officer in the Peterborough Spanish Wars. These are his eligibilities, recommending him at Berlin, and to Official men at home. Family is old enough: Hothams of Scarborough in the East Riding; old as *Wilhelmus Bastardus*; and subsists to our own day. *Note, however, this Sir Charles Hotham is not the*

lineal *Son* of the Hothams who lost their heads in the Civil War, nor the lineal *Father* of the Lords Hotham that now are; he is, so to speak, *Welsh-Nephew* of the former, and *Welsh-Uncle* of the latter. For the rest, a handsome figure, prompt in French, and much the gentleman. So far has Villa sped.

Hotham got to Berlin on Sunday, 2d April 1730. He had lingered a little, waiting to gather-up some skirts of that Reichenbach-Grumkow Correspondence, and have them ready to show in the proper Quarter. For that is one of the chief arrows in his quiver. But here he is at last: and on Monday, he is introduced at Charlottenburg to the Prussian Majesty; and finds an abundant welcome to himself and his preliminaries. "Marriage into that fine high Country (*magnifike Land*) will be welcome to my Daughter, I believe, as flowers in May: to me also how can it be other than welcome! — 'Farther instructions,' you say? Yes, surely; and terms honourable on both sides. Only say nothing of it, I had rather tell the girl myself."* To that frank purport spoke his Majesty; — and invites the Excellency Hotham to stay dinner.

Great dinner at Charlottenburg, accordingly; Monday, 3d April 1730: the two English Excellencies Hotham and Dubourgay, then General Borck, Knyp-hausen, Grumkow, Seckendorf and others; — "where," says Hotham, giving Despatch about it, "we all got immoderately drunk." Of which dinner there is sordid

* Ranke, i. 284.

narrative, from Grumkow to his *Nosti* (to his Reichenbach, in cant speech), still visible through St. Mary Axe, were it worth much attention from us. Passages of wit, loaded with allusion, flew round the table: 'A German ducat is change for an English half-guinea,' and the like sprightly things. Nay at one time, Hotham's back being turned, they openly drink, — his Majesty, in a state of exhilaration, having blabbed the secret: — "To the health of Wilhelmina Princess of Wales!" Upon which the whole Palace of Charlottenburg now bursts into tripudiation; the very valets cutting capers, making somersets, — and rushing off with the news to Berlin. Observable, only, that Hotham and Dubourgay sat silent in the tripudiation; with faces diplomatically grave. Several points to be settled first; no halloing till we are out of the wood.

News came to Berlin Schloss, doubtless at full gallop, which would only take a quarter of an hour. This is Wilhelmina's experience of it. Afternoon of Monday, 3d of April 1730, in the Schloss of Berlin, — towards sunset, some ornamental seam in one's hand:

"I was sitting quiet in my Apartment, busy with work, and some one reading to me, when the Queen's Ladies rushed in, with a torrent of domestics in the rear; who all bawled out, putting one knee to the ground, 'They were come to salute the Princess of Wales.' I fairly believed these poor people had lost their wits: they would not cease overwhelming me with noise and tumult, their joy was so great they knew not what they did. When the farce had lasted some time, they at last told me" — what our readers

know. What the demure Wilhelmina professes she cared next to nothing about. "I was so little moved by it, that I answered, going on with my work, 'Is that all?' Which greatly surprised them. A while afterwards my Sisters and several Ladies came also to congratulate me. I was much loved; and I felt more delighted at the proofs each gave me of that than at what occasioned them. In the evening I went to the Queen's: you may readily conceive her joy. On my first entrance, she called me, 'her dear Princess of Wales;' and addressed Madame de Sonsfeld as 'Milady.' This latter took the liberty of hinting to her, that it would be better to keep quiet; that the King having yet given no notice of this business, might be provoked at such demonstration, and that the least trifle could still ruin all her hopes. The Countess Finckenstein joining her remonstrances to Sonsfeld's, the Queen, though with regret, promised to moderate herself."*

This is the effulgent flaming-point of the long-agitated English Match, which we have so often caught in a bitterly smoking condition. "The King indeed spoke nothing of it to us, on his return to Berlin in a day or two," says Wilhelmina; "which we thought strange." But everybody considered it certain, nothing but the details left to settle. "Hotham had daily conferences with the King." "Every post brought letters from the Prince of Wales;" of which Wilhelmina saw several, — this for one specimen, general purport of the whole: "I conjure you, my dear Hotham, get these negotiations finished! I am madly in love (*amoureux*

"*comme un fou*), and my impatience is unequalled."* Wilhelmina thought these sentiments "very romantic" on the part of Prince Fred, "who had never seen me, "knew me only by repute;" — and answered his romances and him with tiffs of laughter, in a prettily fleeing manner.

Effulgent flame-point; — which was of very brief duration indeed, and which sank soon into bitterer smoke than ever, down almost to the choking state. There are now six weeks of Diplomatic History at the Court of Berlin, which end far otherwise than they began. Weeks well nigh indecipherable; so distracted are they, by black-art and abstruse activities above ground and below, and so distractedly recorded for us: of which, if it be humanly possible, we must try to convey some faint notion to mankind.

* Wilhelmina, i. 218.

CHAPTER II.

LANGUAGE OF BIRDS: EXCELLENCY HOTHAM PROVES UNAVAILING.

ALREADY next morning, after that grand Dinner at Charlottenburg, Friedrich Wilhelm, awakening with his due headache, thought, and was heard saying, He had gone too far! Those gloomy looks of Hotham and Dubourgay, on the occasion; they are a sad memento that our joyance was premature. The English mean the Double Marriage; and Friedrich Wilhelm is not ready, and never fairly was, for more than the Single. "Wilhelmina Princess of Wales, yes with all my heart; but Friedrich to an English Princess — Hm, na;" — and in a day more,* plainly "No." And there it finally rests; or if rocked about, always settles there again.

And why, No? — Truly, as regarded Crown-Prince Friedrich's Marriage, the question had its real difficulties: and then, still more, it had its imaginary; and the subterranean activities were busy! The witnesses, contemporaneous and other, assign Three reasons, or considerations and quasi-reasons, which the Tobacco-Parliament and Friedrich Wilhelm's lively fancy could insist upon till they became irrefragable:

First, his rooted discontent with the Crown-Prince,

* "Instruction to his Ministers, 5th April," cited by Ranke, i. 235 n.

some even say his jealousy of the Crown-Prince's talents, render it unpleasant to think of promoting him in any way. *Second*, natural German loyalty, enlivened by the hope of Jülich and Berg, attaching Friedrich Wilhelm to the Kaiser's side of things, repels him with a kind of horror from the Anti-Kaiser or French-English side. "Marry my Daughter, if you like; I shall be glad to salute her as Princess of Wales; but no union in your Treaty-of-Seville operations: in politics go you your own road, if that is it, while I go mine; no tying of us, by Double or other Marriages, to go one road." *Third*, the magnificence of those English. "Regardless of expense," insinuates the Tobacco-Parliament; "they will send their grand Princess hither, with no-end of money; brought up in grandeur to look down on the like of us. She can dazzle, she can purchase: in the end, may there not be a Crown-Prince Party, capable of extinguishing your Majesty here in your own Court, and making Prussia a bit of England; all eyes being turned to such sumptuous Princess and her Crown-Prince, — Heir-Apparent, or 'Rising Sun' as we may call him!" —

These really are three weighty almost dreadful considerations to a poetic-tempered King and Smoking Parliament. Out of which there is no refuge except indeed this plain fourth one: "No hurry about Fritz's marriage; * "he is but eighteen gone; evidently too young for house-keeping. Thirty is a good time for marrying. 'There "is, thank God, no lack of royal lineage; I have two

* Friedrich Wilhelm to Reichenbach (13th May), *infra*.

"other Princes,' — and another just at hand, if I
"knew it."

To all which there is to be added that ever-recurring invincible gravitation towards the Kaiser, and also towards Jülich and Berg by means of him, — well acted on by the Tobacco-Parliament for the space of those six weeks. During which, accordingly, almost from the first day after that Hotham Dinner of April 3d, the answer of the royal mind, with superficial fluctuations, always is: "Wilhelmina at once, if you choose; likely enough we might agree about Crown-Prince Friedrich too, if once all were settled: but of the Double-Marriage, at this present time, *höre nit*,* I will have nothing to say." And as the English answer steadily, "Both or none!" — meaning indeed to draw Prussia away from the Kaiser's leading-strings, and out of his present enchanted condition under the two Black-Artists he has about him, the Negotiation sinks again into a mere smoking, and extinct or plainly extinguishing state.

The Grumkow-*Nosti* Cipher Correspondence might be reckoned as another efficient cause; though, in fact, it was only a big concomitant symptom, much depended on by both parties, and much disappointing both. In the way of persuading or perverting Friedrich Wilhelm's judgment about England, this deep-laid piece of machinery does not seem to have done much, if anything; and Hotham, who with the English Court had calculated on it (on their detection of it) as the grand means of

* Ranke, i. 285n.

blowing Grumkow out of the field, produced a far opposite result on trying, as we shall see! That was a bit of heavy ordnance which disappointed everybody. Seized by the enemy before it could do any mischief; enemy turned it round on the inventor; fired it off on the inventor, and — it exploded through the touch-hole; singeing some people's whiskers: nothing more! —

*A Peep into the Nosti-Grumkow Correspondence caught
up in St. Mary Axe.*

Would the reader wish to look into this Nosti-Grumkow Correspondence at all? I advise him, not. Good part of it still lies in the Paper-Office here;* likely to be published by the Prussian Dryasdust in coming time: but a more sordid mass of eavesdroppings, kitchen-ashes and floor-sweepings, collected and interchanged by a pair of treacherous Flunkeys (big bullying Flunkey and little trembling cringing one, Grumkow and Reichenbach), was never got together out of a gentleman's household. To no idlest reader, armed even with barnacles, and holding mouth and nose, can the stirring-up of such a dustbin be long tolerable. But the amazing problem was this Editor's, doomed to spell the Event into clearness if he could, and put dates, physiognomy and outline to it, by help of such Flunkey-Sanscrit! — That Nosti-Grumkow Correspondence, as we now have it in the Paper-Office, — interpretable only by acres

* Prussian Despatches, vols. xl. xli.: in a fragmentary state; so much of it as they had caught up, and tried to make use of; — far too much.

of British Despatches, by incondite dateless helpless Prussian Books ("printed Blotches of Human Stupor," as Smelfungus calls them): how gladly would one return them all to St. Mary Axe, there to lie through Eternity! It is like holding dialogue with a Rookery; asking your way (perhaps in flight for life, as was partly my own case) by colloquy with successive or even simultaneous Rookeries. Reader, have you tried such a thing? An adventure, never to be spoken of again, when once *done*!

Wilhelmina pretends to give quotations* from this subterranean Grumkow-Reichenbach Correspondence; but hers are only extracts from some description or remembrance; hardly one word is close to the original, though here and there some outline or shadow of a real passage is traceable. What fractional elements, capable of gaining some vestige of meaning when laid together in their cosmic order, I could pick from the circumambient immensity not cosmic, are here for the reader's behoof. Let him skip, if, like myself, he is weary; for the substance of the story is elsewhere given. 'Or perhaps he has a curiosity to know the speech of birds? With abridgment, by occasional change of phrase, above all by immense omission, — here, in specimen, is something like what the Rookery says to poor Friedrich Wilhelm and us, through St. Mary Axe and the Copyists in the Foreign Office! Friedrich Wilhelm reads it (Hotham gives him reading of it) some weeks hence; we not till generations afterwards. I abridge to the

* Wilhelmina, i. 233-235.

utmost; — will mark in *single* commas what is not
Abridgment but exact Translation; — with rigorous at-
tention to dates, and my best fidelity to any meaning
there may be:

To Nosti (the so-called Excellenz Reichenbach) *in London*:

Grumkow from Berlin *loquitur*, Reichenbach listening with
both his ears (words caught up in St. Mary Axe):

Berlin, 3d March 1730. “The time has now come when
“Reichenbach must play his game. Let him write that the
“heads of the Opposition, who play Austria as a card in Par-
“liament, ‘are in consternation, Walpole having hinted to
‘them that he was about to make friends with the King of
‘Prussia;’ ‘that by means of certain Ministers at Berlin,
‘and by other subterranean channels (*autres souterrains*),
‘his Prussian Majesty had been brought to a disposition of
‘that kind’ (Knyphausen, Borck and others will be much
obliged to Reichenbach for so writing!), “That Reichenbach
“knows they intend sending a Minister to Berlin; but is cer-
“tain enough, as perhaps they are, his Prussian Majesty will
“not let himself be lured or caught in the trap: but that the
“very rumour of its being possible for him to change” from
Austria, “would be an infinite gain to the English Ministry,”
— salvation of them, in fact, in the Parliamentary cockpit.
“That they had already given out in the way of rumour, How
“sure they were of the Court of Berlin whenever it came to the
“point. That Reichenbach had tried to learn from 73* what
“the real result from Berlin was; and did not think it much,
“though the Walpole people,” all hanging so perilously
upon Prussia for their existence, ‘affected a great gaiety;

* An Indecipherable.

‘and indeed felt what a gain it was even to have renewed ‘the Negotiation with his Prussian Majesty.’ Here is a King likely to get himself illuminated at first-hand upon English affairs; by Ministers lying abroad for him, and lying at home! —

‘And so the King,’ concludes Grumkow, ‘will think ‘Reichenbach is a witch (*sorcier*) to be so well informed about ‘all that, and will redouble the good opinion he has of Reichenbach. And so, if Reichenbach second my ideas, we ‘will pack Borck and Knyphausen about their business; and ‘will do the King faithful service,’ — having, some of us, our private 500*l.* a-year from Austria for doing it. ‘The King ‘perceives only too well that the Queen’s sickness is but sham ‘(*momerie*): judge of the effect that has! I am yours entirely ‘(*tout à vous*). I wait in great impatience to hear your news ‘upon all this: for I inform you accurately how the land lies ‘here; so that it only depends upon yourself to shine, and to ‘pass for a miracle of just insight,’ — “*sorcier*,” or witch at guessing mysteries, Grumkow calls it again. He continues in another Missive:

Berlin, 7th March. (Let us give the original for a line or two): ‘Queen Sophie will soon rise from her bed of sickness, ‘were this marriage done; *La Mère du Prince-Royal affecte ‘toujours d’être bien mal; mais dès que l’affaire entre le Prince de ‘Galles et la Princesse-Royale sera faite, on la verra bientôt sur ‘pied.*’ “It will behove that Reichenbach signify to the “Prince-Royal’s Father that all this affair has been connected “at Berlin with Borck and by 71 * with Knyphausen and 103.* “That they never lose sight of an alliance with the English “Princess and the Prince of Prussia; and flatter themselves “the Prince-Royal of Prussia will accompany the Princess- “Royal,” Wilhelmina, “on her marriage there.” “In a word,

* An Indecipherable.

that all turns on this latter point," marriage of the *Prince-Royal* as well; and "that Villa has given so favourable a description of this Prince, that the English Princess will have him at what price soever. Nosti can also allege the Affair of 100," — whom we at last decipher to be *Lord Harrington*, once Colonel Stanhope of Soissons, of the Madrid Embassy, of the Descent on Vigo; a distinguished new Lord, with whom Newcastle hopes to shove out Townshend, — Lord Harrington, and the division among the Ministers:" great question, Shall the firm be Townshend and Walpole, Walpole and Townshend? just going on; brewing towards decision; in which the Prussian Double-Marriage is really a kind of card, and may by Nosti be represented as a trump card.

"The whole Town" of Berlin "said, This Villa was dismissed by order of the King, for he taught the eldest Princess English; but I see well it was Borck, 107,* Knyphausen and Dubourgay that despatched him, to give a true picture of the situation here. And if Nosti has written to his Majesty to the same effect as he does to his Friend" (Despatch Majesty has not yet come under Friend's eye), "on the Queen of England's views about the Prince-Royal of Prussia, it will answer marvellously (*cela vient à merveille*). I have apprised Seckendorf of all that Nosti writes to me. 'For the rest, Nosti may perfectly assure himself that the King never will abandon Reichenbach; and if the Prince-Royal, sudden Fate interfering, 'had the reins in his hand, — in that case, Seckendorf promises to Reichenbach, on the part of the Kaiser, all or more than all he can lose by the cession of the Prince. Monsieur Reichenbach may depend upon that.'**

* An Indecipherable.

** *Prussian Despatches*, vol. xl. The second of these two Letters is

Slave Reichenbach at London, when this missive comes to hand, is busy copying scandal according to former instructions for behoof of his Prussian Majesty, and my Bashaw Grumkow; for example:

To the Herr Grumkow at Berlin:

Excellenz Reichenbach *loquitur*; — snatched in St. Mary Axe.

London, 10th March 1730. * * “Reichenbach has told his “Prussian Majesty today by a Courier who is to pass through “Brussels” (Austrian Kinsky’s Courier, no doubt), “what “amours the Prince of Wales,” dissolute Fred, “has on hand “at present, with actresses and opera-girls. The King of “Prussia will undoubtedly be astonished. The affair merits “some attention at present,” — especially from an Excellenz like me. — — —

[*Missive* (body of important Grumkow Instructions just read by us) *comes to hand.*]

London, 14th March 1730. ‘Reichenbach will write by the ‘first Ordinary’ (so they name Post, in those days) ‘all that ‘Grumkow orders. Reichenbach sees well, they mean to ‘play the deuce here (*jouent le diable à quatre ici*): but Reichenbach will tell his Prussian Majesty what Grumkow ‘finds fit.’ Good Excellenz Reichenbach ‘flatters himself ‘the King will remain firm, and not let his enemies deceive ‘him. If Grumkow and Seckendorf have opportunity, they

copied, we perceive, by *Villa*; who transmits it to Hotham’s Secretary at Berlin, with great hopes from it. Letter “unsigned,” adds *Villa* (*point signée*). First was transmitted by Townshend. — Following are transmitted by &c. &c. It is in that way they have got into the State-Paper Office, — as *Enclosures* in the various Despatches that carried them out to Berlin to serve as Diplomatic Ammunition there.

‘may tell his Prussian Majesty that the whole design of this
‘Court is to render his Country a Province dependent on Eng-
‘land. When once the Princess-Royal of England shall be
‘wedded to the Prince-Royal of Prussia, the English, by
‘means, will form such a party at Berlin, that they will alto-
‘gether tie his Prussian Majesty’s hands.’ A comfortable
piece of news to his Prussian Majesty in Tobacco-Parliament.
‘Reichenbach will assuredly be vigilant; depend on his
‘answering Grumkow always by the first post.’

Continues; — turning his rook-bill towards Majesty
now. Same date (14th March), same time, place and
bird:

To his Prussian Majesty (from Excellenz Reichenbach).

*** ‘P. S. I had closed this Letter when a person of
‘confidence came in’ (the fact being, my Grumkow’s Missive
of Instructions came in, or, figuratively speaking, my Grum-
kow himself), ‘and undertook to give me in a few days a
‘thorough insight into the intrigues which are concealed
‘under the sending of this new Minister,’ Hotham, ‘to Ber-
‘lin; which, and how they have been concocted, he says, it
‘will astonish me to hear. Of all this I shall immediately in-
‘form your Majesty in a letter of my own hand; being ever
‘eager to serve your Majesty alone.’

Hotham is now fairly gone, weeks ago; concluded
to be now in Berlin, — to the horror of both rooks.
Here is a croak from *Nosti*:

To the Herr Grumkow at Berlin.

London, April 1730. ** “Hotham is no such conjuror as
“they fancy in Berlin; — singular enough, how these English
Carlyle, Frederic the Great. III.

“are given to undervalue the Germans; whilst we in Germany
“overvalue them” (*avons une idée trop vaste, they trop petite*).
‘There is, for instance, Lord Chesterfield, passes here for
‘a fair enough kind of man (*bon homme*), and is a favourite
‘with the King’ (not with Walpole or the Queen, if Nosti
knew it); ‘but nobody thinks him such a prodigy as you all
‘do in Germany,’ — which latter bit of Germanism is an un-
doubted fact; curious enough to the English, and to the Ger-
mans that now read in extinct Books.

Hotham, as we said, got to Berlin on the 2d of April.
From Berlin comes thereupon, at great length, sordid
description, by Grumkow, of that initiatory Hotham
Dinner, April Third, with fearful details of the blazing
favour Hotham is in. Which his Majesty (when Hot-
ham hands it to him, in due time) will read with pain-
ful interest; as Reichenbach now does; — but which to
us is all mere puddle, omissible in this place.

To which sad Strophe, there straightway follows
due Antistrophe, Reichenbach croaking responsive; —
and we are to note, the rooks always speak in the third
person and by ambiguous periphrasis; never once say
“I” or “You,” unless forced by this Editor, for brevity’s
sake, to do it. Reichenbach from his perch thus hoarsely
chants:

To the Herr Grumkow at Berlin.

London, 11th April. ‘Reichenbach *est coup-de-foudre*, —
‘is struck by lightning, — to hear these Berlin news;’ — and
expresses, in the style of a whipt dog, his sorrows, un-
certainties and terrors, on the occasion. “Struck with

“lightning. Feel myself quite ill, and not in a condition to
“write much today. It requires another head than mine to
“veer round so often (*changer si souvent de système*). In fine,
“*Nosti est au bout de son latin*” (is at his wit’s end, poor devil)!
“Both Majesties have spoken openly of the favourable news
“from Berlin; funds rose in consequence. New Minister”
(Walpole come to the top of the Firm, Townshend soon to
withdraw, impatient of the bottom) “is all-powerful now:
O tempora, O mores!” “I receive universal congratulations,
“and have to smile” in a ghastly manner. “The King and
“Queen despise me. I put myself in their way last Levee,
“bowing to the ground; but they did not even condescend
“to look. ‘*Notre grand petit-maître*,’ little George, the Olym-
“pian Jove of these parts, passed on as if I had not been
“there. ‘Chesterfield, they say, is to go, in great pomp, as
“‘Ambassador Extraordinary, and fetch the Princess over.
“‘And’” — Alas, in short, Once I was hap-hap-happy, but
now I’m *meeserable*!

London, 14th April. “Slave Reichenbach cannot any longer
“write secret Letters to his Prussian Majesty according to the
“old strain, of your prescribing; but must stand by his vacant
“Official Despatches: the scene being entirely changed, he
“also must change his manner of writing” — poor knave.
“He will have to inform his Majesty, however, by and by,
“though it is not safe at present,” — for example, — ‘That
‘his Britannic Majesty is becoming from day to day more
‘hated by all the world; and that the Prince of Wales is no
‘longer liked by the Public, as at first; because he begins to
‘give himself airs, and takes altogether the manners of his
‘Britannic Majesty, that is to say of a puppy (*petit-maître*);
‘let my Amiable’ (Grumkow) ‘be aware of that’ —

Yes, let him be aware of that, to his comfort, —

and still more, and all readers along with him, of what follows:

‘Reichenbach likewise with great confidence informs the ‘Greatest Confidant he has in the world’ (same amiable ‘Grumkow), ‘that he has discovered within this day or two,’ a tremendous fact, known to our readers some time ago, ‘That the Prince-Royal of Prussia has given his written assurances to the Queen here, Never to marry anybody in the ‘world except the Princess Amelia of England, happen what ‘will’ (Prussian Majesty will read this with a terrible interest! Much nearer to him than it is to us). ‘In consideration of which Promise the Queen of England is understood, falsely, ‘to have answered that they should, at present, ask ‘only the Princess-Royal of Prussia for their Prince of ‘Wales,’ and let the Double-Marriage *be*, seemingly, as his Prussian Majesty wishes it. ‘Monsieur de Reichenbach did ‘not speak of this to his Prussian Majesty; feeling it too dangerous just now. —

‘Lord Townshend is still at his place in the country’ (Rainham in Norfolk): ‘but it is said he will soon come to ‘Town; having heard the great news that they had already ‘got his Prussian Majesty by the nose. Reichenbach forgets ‘if he already told Grumkow that the rumour runs, Lord ‘Chesterfield, in quality of Ambassador to Berlin, is to bring ‘the Princess Wilhelmina over hither:’ — you did already, poor confused wretch; unusually bewildered, and under frightful eclipse at present.

Continues after four days:

April 18th. * * ‘Lord Stratford’ (to me an unknown Lordship) ‘and Heads of Opposition would like to ascertain ‘what Hotham’s offer to the King of Prussia is.’

Truly, yes: they mean to ask in Parliament (as poor gamblers in that Cockpit are wont), 'And why did not you make the offer sooner, then? Friendship' with his Prussian Majesty, last year, would have saved the whole of that large Waterspout about the Meadows of Clamei! Nay need we, a few months ago, have spent such loads of gold subsidising those Hessians and Danes against him? The treasures of this Country go a strange road, Mr. Speaker! What is the use of our industries and riches?' Heavens, yes, what! But we continue to excerpt and interpret:

Reichenbach "has said nothing of this to his Prussian Majesty, Reichenbach has not; too dangerous in our present "downpressed state: — though amazingly exact always in "news, and attached to his Prussian Majesty as mortal seldom "was. Need he fear their new Hotham, then? Does not fear "Hotham, not he him, being a man so careful of truth in his "news. Dare not, however, now send any intelligence about "the Royal Family here; Prussian Majesty having ordered "him not to write gossip like a spiteful woman: What is he "to do? Instruct him, O my Amiable.

"Know for the rest, and be aware of it, O Amiable, that "Queen Caroline here is of opinion, The Amiable Grumkow "should be conciliated; and that Queen Sophie and Hotham "are understood to have been trying it. Do not abandon me, "O Amiable; nay I know you will not, you and Seckendorf, "never, though I am a poor man.

"Have found out a curious story, *histoire fort curieux*, — "about one of Prince Fred's amourettes." Story which this Editor, in the name of the whole human species, will totally suppress, and sweep into the cesspol, to herald Reichenbach thither. Except only that this corollary by the Duchess of Kendal may be appended to the thing:

"*Duchess of Kendal*," — Hop-pole Emerita, now gone to

devotion, whom we know, piously turns up her eyes at such doings, — “thinks the Princess Wilhelmina will have a bad “life of it with Fred, and that she ‘will need the wisdom of “Solomon to get on here.’ Not a good bargain, this Prince “Fred and his Sister. A dissolute fellow he, not liked by the “Public” (I should hope). ‘Then as to Princess Amelia, “she, who was always haughty, begins to give herself airs “upon the Prince-Royal of Prussia; she is as ill-tempered as “her Father, and still more given to backbiting (*plus rail-
“leuse*), and will greatly displease the Potsdam Majesty.’”

These are cheering thoughts. “But what is to become of “Nosti? Faithful to his Grumkow, to his Seckendorf—to “his pair of sheep-stealers, poor dog. But if trouble rise;— “O at least do not hang *me*, ye incomparable pair!” —

The Hotham Despatches.

Slave Nosti's terrors, could he see behind the scenes, are without foundation! The tremendous Hotham Negotiation, all ablaze at that Charlottenburg Dinner, is sunk low enough into the smoking state, threatening to go out altogether. Smoke there may still be, perceptible vestiges of smoke; which indeed, for a long time, fitfully continued: but, at the time while Nosti, quaking in every joint of him, writes these terrors, Hotham perceives that his errand is vain; that properly there has as good as extinction supervened. April 3d was the flame-point; which lasted in its brightness only for a few days or hours. April is not gone, or half gone, when flaming has quite ceased, and the use of bellows, never so judicious, is becoming desperate: and

long before the end of May, no *red* is to be seen in the affair at all, and the very bellows are laid down.

Here are the epochs; riddled out of such a mass of extinct rubbish as human nature seldom had to deal with; — here are certain Extracts, in a greatly condensed state, from the authentic voluminous *Hotham* Despatches and Responses; — which may conveniently interrupt the *Nosti* Babblement at this point.

To my Lord Townshend at London:

Excellency Hotham *loquitur* (in a greatly condensed form).

*Berlin, 12th April 1730. * ** “Of one or two noteworthy “points I have to apprise your Lordship. So soon as his Majesty was *sober*, he found that he had gone too far at that “grand Dinner of Monday 3d; and was in very bad humour “in consequence. Crown-Prince has written from Potsdam “to his Sister, ‘No doubt I am left here lest the English “wind get at me (*de peur que le vent anglais ne me touchât*) at “Saw King at Parade, who was a little vague; ‘is giving “‘matters his consideration.’ Majesty has said to Borck and “Knyphausen, ‘If they want the Double-Marriage, and to “detach me from the Kaiser, let them propose something “‘about Jülich and Berg.’ Sits the wind in that quarter? “King has said since, to one Marschall, a Private-Secretary “who is in our interest: ‘I hate my Son, and my Son hates me: “‘we are best asunder; — let them make him *Statthalter* (Vice- “‘regent) of Hanover, with his Princess!’ Commission might “be made out in the Princess Amelia’s name; proper con- “ditions fixed, and so on: — Knyphausen suggests it could be “done. Knyphausen is true to us: but he stands alone” (not alone, but cannot much help); “does not even stir in the “*Nosti* or *St. Mary Axe* Affair as yet.”

Prince Friedrich to be *Statthalter* in Hanover with his English Princess? That would save the expense of an Establishment for him at home. That has been suggested by the Knyphausen or English party: and no doubt it looked flattering to his Prussian Majesty for moments. This may be called Epoch first, after that grand Charlottenburg Dinner.

Then as to the *Nosti* Affair, in which Knyphausen "does not stir as yet," — the fact is, it was only put into Knyphausen's hands the day before *yesterday*, as we soon discover; and Knyphausen is not so sure about it as some are! That Hotham Despatch is of Wednesday 12th April. And not till yesterday could Guy Dickens report performance of the other important thing. Captain Guy Dickens, a brisk handy military man, Secretary to Dubourgay this good while past, "Has duly "received from Head-quarters the successive *Nosti-Grumkow* Documents, caught up in St. Mary Axe; has "now delivered them to Knyphausen, to be laid before "his Prussian Majesty in a good hour; and would fain "(Tuesday April 11th) hope some result from this step." Not for almost a month does Hotham himself say anything of it to the Prussian Majesty, good hour for Knyphausen not having come. But now, in regard to that Hanover Statthaltership, hear Townshend, — condensed, but not nearly so much so, my Lord being a succinct man who sticks always creditably to the point:

To the Excellency Hotham at Berlin (from Lord Townshend).

London, 27th April. "Yes, you shall have the Hanover "Vice-regency. We will set-up the Crown-Prince Friedrich

“in Hanover as desired; but will give the Commission to our own Princess, that being more convenient for several reasons: “Crown-Prince, further-more, must promise to come over to “England when we require him; *item* may repay us our expences hereafter. As to Marriage Portions, we will give “none with our Princess nor ask any with theirs. Both marriages or none.” And so enough.

Alas, nothing came of this; Prussian Majesty, in spite of thrift, perceiving that for several reasons, it would not do. Meanwhile, Grumkow, we learn from a secret source,* has been considerably courted by Hotham and her Prussian Majesty; Queen Caroline having signified from England, That they ought to gain that knave, — what price did he charge for himself? But this also proves quite unavailing; never came to *pricing*. And so, — hear Hotham once more:

To Lord Townshend at London (from Excellency Hotham).

Berlin, 18th April. ** “Grumkow is a thorn in my side: “one would like to do him some service in return. ‘Cannot “‘you stop an *Original* Letter of his’” (we have only deciphered Copies as yet) to that Reichenbach or *Nosti*, ‘strong enough to break his back?’ — They will try. Hotham continues in next Despatch:

Berlin, 22d April. “Dined with the King again; Crown-Prince was present: dreadfully dejected, — ‘at which one “‘cannot help being moved; there is something so engaging “‘in the Prince, and everybody says so much good of him.’” Hear Hotham! Who again, three days after, says of our Fritz: ‘If I am not much mistaken, this young Prince will

* *Nosti*, *suprà* (18th April), p. 261; *infra*, p. 269.

‘one day make a very considerable figure.’ “Wish we could
“managè the Marriage; but this Grumkow, this” — Cannot
they contrive to send an *Original* strong enough?

Alas, from the same secret source we learn, within
a week, that Grumkow’s back is very strong; the To-
bacco-Parliament in full blast again, and Seckendorf’s
Couriers galloping to Vienna with the best news. Nay
his Majesty looks expressly “sour upon Hotham,” or
does not look at all; will not even speak when he sees
him; — for a reason we shall hear.* Can it be thought
that any liberality in use of the bellows or other fire-
implements will now avail with his Majesty? —

*Second and last Peep into the Nosti-Grumkow Corre-
spondence caught up in St. Mary Axe.*

But at this point let our Two Rooks recommence a
little: Nosti, on the 18th, we left quaking in every
joint of him; — and good news was almost at the
door, had afflicted Nosti known it. Grumkow’s strain
(suppressed by us here), all this while, is in general,
almost ever since the blaze of that Hotham Dinner went
off into repentant headache: “Pshaw, don’t fear!” Nay
after a fortnight or so, it is again: “Steady! we are all
right!” Tobacco-Parliament and the Royal Imagination
making such progress. This is still but the third week
since that grand Dinner at Charlottenburg:

* Nosti, *infra*, p. 268 & 269.

To the Excellenz Reichenbach at London (from Grumkow).

Berlin, 22d April. 'King wants to get rid of the Princess' Wilhelmina, 'who is grown lean, ugly, with pimples on her 'face (*qui est devenue maigre, laide, couperosée*,'* — dog: will nobody horsewhip that lie out of him!) — 'judge what a treat 'that will be to a Prince of Wales, who has his amourettes!' All is right, Nosti, is it not?

Berlin, 25th April. "King declared to Seckendorf yesterday again, He might write to the Kaiser, That while he "lived, nothing should ever part his Majesty from the Kaiser "and his Cause; that the French dare not attack Luxem- "bourg, as is threatened; and if they do —! Upon which "Seckendorf despatched a Courier to Vienna.

"As to Hotham, he explains himself upon nothing," — stalks about with his nose in the air, as if there were nothing farther to be explained. "I spoke yesterday of the Single "Match, Wilhelmina and Prince of Wales; King answered, "even of the Single Match, Devil fly away with it!" — or a still coarser phrase.

'Meanwhile the Queen, though at the end of her eighth 'month, is cheery as a fish in water;** and always forms 'grand projects of totally ruining Seckendorf, by Knyp- 'hausen's and other help.' "Hotham yesterday, glancing "at Nosti no doubt, said to the *Sieur de Potsdam*" (cant phrase for the King), 'That great Princes were very unlucky to have 'ministers that durst not show themselves in good society; for 'the result was, they sent nothing but false news and ru- 'mours picked up in coffeehouses.'

* This is one of the sentences Wilhelmina has got hold of (Wilhelmina, l. 284).

** *Wilhelmina* has this too, in a disfigured state (l. 238).

“Coffeehouses?” answers Reichenbach, by and by: “Reichenbach is in English society of the first distinction, and receives visits from Lords and Dukes. This ‘all the world knows’ — to be nothing like the case, as Townshend too has occasionally mentioned.

At any rate, continues Grumkow, “the Queen’s Husband” said, aside, to Nosti’s Friend, ‘I see he is glancing at Reichenbach; but he won’t make much of that (cynically speaking, *ne fera que de l’eau clair*).’ Hotham is by no means a man of brilliant mind, and his manners are rough: but “Ginkel,” the Dutchman, “is cleverer (*plus souple*), and “much better liked by Nosti’s Master.”

ANTISTROPHE soon follows; London Raven is himself again; — Nosti *loquitur*:

London, 25th April. ** “King has written to me, I am to report to him any talk there may be in the Court here about his Majesty! My Amiable and his Seckendorf, need they ask “if Nosti will, and in a way to give *them* pleasure?” **

STROPHE (allegro by the Berlin Raven or Rook, who has not yet heard the above); — Grumkow *loquitur*:

Berlin, 29th April. ** “Wrong not to write entertaining news of the English Court as heretofore. King likes it.

“What you say of the Prince-Royal of Prussia’s writing “to the Queen of England, is very curious; and you did well “to say nothing of it to the Father; the thing being of extreme delicacy, and the proof difficult. But it seems likely.

“And I insinuated something of it to his Majesty, the day before yesterday” (27th April 1730, therefore? One momentary glance of Hansard into the Tobacco-Parliament), “as of a thing I had learned from a spy” (such my pretence, O Nosti) — spy “who is the intimate friend of Knyphausen and plays traitor: you may fancy that it struck terribly.” Yes! “And his Majesty has looked sour upon Hotham ever since; and passed above an hour in colloquy with Seckendorf and me, in sight both of English Hotham and Dutch Ginkel without speaking to them.

“It was true enough what Nosti heard of the Queen’s fair speeches, and Hotham’s, to the Friend of Nosti. But it is all ended: the Queen’s, weeks ago, being in vain: Hotham too, after some civilities, seems now indifferent. ‘*Enfin*’ (“*afin*” he always writes it, copying the indistinct gurgle of his own horse-dialect) — ‘*Afin filouterie tout pure*’ (whole of it thimblorig, on their part).

“Admirable story, that of Prince Fred’s amourette” (sent to the cesspool by us, herald of Reichenbach thither): “let his Majesty know it, by all means. What the Duchess of Kendal” (lean tall female in expensive brocades, with gilt prayerbooks, visible in the body to Nosti at that time), “what the Duchess of Kendal says to you is perfectly just; and as the Princess Wilhelmina is very ill-looking” (*laide*, — how dare you say so, dog?), “I believe she will have a bad life of it, the Prince of Wales being accustomed to daintier meats. Yes truly, she will, as the Duchess says, ‘need to be wiser than Solomon’ to conciliate the humours down there (*là bas*) with the genius of his Prussian Majesty and Queen. — ‘As for your Princess Amelia, depend upon it, while the Commandant of Potsdam lives, she will never get hold of the Prince-Royal, though he is so furiously taken with the Britannic Majesties.’”

[Continues; in answer to a Nosti "Caw! Caw!" which we omit.]

Berlin, 2d May. "Wish you had not told the King so positively that the English say, it shall be Double Match or none. Hotham said to the Swedish Ambassador: 'Reichenbach, walking in the dark, would give himself a fine knock on the nose (*aurait un furieux pied de nez*), when,' or if, 'the thing was done quite otherwise.' Have a caution what you write."

Pooh, pooh! Hotham must have said "if," not "when;" Swede is quite astray! — And indeed we will here leave off, and shut down this magazine of rubbish; right glad to wash ourselves wholly from it (in three waters) forevermore. Possibly enough the Prussian Dryasdust will, one day, print it *in extenso*, and with that lucidity of comment and arrangement which are peculiar to him: exasperated readers will then see whether I have used them *ill* or not, according to the opportunity there was! — Here, at any rate, my reader shall be free of it. Indeed he may perceive, the negotiation was by this time come to a safe point, the Nosti-Grumkows triumphant, and the interest of the matter mainly out. Farther transient anxieties this amiable couple had, — traceable in that last short croak from Grumkow, — lest the English might consent to that of the "Single Marriage in the mean time" (which the English never did, or meant to do). For example, this other screech of Nosti, which shall be his final last-screach:

London, 12th May. “Lord Townshend alarmingly hinted
“to me: Better have done with your Grumkow-and-Secken-
“dorf speculations: the ill-intentioned are perfectly sure to be
“found out at the end of the account; and their tools will get
“ruined along with them. Nosti endeavoured to talk big in
“reply: but he shakes in his shoes nevertheless; and with a
“heart full of distraction exclaims now, Save yourselves, save
“me! — If Hotham speak of the Single Marriage only, it is
“certain the Prince-Royal must mean to run away,” and so
make it a Double one in time.

Yes, indeed! But these were transient terrors. The
day is our own, my Grumkow; yes our own, my Nosti:
— and so our Colloquy of Rookeries shall be suppres-
sible henceforth.

*His Majesty gets sight of the St. Mary Axe Documents;
but nothing follows from it.*

We have only to add what Hotham reports (Berlin,
May 6th), That he “has had an interview with his
“Majesty, spoken of the St. Mary Axe affair; Knyp-
“hausen having found a moment to lay it before his
“Majesty.” So that the above Excerpts from St. Mary
Axe (all but the last two) — the above, and many
more suppressed by us, — are in his Majesty’s hands:
and he is busy studying them; will, it is likely, produce
them in an amazed Tobacco-Parliament one of these
evenings! —

What the emotions of the royal breast were during
the *perusal* of this extraordinary dialogue of birds,

which has come to him through St. Mary Axe —? Manifold probably: manifold, questionable; but not tragical, or not immediately so. Certainly it is definable as the paltriest babble; no treason visible in it, nor constructive-treason: but it painfully indicates, were his Majesty candid, That his Majesty is subject to spies in his own House; nay that certain parties do seem to fancy they have got his Majesty by the nose, and are piping tunes with an eye to his dancing thereto. This is a painful thought, which, I believe, does much agitate his Majesty now and afterwards. A painful thought or suspicion, rising sometimes (in that temperament of his) to the pitch of the horrible. I believe it occasionally, ever henceforth, keeps haunting the highly poetic temperament of his Majesty, nor ever quits him again at all; stalking always, now and then, through the vacant chambers of his mind, in what we may call the night-season (or time of solitude and hypochondriacal reflection), — though in busy times again (in daylight, so to speak) he impatiently casts it from him. Poor Majesty!

But figure Grumkow, figure the Tobacco-Parliament when Majesty laid these Papers on the Table! A *Hansard* of that night would be worth reading. There is thunderous note of interrogation on his Majesty's face; what a glimmer in the hard puckery eyes of Feldzeugmeister Seckendorf, "*Jarni-Bleu!*" No doubt, an excessively astonished Parliament. Nothing but brass of face will now serve the principal Honourable Gentleman there; but in that, happily, he is not wanting.

Of course Grumkow denies the Letters, point blank: Mere forgeries, these, of the English Court, plotting to ruin your Majesty's faithful servant, and bring in other servants *they* will like better! May have written to Reichenbach, nay indeed has, this or that trifling thing: but those Copyists in St. Mary Axe, "deciphering," — garbling, manufacturing, till they make a romance of it, — alas, your Majesty? Nay, at any rate, what are the Letters? Grumkow can plead that they are the foolishhest insignificant rubbish of Court-gossip, not tending any bad road, if they have a tendency. That they are adapted to the nature of the beast, and of the situation, — this he will carefully abstain from remarking.

We have no *Hansard* of this Session; all is conjecture and tobacco-smoke. What we know is, not the least effect, except an internal trouble, was produced on the royal mind by the St. Mary Axe Discovery. Some Question there might well be, inarticulately as yet, of Grumkow's fidelity, at least of his discretion; seeds of suspicion as to Grumkow, which may sprout up by and by; resolution to keep one's eye on Grumkow. But the first practical fruit of the matter is, fierce jealousy that the English and their clique do really wish to interfere in our ministerial appointments; so that, for the present, Grumkow is firmer in his place than ever. And privately, we need not doubt, the matter continues painful to his Majesty.

One thing is certain, precisely a week after, his Majesty, — much fluctuating in mind evidently, for the Document "*has been changed three or four times*

within forty-eight hours," — presents his final answer to Hotham. Which runs to this effect ("outrageous," as Hotham defines it):

"1°. For Hanover and your great liberality on that score, "much obliged; but upon reconsideration think it will *not* do. "2°. Marriage *first*, Prince of Wales to Wilhelmina, — Con- "sent with pleasure. 3°. Marriage *second*, Crown-Prince "Friedrich with your Amelia, — for that also we are ex- "tremely wishful, and trust it will one day take effect: but "first these Seville-Treaty matters, and differences between "the Kaiser and allied English and French will require to be "pulled straight; that done, we will treat about the terms of "Marriage *second*. One indispensable will be, — That the "English guarantee our Succession in Jülich and Berg."*

"Outrageous" indeed! — Crown-Prince sends, along with this, a loving message by Hotham, of earnestly deprecating tenor, to the Britannic Majesty; "begs "his Britannic Majesty not to reject the King's Pro- "posals, whatever they may be, — this for poor Sister "Wilhelmina's sake. 'For though he, the Crown-Prince, "was determined to lose his life sooner than marry "anybody but the Princess Amelia, yet if this Nego- "tiation were broken off, his Father would go to ex- "tremities to force him and his poor Sister into other "engagements.'" — Which, alas, what can it avail with the Britannic Majesty, in regard to such outrageous Propositions from the Prussian?

Britannic Majesty's Ministry, as always, answers by

* Hotham's Despatch, 13th May 1730.

return of Courier: — “*May 22d.* Both Marriages, or “none: Seville has no concern with *both*, more than “with one: *ditto* Jülich and Berg, — of which latter “indeed we know nothing, — nor (*aside to Hotham*) “mean to know.”* Whereby Hotham perceives that it is as good to throw away the bellows, and consider the matter extinct. Hotham makes ready for an Excursion into Saxony, to a thing called *Camp of Radewitz*, or *Encampment at Radewitz*; a Military Spectacle of never-imagined magnificence, to be given by August the Strong there, whither all the world is crowding; — and considers any Business he had at Berlin to be as good as done.

Evidently Friedrich Wilhelm has not been much wrought upon by the St. Mary Axe Documents! One week they have been revolving in the royal mind; part of a week in the Smoking Parliament (we know not what day they were laid on the table there, but it must have been a grand occurrence within those walls!) — and this already (May 13th) is the result arrived at: Propositions, changed three or four times within forty-eight hours, and definable at last as “outrageous;” which induce Hotham to lay down the bellows, and prepare to go his ways. Our St. Mary Axe Discovery seems to have no effect at all! —

One other public result there is from it, and as yet one only: Reichenbach, “from certain causes thereto moving Us (*aus gewissen Uns dazu bewegenden Gründen*).”

* Despatch, Whitehall, 11th May (22d by n. s.).

gets a formal Letter of Recall. Ostensible Letter, dated Berlin, 13th May, and signed Friedrich Wilhelm; which the English may read for their comfort. Only that along with this, of the same date and signature, intended for Reichenbach's comfort, the same Leather Bag brings a Private Letter (which Dickens or another has contrived to get sight of and copy), apprising Reichenbach, That, *unostensibly*, his proceedings are approved of; that he is to continue at his post till further orders, all the same, "and keep watch on these "Marriages, about which there is such debating in the "world (*wovon in der Welt so viel debattirt wird*); things "being still in the same state as half a year ago. That "is to say, I am ready for my Daughter's Marriage "with the Prince of Wales: but for my Son, he is too "young yet; *und hat es damit keine Eile, weil ich Gottlob "noch zwei Söhne hab* (nor is there any haste, as I have, "thank God, two other sons," — and a third coming, if I knew it): — "besides one indispensable condition will be, that the English guarantee Jülich and Berg," which perhaps they are not in the least hurry for, either! —

What does the English Court think of that? Dated "Berlin, 13th May:" it is the same day when his Majesty's matured Proposals, "changed thrice or oftener within the forty-eight hours," were handed to Hotham for transmission to his Court. An interesting Leather Bag, this Ordinary from Berlin. Reichenbach, we observe, will get his share of it some ten days after that *alarming* rebuke from Townshend; and it will relieve

the poor wretch from his worst terrors: "Go on with your eavesdroppings as before, you alarmed wretch!" — There does one Degenfeld by and by, a man of better quality (and on special haste, as we shall see) come and supersede poor Nosti, and send him home: — there they give Nosti some exiguous Pension, with hint to disappear forevermore. Which he does; leaving only these St. Mary Axe Documents for his Lifemark in the History of Mankind.

What the English Answer to his Majesty's Proposals of Berlin, May 13th, was, we have already seen; — dated "London, 22d May," probably few hours after the Courier arrived. Hotham, well anticipating what it would be, had already, as we phrased it, "laid down the bellows;" left the Negotiation, as essentially extinct; — and was preparing for the "Camp at Radewitz," Britannic Majesty being anxious to hear what Friedrich Wilhelm and August the Strong have on hand there.

"The King of Prussia's unsteadiness and want of resolution," writes Hotham (Berlin, 20th May), "will hinder him from being either very useful to his friends, or very formidable to his enemies." And from the same place, just about quitting it for Radewitz, he writes again, exactly a week after ("Berlin, 27th May"), to enclose Copy of a remarkable Letter; remarkable to us also; — but which, he knows and we, cannot influence the English Answer now close at hand. Here is the copied Letter; copied in *Guy Dickens's hand*; — from which we translate, — and

also will give the original French in this instance, for behoof of the curious:

To his Excellency the Chevalier Hotham.

[Potsdam, End of May 1730.]

“Monsieur, — Je crois que c'est de la dernière importance que
“je vous écrive; et je suis assez triste d'avoir des choses à vous
“dire que je devrois cacher à toute la terre: mais il faut franchir
“ce mauvais pas là; et vous comptant de mes amis, je me resouds
“plus facilement à vous le dire. C'est que je suis traité d'une
“manière inouïe du Roi, et que je sais qu'à présent ils se trament
“de terribles choses contre moi, touchant certaines Lettres que
“j'ai écrites l'hiver passé, dont je crois que vous serez informé.
“Enfin pour vous parler franchement, la vraie raison que le Roi a
“de ne vouloir point donner les mains à ce Mariage est, qu'il me
“veut toujours tenir sur un bas pied, et me faire enrager toute sa
“vie, quand l'envie lui en prend; ainsi il ne l'accordera jamais.
“Si l'on consent de votre côté que cette Princesse soit aussi traitée
“ainsi, vous pouvez comprendre aisément que je serai fort triste de
“rendre malheureuse une personne que j'estime, et de rester tou-
“jours dans le même état où je suis. Pour moi donc je crois qu'il
“vaudroit mieux finir le Mariage de ma Sœur ainsi auparavant,
“et ne point demander au Roi seulement des assurances sur mon
“sujet, d'autant plus que sa parole n'y fait rien: suffit que je
“reïtère les promesses que j'ai déjà fait au Roi mon Oncle, de ne
“prendre jamais d'autre épouse que sa seconde fille la Princesse
“Amélie. Je suis une personne de parole, qui pourra faire reussir
“ce que j'avance, pourvu que l'on se fie à moi. Je vous le pro-
“mets, et à présent vous pouvez en avertir votre Cour; et je saurai
“tenir ma promesse. Je suis toujours tout à vous,

“FRÉDÉRIC.”*

* State-Paper Office: Prussian Despatches, vol. xli. (enclosed in Sir Charles Hotham's Despatch, Berlin 27th-16th May 1730).

“Monsieur, — I believe it is of the last importance that I
“should write to you; and I am very sad to have things to say
“which I ought to conceal from all the earth. But one must
“take that bad leap; and reckoning you among my friends,
“I the more easily resolve to open myself to you.

“The case is this: I am treated in an unheard-of manner
“by the King; and I know there are terrible things in prepa-
“ration against me, touching certain Letters which I wrote
“last winter, of which I believe you are informed. In a word,
“to speak frankly to you, the real secret reason why the King
“will not consent to this Marriage is, That he wishes to keep
“me on a low footing constantly, and to have the power of
“driving me mad, whenever the whim takes him, throughout
“his life; thus he never will give his consent. If it were
“possible that you on your side could consent that your Prin-
“cess too should be exposed to such treatment, you may well
“comprehend that I should be very sad to bring misery on a
“Person whom I esteem, and to remain always in the same
“state as now.

“For my own part, therefore, I believe it would be better
“to conclude my Sister’s Marriage in the first place, and not
“even to ask from the King any assurances in regard to mine;
“the rather as his word has nothing to do with it: it is enough
“that I here reiterate the promises which I have already made
“to the King my Uncle, Never to take another wife than his
“second Daughter the Princess Amelia. I am a person of my
“word; and shall be able to bring about what I set forth, pro-
“vided there is trust put in me. I promise it you; and now
“you may give your Court notice of it; and I shall manage to
“keep my promise. I remain yours always.”

The Crown-Prince, for Wilhelmina’s sake and every-

body's, is extremely anxious they should agree to the Single-Marriage in the interim: but the English Court, — perhaps for no deep reason, perhaps chiefly because little George had the whim of standing grandly immovable upon his first offer, — never would hear of that. Which was an angry thought to the Crown-Prince in after times, as we sometimes notice.

Here, to the like effect, is another Fragment from his Royal Highness, copied in the Dickens hand, and enclosed in the same Despatch from Hotham; — giving us a glance into the inner workshop of his Royal Highness, and his hidden assiduities and endeavourings at that time:

*“... Vous pouvez croire que je ferai tout ce que je peux pour faire
“reussir mon plan; mais l'on n'en remarquera rien en dehors; —
“que l'on m'en laisse agir en suite, je ferai bien moi seul reussir le
“reste. Je finis là par vous assurer encore, Monsieur, que je suis
“tout à vous. — FRÉDÉRIC PRINCE R.”*

*“... You may believe I will exert all my resources to succeed in
“my plan; but there will be no outward sign visible: — leave
“me to act in this way, I will myself successfully bring it
“through. I end by again assuring you, Monsieur, that I am
“yours always.”*

— Which again produces no effect; the English Answer being steadily, “Both Marriages, or none.”

And this, then, is what the Hotham mission is come to? Good Dubourgay is home, recalled about a month ago, “for the sake of his health,”* — good old gentle-

* Townshend's polite Despatch to him, Whitehall, 21st April 1793.

man, never to be heard of in Diplomatic History more. Dubourgay went in the first days of May; and the month is not out, when Hotham is off to the Camp of Radewitz; leaving his Negotiation, as it were, extinct. To the visible regret of the Berlin public generally; to the grievous disappointment of Queen Sophie, of the Crown-Prince and some others, — not to speak of Wilhelmina's feelings, which are unknown to us.

Regretful Berlin, Wilhelmina and Mamma among the others, had, by accident, in these dejected circumstances, a strange Sign from the Heavens provided them, one night, — if we may be permitted to notice it here. Monday, 29th May; — and poor Queen Sophie, we observe withal, is in the hands of the *Monthly Nurse*, since Tuesday last!*

St. Peter's Church in Berlin has an Accident.

Monday, 29th May 1730, Friedrich Wilhelm and the Crown-Prince and Party were at Potsdam, so far on their way towards Radewitz. All is peaceable at Potsdam that night: but it was a night of wild phenomena at Berlin; or rather of one wild phenomenon, the "Burning of the *Sanct-Peters Kirche*," which held the whole City awake and in terror for its life. Dim Fassmann becomes unusually luminous on this affair (probably an eye-witness to it, poor old soul); and enables us to fish-up one old Night of Berlin City and

* "Prince Ferdinand" (her last child, Father of him whose fate lay at *Jena seventy-six years afterwards*), "born 23d May 1730."

its vanished populations into clear view again, if we like.

For two years back Berlin had been diligently building a *non-plus-ultra* of Steeples to that fine Church of St. Peter's. Highest Steeple of them all; one of the Steeples of the World, in a manner; — and Berlin was now near ending it. Tower, or shaft, has been complete some time, interior fittings going on; and is just about to get its ultimate apex, a "Crown Royal" set on it by way of *finis*. For his Majesty, the great *Ædile*, was much concerned in the thing; and had given materials, multifarious helps: Three incomparable Bells, especially, were his gift: melodious old Bells, of distinguished tone, "bigger than the Great Bell of Erfurt," than Tom of Lincoln, — or, as brief popular rumour has it, the biggest Bells in the world, at least of such a *tone*. These Bells are hung, silent but ready in their upper chamber of the Tower, and the gigantic Crown or apex is to go on; then will the basket-work of scaffolding be peeled away, and the Steeple stretch, high and grand, into the air, for ages it is hoped.

Far otherwise. On Monday Evening, between eight and nine, there gathered thunder over Berlin; wild tumult of the elements: thunderbolt "thrice in swift succession" struck the unfinished Steeple; in the "hood" of which men thereupon noticed a light, as of a star, or sparkle of the sun; and straightway, in spite of the rain-torrents, there burst out blazes of flame. Blazes unquenchable; grand yet perilous to behold. The fire-drums beat, the alarm-bells clanged, and ceased not;

1 Berlin struggling there, all night, in vain. Such volumes of smoke: "the heavens were black as if you had hung them with mortcloth:" such roaring cataracts of flame, "you could have picked up a copper doit at the distance of 800 yards." — "Hiss — s — s!" What hissing far aloft is that? That is the incomparable big bells melting. There they vanish, their fine tones never to be tried more, and ooze through the red-hot iron, "Hush — sh — sht!" the last sound heard from them. And the Stem for holding that immense Crown-royal, — it is a bar and bars of iron, "weighing sixteen hundredweight;" down it comes thundering, crashing through the belly of St. Peter's, the fall of it like an earthquake all round. And still the fire-drums beat, and from all surviving Steeples of Berlin goes the clangor of alarm; "none but the very young children can have slept that night," says our vigilant old friend.

Wind was awake, too; kindling the neighbouring streets; — storming towards the Powder-Magazine; here labour innumerable Artillerymen, "busy with hides from the tanpits, with stable-dung, and other material;" speed to them, we will say! Forty dwelling-houses went; but not the Powder-Magazine; not Berlin utterly (so to speak) by the Powder-Magazine. On the morrow St. Peter's and neighbourhood lay black, still inwardly burning; not for three days more would the ruins be completely quenched.

That was the news for Friedrich Wilhelm, before sunrise, on the point of his departure for Mühlberg and *King August's scenic exhibitions.* "Hm; — but we

must go, all the same! We will rebuild it!" said he. — And truly he did so. And the polite King August, sorry to hear of the Peterskirche, "gave him excellent "sandstone from the quarries of Pirna," says Fassmann: "great blocks came boating down the Elbe" from that notable Saxon-Switzerland Country, notable to readers here in time coming; and are to be found, as ashlar, in the modern St. Peter's at Berlin; a fact which the reader, till Pirna be better known to him, may remember if he likes.*

And now let us to Radewitz without delay.

* Fassmann, pp. 406-409.

CHAPTER III.

CAMP OF RADEWITZ.

THE Camp of Mühlberg, called more properly the Camp of Radewitz, towards which Friedrich Wilhelm, with English Hotham and many dignitaries are now gone, was one of the sublimest scenic military exhibitions in the history of the world; leaving all manner of imitation tournaments, modern "tin-tournaments," out of sight; and perhaps equalling the Field of the Cloth of Gold, or Barbarossa's Maintz Tournament in ancient times. It lasted for a month, regardless of expense, — June month of the year 1730; — and from far and wide the idle of mankind ran, by the thousand, to see it. Shall the thing be abolished utterly, — as perhaps were proper, had not our Crown-Prince been there, with eyes very open to it, and yet with thoughts very shut; — or shall some flying trace of the big Zero be given? Riddling or screening certain cartloads of heavy old German printed-rubbish,* to omit

* Chiefly the terrible compilation called *Helden- Staats- und Lebens-Geschichte des &c. Friedrichs des Andern* (History Heroical, Political and Biographical of Friedrich the Second), Frankfurt and Leipzig, 1758-1760, vol. i. first half, pp. 171-210. There are Ten thick and thin Half-volumes, and perhaps more. One of the most hideous imbroglios ever published under the name of Book, — without vestige of Index, and on paper that has no margin and cannot stand ink, — yet with many curious articles stuffed blindly into the awful belly of it, like jewels into a rag-sack, or into ten rag-sacks all in one; with far more authenticity than you could expect in such case. Let us call it, for brevity, *Helden-Geschichte*, in future references.

the Hotham Despatches, we obtain the following shovelful of authentic particulars, perhaps not quite insupportable to existing mankind.

The exact size of the Camp of Radewitz I nowhere find measured; but to judge on the map,* it must have covered, with its appendages, some ten or twelve square miles of ground. All on the Elbe, right bank of the Elbe: Town of Mühlberg, chief Town of the District, lying some ten miles northwest; then, not much beyond it, Torgau; and then famed Wittenberg, all on the northwest, farther down the River: and on the other side, Meissen with its Potteries not far to the southeast of you, up the River, on the Dresden hand. Nay perhaps many of my readers have seen the place, and not known, in their touring expeditions; which are now blinder than ever, and done by steam, without even eyesight, not to say intelligence. Precisely where the railway from Leipzig to Dresden crosses the Elbe, — there, if you happen to have daylight, is a flat, rather clayey country, dirty-greenish, as if depastured partly by geese; with a big full River Elbe sweeping through it, banks barish for a mile or two; River itself swift, sleek and of flint-colour; not unpleasant to behold, thus far on its journey from the Bohemian Giant-Mountains sea-ward: precisely there, when you have crossed the Bridge, is the southmost corner of August the Strong's Encampment, — vanished now like the last flock of geese that soiled and nibbled these localities; — and,

* Map at p. 300.

without knowing it, you are actually upon memorable ground.

Actually, we may well say; apart from August and his fooleries. For here also it was, on the ground now under your eye, that Kurfürst Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, having been surprised the day before at public worship in the above-mentioned Town of Mühlberg, and completely beaten by Kaiser Karl the Fifth and his Spaniards and Duke of Alba, did, on Monday 25th April 1547, ride forth as Prisoner to meet the said Kaiser; and had the worst reception from him, poor man. "Take pity on me, O God! This is what "it is come to?" the magnanimous beaten Kurfürst was heard murmuring as he rode. At sight of the Kaiser, he dismounted, pulled off his ironplated gloves, knelt, and was for humbly taking the Kaiser's hand, to kiss it. Kaiser would not; Kaiser looked thunderous tornado on him, with hands rigidly in the vertical direction. The magnanimous Kurfürst arose therefore; doffed his hat: "Great-mightiest (*grossmächtigster*) all-gracious Kaiser, I am your Majesty's prisoner," said he, confining himself to the historical. "I *am* Kaiser "now, then?" answered the sullen Tornado, with a black brow and hanging under-jaw. — "I request my "imprisonment may be prince-like," said the poor Prince. "It shall be as your deserts have been!" — "I am in your power; you will do your pleasure on "me," answered the other; — and was led away, to hard durance and peril of life for five years to come; his Cousin Moritz having expertly jockeyed his Elec-

toral dignities and territories from him in the interim;* — as was told above, long since.

Expert Cousin Moritz: in virtue of which same Moritz, or rather perhaps in *vice* of him, August the Strong is even now Elector of Saxony; Papist, Pseudo-Papist Apostate King of Poland, and Non-plus-ultra of “gluttonous Royal Flunkeys;” doomed to do these fooleries on God’s Earth for a time. For the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, — in ways little dreamt of by the flunkey judgment, — to the sixth generation and farther. Truly enough this is memorable ground, little as King August thinks of it; little as the idle tourists think, or the depasturing geese, who happen to be there.

The ten square miles have been industriously prepared for many months past; shaved, swept by the best engineer science; every village of it thoroughly cleaned, at least: the villages all let lodgings at a Californian rate; in one village, Moritz by name,** is the slaughter-house, killing oxen night and day; and the bakehouse, with 160 mealy bakers who never rest: in another village, Ströhme, is the playhouse of the region; in another, Glaubitz, the post-office: nothing could excel the arrangements; much superior, I should judge, to those for the Siege of Troy, and other world-great enterprises. Worthy really of admiration, had the business *not* been Zero. Foreign Courts, European

* De Wette: *Kurzgefasste Lebens-Geschichte der Herzoge zu Sachsen* (Weimar, 1770), pp. 1-33-73.

** Map at p. 300.

. Diplomacy at large, wondered much what cunning scheme lay hidden here. No scheme at all, nor purpose, on the part of poor August; only that of amusing himself, and astonishing the flunkeys of Creation, — regardless of expense. Three temporary Bridges, three besides the regular ferry of the country, cross the Elbe; for the high officers, dames, damosels and lordships of degree, and thousandfold spectators, lodge on both sides of the Elbe: three Bridges, one of pontoons, one of wood-rafts, one of barrels; immensely long, made for the occasion. The whole Saxon Army, 30,000 horse and foot with their artillery, all in beautiful brand-new uniforms and equipments, lies beautifully encamped in tents and wooden huts, near by Zeithayn, its rear to the Elbe; this is the "*Armee-Lager* (Camp of the Army)" in our old Rubbish-Books. Northward of which, — with the Heath of Görisch still well beyond, and bluish to you, in the farther North, — rises, on favourable ground, a high "*Pavilion*" elaborately built, elaborately painted and gilded, with balcony stages round it; from which the whole ground, and everything done in it, is surveyable to spectators of rank.

Eastward again, or from the Pavilion southeastward, at the right flank of the Army, where again rises a kind of Height, hard by Radewitz, favourable for survey, — there, built of sublime silk tents, or solid well-painted carpentry, the general colour of which is bright green, with gilt knobs and gilt gratings all about, is the "*Haupt-Lager*," Head-quarters, Main Lager, Heart of all the *Lagers*; where his Prussian Majesty, and his

Polish ditto, with their respective suites, are lodged Kinglike wholly, in extensive green palaces ready gilt and furnished; such drawing-rooms, such bed-rooms, "with floors of dyed wicker-work;" the gilt mirrors, pictures, musical clocks; — not even the fine bathing-tubs for his Prussian Majesty have been forgotten. Never did man or flunkey see the like. Such immense successful apparatus, without and within; no end of military valetaille, chiefly "janizaries," in Turk costume; improvised flower-gardens even, and walks of yellow sand, — the whole Hill of Radewitz made into a flower-garden in that way. Nay, in the *Army Lager* too, many of the Captains have made little improvised flower-gardens, in that Camp of theirs, up and down. For other Captains not of a poetical turn, there are billiards, coffee-houses, and plenty of excellent beer and other liquor. But the mountains of cavalry hay, that stand guarded by patrols in the rearward places, and the granaries of cavalry oats, are not to be told. Eastward, from their open porticoes and precincts, with imitation "janizaries" pacing silent lower down, the Two Majesties oversee the Army, at discretion; can survey all things, — even while dining, which they do daily like very kings! Fritz is lodged there; has a magnificent bed: poor young fellow, he alone now makes the business of any meaning to us. He is curious enough to see the phenomena, military and other; but oppressed with black care: "My Amelia is not here, and the tyrant Father is — tyrannous with his rattan: ye gods!"

We could insist much on the notable people that were there; for the Lists of them are given. Many high Lordships; some of whom will meet us again. Weissenfels, Wilhelmina's unfavoured lover, how busy is he, commanding gallantly (in the terrific Sham-Battle) against Wackerbarth; General Wackerbarth, whose house we saw burnt on a Dresden visit, not so long ago. Old Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau is there, the Old Dessauer; with four of his Princes; instructed in soldiering, left without other instruction; without even writing, unless they can pick it up for themselves. Likely young fellows too, with a good stroke of work in them, of battle in them, when called for. Young Anspach, lately wedded, comes, in what state he can, poor youth; lodges with the Prussian Majesty his Father-in-law; should keep rather quiet, his share of wisdom being small. Seckendorf with his Grumkow, they also are here, in the train of Friedrich Wilhelm. Grumkow shoves the bottle with their Polish and Prussian Majesties; in jolly hours, things go very high there. I observe they call King August "*le Patron*," the Captain, or "Patroon;" a fine jollity dwelling in that Man of Sin. Or does the reader notice Holstein-Beck, Prussian Major-General; Prince of Holstein-Beck; a solid dull man; capable of liquor, among other things: not wiser than he should be; sold all his Apanage or Princeship, for example, and bought plate with it, wherefore they call him ever since "*Holstein-Vaisselle* (Holstein Plate)" instead of Holstein-Beck.* His next Brother, here like-

* Büsching's *Beyträge*, iv. 109.

wise I should think, being Major-General in the Saxon service, is still more foolish. He, poor soul, is just about to marry the Orzelska, incomparable Princess known to us, who had been her Father's mistress: — marriage, as was natural, went asunder again (1733) after a couple of years. — But mark especially that middle-aged heavy gentleman, Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst, Prussian Commandant of Stettin. Not over rich (would not even be rich if he came to be reigning Duke, as he will do); attentive at his post in those parts, ever since the Siege-of-Stralsund time; has done his orders, fortified Stettin to perfection; solid, heavy taciturn man: — of whom there is nothing notable but this only, That last year his Wife brought him a little Daughter, Catharine the name of her. His Wife is a foolish restless dame, highborn and pennyless; let her nurse well this little Catharine: little Catharine will become abundantly distinguished in a thirty years hence; Empress of all the Russians, that little girl; the Fates have so appointed it, mocking the prophecies of men! Here too is our poor unmentionable Duke of Mecklenburg: poor soul, he has left his quarrels with the Ritterschaft for a week or two, and is here breathing the air of the Elbe Heaths. His wild Russian Wife, wild Peter's Niece and more, we are relieved to know, is dead; for her ways and Peter's have been very strange! To this unmentionable Duke of Mecklenburg she has left one Daughter, a Princess Elizabeth-Catherine, who will be called Princess *Anne*, one day: whose fortunes in the world may turn out to be tragical. Potential heiress of all the

Russias, that little Elizabeth or Anne. Heiress by her wily Aunt, Anne of Curland, — Anne with the swollen cheek, whom Moritz, capable of many things, and of being *Maréchal de Saxe* by and by, could not manage to fall in love with there; and who has now just quitted Curland, and become Czarina:* — if Aunt Anne with the big cheek should die childless, as is likely, this little Niece were Heiress. *Was thut's*, What matter!—

In the train of King August are likewise splendours of a sort, if we had time for them. Dukes of Sachsen-Gotha, Dukes of Meiningen, most of the Dukes that put Sachsen to their name; — Sachsen-Weimar for one; who is Grandfather of Goethe's Friend, if not otherwise distinguished. The Lubomirskis, Czartoryskis, and others of Polish breed, shall be considered as foreign to us, and go unnoticed. Nor are high Dames wanting, as we see: vast flights of airy bright-hued womankind, Crown-Princess at the head of them, who lodges in Tiefenau with her Crown-Prince, — and though plain-looking, and not of the sweetest temper, is a very high Lady indeed. Niece of the present Kaiser Karl, Daughter of the late Kaiser, Joseph of blessed memory; — for which reason August never yet will sign the Pragmatic Sanction, his Crown-Prince having hereby rights of his own in opposition thereto. She is young; to her is Tiefenau, northward, on the edge of the Görisch Heath, probably the choicest mansion in these circuits, given up: also she is Lady of "the Bucentaur," frigate equal

* Peter II., her Cousin-german, died January 1730 (*Mannstein's Russia*).

to Cleopatra's galley in a manner; and commands, so to speak, by land and water. Supreme Lady, she, of this sublime world-foolery, regardless of expense: so has the gallantry of August ordered it. Our Friedrich and she will meet again, on occasions not like this! — What the other Princesses and Countesses, present on this occasion, were to Crown-Prince Friedrich, except a general flowerbed of human nature, — ask not; nor even whether the Orzelska was so much as here! The Orzelska will be married, some two months hence,* to a Holstein-Beck; not to Holstein *Plate*, but to his Brother the unfortunate Saxon Major-General: a man surely not of nice tastes in regard to marriage; — and I would recommend him to keep his light Wife at home on such occasions. They parted, as we said, in a year or two, mutually indignant; and the Orzelska went to Avignon, to Venice and elsewhere, and settled into Catholic devotion in cheap countries of agreeable climate.**

Crown-Prince Friedrich, doubtless, looking at this flowerbed of human nature, and the reward of happy daring paid by Beauty, has vivid images of Princess Amelia and her Viceregency of Hanover; bright Princess and Viceregency, divided from him by bottomless gulfs, which need such a swim as that of Leander across the material Hellespont was but a trifle to! — In which of the villages Hotham and Dickens lodged, I did not learn or inquire; nor are their copious Despatches, chro-

* 10th August 1780 (Sir T. Robinson: Despatch from Dresden; in State-Paper Office).

** See Pöllnitz (*Memoirs, &c.*), whoever is curious about her.

nicling these sublime phenomena from day to day for behoof of St. James's, other than entirely inane to us at this time. But one thing we do learn from them: Our Crown-Prince, escaping the paternal vigilance, was secretly in consultation with Dickens, or with Hotham through Dickens; and this in the most tragic humour on his side. In such effulgences of luxury and scenic grandeur, how sad an attendant is Black Care, — nay foul misuseage, not to be borne by human nature! Accurate Professor Ranke has read somewhere, — does not comfortably say where, nor comfortably give the least date, — this passage, or what authorises him to write it. "In that Pleasure-Camp of Mühlberg, where "the eyes of so many strangers were directed to him, "the Crown-Prince was treated like a disobedient boy, "and one time even with strokes (*körperlich misshandelt*), "to make him feel he was only considered as such. The "enraged King, who never weighed the consequences "of his words, added mockery to his manual outrage. "He said, 'Had I been treated so by my Father, I would "have blown my brains out: but this fellow has no "honour, he takes all that comes!'"* *Einmal körperlich misshandelt*: why did not the Professor give us time, occasion, circumstances, and name of some eye-witness? For the fact, which stands reported in the like fashion in all manner of Histories, we shall otherwise find to be abundantly certain; and it produced conspicuous definite results. It is, as it were, the one fact still worth human remembrance in this expensive Radewitz and its

* *Ranke: Neun Bücher Preussischer Geschichte* (Berlin, 1847), i. 287.

fooleries; and is itself left in that vague inert state, — irremediable at present.

Beaten like a slave; while lodged, while figuring about, like a royal highness, in this sumptuous manner! It appears clearly the poor Prince did hereupon, in spite of his word given to Wilhelmina, make up his mind to run. Ingenious Ranke, forgetting again to date, knows from the Archives, that Friedrich went shortly afterwards to call on Graf von Hoym, one day. Speaking to Graf von Hoym, who is Saxon First-Minister, and Factotum of the arrangements here, he took occasion cursorily to ask, Could not a glimpse of Leipzig, among all these fine things, be had? Order for horses to or at Leipzig, for “a couple of Officers” (Lieutenant Keith and self), — quietly, without fuss of passes and the like, Herr Graf? — The Herr Graf glances into it with eyes which have a twinkle in them: *Schwerlich*, Royal Highness. They are very strict about passes. Do not try it, Royal Highness! * And Friedrich did desist, in that direction, poor youth; but tried it the more in others. Very busy, in deep secrecy, corresponding with Lieutenant Katte at Berlin, consulting tragically with Captain Guy Dickens here. — Whether any hint or whisper came to the Prussian Majesty from Graf von Hoym? Lieutenant Keith was, shortly after, sent to Wesel to mind his soldiering there, far down the Rhine Country in the Garrison of Wesel; **

* Ranke, ubi suprà; Förster: i. 365, and more especially iii. 4 (Seckendorff's Narrative there).

** Wilhelmina told us lately (suprà, p. 115), Keith had been sent to Wesel; but she has misdated as usual.

better there than colleaguings with a Fritz, and suggesting to him idle truantcies or worse.

With Katte at Berlin the desperate Prince has concocted another scheme of Flight, this Hoym one being impossible; scheme executable by Katte and him, were this Radewitz once over. And as for his consultations with Guy Dickens, the result of them is: Captain Dickens, on the 16th of June, with eyes brisk enough, and lips well shut, sets out from Radewitz express for London. This is what I read as abstract of *Hotham's Despatch*, 16th June 1730, which Dickens is to deliver with all caution at St. James's: "Crown-Prince has communicated "to Dickens his plan of escape; 'could no longer bear "the outrages of his Father.' Is to attend his Father "to Anspach shortly" (*Journey to the Reich*, of which we shall hear anon), "and they are to take a turn to "Stuttgard; which latter is not very far from Strasburg "on the French side of the Rhine. To Strasburg he "will make his escape; stay six weeks or a couple of "months (that his Mother be not suspected); and will "then proceed to England. Hopes England will take "such measures as to save his Sister from ruin." These are his fixed resolutions: what will England do in such abstruse case? — Captain Dickens speeds silently with his Despatch; will find Lord Harrington, not Townshend any more;* will copiously open his lips to Harrington on matters Prussian. A brisk military man, in the prime of his years; who might do as Prussian Envoy

* Resigned, 15th May 1730: Despatch to Hotham, as farewell, of that date.

himself, if nothing great were going on? Harrington's final response will take some deliberating.

Hotham, meanwhile, resumes his report, as we too must do, of the Scenic Exhibitions; — and, we can well fancy, is getting weary of it; wishing to be home rather, “as his business here seems ended.”* One day he mentions a rumour (inane high rumours being prevalent in such a place); “rumour circulated here, to “which I do not give the slightest credit, that the “Prince-Royal of Prussia is to have one of the Arch-“duchesses,” perhaps Maria Theresa herself! Which might indeed have saved immensities of trouble to the whole world, as well as to the Pair in question, and have made a very different History for Germany and the rest of us. Fancy it! But for many reasons, change of religion, had there been no other, it was an impossible notion. “May be,” thinks Hotham, “that the “Court of Vienna throws out this bait to continue the “King's delusion,” — or a snuffle from Seckendorf, without the Court, may have given it currency in so inane an element as Radewitz.

Of the terrific Sham-Battles, conducted by Weissenfels on one side and Wackerbarth on the other; of the charges of cavalry, play of artillery, threatening to end in a very doomsday, round the Pavilion and the Ladies and the Royalties assembled on the balconies there (who always go to dinner safe, when victory has declared itself), I shall say nothing. Nor of that supreme “attack

* Preceding Despatch (of 16th June).

on the entrenchments:" blowing up of the very Bridges; cavalry posted in the woods; host doing its very uttermost against host, with unheard-of expenditure of gun-powder and learned manœuvre; in which "the Fleet" (of shallops on the Elbe, rigged mostly in silk) took part, and the Bucentaur with all its cannon. Words fail on such occasions. I will mention only that assiduous King August had arranged everything like the King of Playhouse-Managers; was seen, early in the morning, "driving his own curricie" all about, in vigilant supervision and inspection; crossed the Tub-Bridge, or perhaps the Float-Bridge (not yet blown up), "in a *Wurst-wagen*;" giving himself (what proved well-founded) the assurance of success for this great day; — and finally that, on the morrow, there occurred an illumination and display of fireworks, the like of which is probably still a desideratum.

For the Bucentaur and Fleet were all hung with coloured lamplets; Headquarters (*Haupt-Lager*) and Army-Lager ditto ditto; gleaming upwards with their golden light into the silver of the Summer Twilight: — and all this is still nothing to the scene there is across the Elbe, on our southeast corner. You behold that Palace of the Genii; wings, turrets, main-body, battlements: it is "a gigantic wooden frame, on which "two hundred carpenters have been busy for above six "months," ever since Christmas last. Two hundred carpenters; and how many painters I cannot say: but they have smeared "six thousand yards of linen canvas;" which is now nailed up; hung with lamps, begirt with

fireworks, no end of rocket-serpents, catherine-wheels; with cannon and field-music, near and far, to correspond; — and is now (evening of the 24th June 1730) shining to men and gods. Pinnacles, turrets, tablatures, tips with various fires and emblems, all is there; symbolic Painting, six hundred yards of it, glowing with inner light, and legible to the very owls! Arms now piled useless; Pax, with her Appurtenances; Mars resting (in that canvas) on trophies of laurel honourably won: and there is an Inscription, done in lamplets, every letter taller than a man, were you close upon it, "*Sic fulta manebit* (Thus supported it will stand)," — the it being either *Pax* (Peace) or *Domus* (the Genii-Palace itself), as your weak judgment may lead you to interpret delicate allusions. Every letter bigger than a man: it may be read almost at Wittenberg, I should think; flaming, as *pica* written on the sky, from the Steeple-tops there. *Thus supported it will stand*; and pious mortals murmur, "Hope so, I am sure!" — And the cannons fire, almost without ceasing; and the field-music, guided by telegraphs, bursts over all the scene at due moments;



and the catherine-wheels fly hissing; and the Bucentaur and silk Brigantines glide about like living flambeaus; — and in fact you must fancy such a sight. King August, tired to the bone, and seeing all successful, retired about mid-night. Friedrich Wilhelm stood till the finale; Saxon Crown-Prince and he, “in a window of the highest house in Promnitz;” our young Fritz and the Margraf of Anspach, they also in a neighbouring window,* stood till the finale: two in the morning, when the very Sun was not far from rising.

Or is not the ultimate closing day perhaps still notabler: a day of universal eating? Debauchee King August had a touch of genuine human good-humour in him; poor devil, and had the best of stomachs. Eighty oxen, fat as Christmas, were slain and roasted, subsidiary viands I do not count; that all the world might have one good dinner. The soldiers, divided into proper sections, had cut trenches, raised flat mounds, laid planks; and so, by trenching and planking, had made at once table and seat, wood well secured on turf. At the end of every table rose a triglyph, two strong wooden posts with lintel; on the lintel stood spiked the ox’s head, ox’s hide hanging beneath it as drapery: and on the two sides of the two posts, hung free the four roasted quarters of said ox; from which the common man joyfully helped himself. Three measures of beer he had, and two of wine; — which,

* 24th-25th June: *Helden-Geschichte* (above spoken of), i. 200.

unless the measures were miraculously small, we may take to be abundance. Thus they, in two long rows, 30,000 of them by the tale, dine joyfully *sub dio*. The two Majesties and two Crown-Princes rode through the ranks, as dinner went on: "King of Prussia forever!" and caps into the air; — at length they retire to their own *Hauptquartier*, where, themselves dining, they can still see the soldiers dine, or at least drink their three measures and two. Dine, yea dine abundantly: let all mortals have one good dinner! —

Royal dinner is not yet done when a new miracle appears on the field: the largest Cake ever baked by the Sons of Adam. Drawn into the Headquarter about an hour ago, on a wooden frame with tent over it, by a team of eight horses; tent curtaining it, guarded by Cadets: now the tent is struck and off; — saw mortals ever the like? It is fourteen ells (*kleine Ellen*) long, by six broad; and at the centre half an ell thick. Baked by machinery; how otherwise could peel or roller act on such a Cake? There are five thousand eggs in it; thirty-six bushels (Berlin measure) of sound flour; one tun of milk, one tun of yeast, one ditto of butter: crackers, gingerbread-nuts, for fillet or trimming, run all round. Plainly the Prince of Cakes! A Carpenter with gigantic knife, handle of it resting on his shoulder, — Head of the Board of Works, giving word of command, — enters the Cake by incision; cuts it up by plan, by successive signal from the Board of Works. What high person would not keep for himself, to say no-

thing of eating, some fraction of such a Nonpareil? There is cut and come again for all. Carpenter advances, by main trench and by side-trenches, steadily to word of command.

I mention, as another trait of the poor devil of an August, full of good-humour after all, That he and his Royalties and big Lordships having dined, he gave the still groaning table with all its dishes to be scrambled for "by the janizaries." Janizaries, Imitation-Turk valetaille; who speedily made clearance, — many a bit of precious Meissen porcelain going far down in society by that means.

Royal dinner done, the Colonel and Officers of every regiment, ranked in high order, with weapons drawn, preceded by their respective bands of music, came marching up the Hill, to pay their particular respects to the Majesty of Prussia. Majesty of Prussia promised them his favour, everlasting, as requested; drank a glass of wine to each party (steady, your Majesty!), who all responded by glasses of wine, and threw the glasses aloft with shouts. Sixty pieces of artillery speaking the while, and the bands of music breathing their sweetest; — till it was done, and his Majesty still steady on his feet. He could stand a great deal of wine.

And now — ? — Well, the Cake is not done, many cubic yards of cake are still left, and the very corporals can do no more: let the Army scramble! Army whipt it away in no-time. And now, alas now — the time is come for parting. It is ended; all things end. Not

for about an hour could the *Herrschaften* (Lordships and minor Sovereignities) fairly tear themselves away, under wailing music, and with the due emotion.

The Prussian Royalties, and select few, took boat down the River, on the morrow; towards Lichtenburg Hunting-Palace, for one day's slaughtering of game. They slaughtered there about one thousand living creatures, all driven into heaps for them, — "six hundred of red game" (of the stag species), "four hundred black," or of the boar ditto. They left all these creatures dead; dined immensely; then did go, sorrowfully sated; Crown-Prince Friedrich in his own carriage in the rear; Papa in his, preceding by a few minutes; all the wood horns, or French horns, wailing sad adieu; — and hurried towards Berlin through the ambrosial night.*

And so it is all ended. And August the Strong — what shall we say of August? History must admit that he attains the maximum in several things. Maximum of physical strength; can break horse-shoes, nay half-crowns with finger and thumb. Maximum of sumptuousity; really a polite creature; no man of his means so regardless of expense. Maximum of Bastards, Three-hundred and fifty-four of them; probably no mortal ever exceeded that quantity. Lastly, he has baked the biggest Bannock on record; Cake with 5,000 eggs in it, and a tun of butter. These things History must concede to him. Poor devil, he was full of good-humour, too, and had the best of stomachs. His am-

* 28th June 1730: *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 205.

putated great toe does not mend: out upon it, the world itself is all so amputated, and not like mending! August the Strong, dilapidated at fifty-three, is fast verging towards a less expensive country: and in three years hence will be lodged gratis, and need no cook or flunkey of either sex.

“This Camp of Radewitz,” says Smelfungus, one of my Antecessors, finishing his long narrative of it, “this Camp is “Nothing; and after all this expense of King August’s and “mine, it flies away like a dream. But alas, were the Congresses of Cambray and Soissons, was the lifelong diplomacy “of Kaiser Karl, or the History of torpid moribund Europe in “those days, much of a Something? The Pragmatic Sanction, “with all its protocolling, has fled, like the temporary Playhouse of King August erected there in the village of “Ströhmen. Much talk, noise and imaginary interest about “both literally have become zero, *were* always zero. As well “talk about the one as the other.” — Then why not *silence* about both, my Friend Smelfungus? He answers: “That “truly is the thing to be aimed at; — and if we *had* once got “our own out of both, let both be consumed with fire, and “remain a handful of inarticulate black ashes forevermore.” Heavens, will I, of all men, object!

Smelfungus says elsewhere:

“The moral to be derived, perhaps the chief moral visible “at present, from all this Section of melancholy History is: “Modern Diplomacy is nothing; mind well your own affairs, “leave those of your neighbours well alone. The Pragmatic “Sanction, breaking Fritz’s, Friedrich Wilhelm’s, Sophie’s, “*Wilhelmina’s*, English *Amelia’s* and I know not how many
Carlyle, Frederic the Great. III.

"private hearts, and distracting with vain terrors and hopes
"the general soul of Europe for five-and-twenty years, fell
"at once into dust and vapour, and went wholly towards
"limbo on the storm-winds, doing nothing for or against any
"mortal. Friedrich Wilhelm's 80,000 well-drilled troops re-
"mained very actual with their firelocks and iron ramrods,
"and did a thing or two, there being a Captain over them.
"Friedrich Wilhelm's Directorium, well-drilled Prussian
"Downing Street, every man steady at his duty, and no
"wind to be wasted where silence was better, did likewise
"very authentically remain, — and still remains. Nothing
"of genuine and human that Friedrich Wilhelm did but re-
"mained and remains an inheritance, not the smallest item
"of it lost or loseable; — and the rude foolish Boor-King (sin-
"gular enough!) is found to be the only one that has gained
"by the game." —

END OF VOL. III.

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